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Michael Slackman The Orange Race: George S. Patton, Jr.'s Japanese-American Hostage Plan 1

George S. Patton, Jr., best known as an aggressive tank commander, was chief of U.S. Army intelligence in Hawaii before World War II. Doubting the loyalty of Japanese-Americans, he planned to make hostages of 128 leaders of Hawaii's Japanese community to forestall fifth column activity in the event of war. This article examines Patton's plan as well as the psychological and historical context in which it was conceived. The document, recently released by the National Archives, is appended.

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William A. Smith Of Sonia's Doll, Grandfather's Fiddle, and the Changeling: The Fantasy Childhood of Leopold Stokowski 233

For two generations critics of conductor Leopold Stokowski commented on his strange accent, inconsistent accounts of his origins, birth date and childhood. Hostile and influential critics averse to Stokowski's music making *and to his life style* created a Stokowski stereotype based largely on these inconsistencies in which the conductor was summed up as "charlatan, poseur and phony." However the accent, romanticised childhood and family were so implausible and easy to expose that the motive behind their creation could not be charlatanry—if only because these transparent fabrications gave Stokowski's critics their most potent weapon against him. What then was his motive?

It lay in his intense aversion to his real background and his creation of a "family romance" as an alternative, in accord with his adult conception of his own identity. Stokowski's fabrications, believed in the telling, protected him from the guilt and shame associated with his real London childhood.

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toward a view of the self as larger than character and shaped by the response character permits it to make to circumstance. Gallatin's stature depends on his response to the loss of power, a response by which he is able to identify with the issue of events and to surrender any goals conflicting with that issue, thus exchanging personal power for historical significance.

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MICHAEL SLACKMAN

The Orange Race: George S. Patton, Jr.'s Japanese-American Hostage Plan

I. BACKGROUND TO THE PLAN

Few modern military figures evoke as visceral a response or as vivid an image in popular imagination as General George S. Patton, Jr. What movie-goer can forget actor George C. Scott as Patton standing bedecked in gleaming helmet and ivory handled pistols before the backdrop of an enormous American flag exhorting his troops on the eve of battle?

The approaching 1985 centennial of Patton's birth will undoubtedly bring another round of reminiscences and assessments of this figure straddling American history and folklore. Patton emerges in the film and in biographies as a complex figure: brutal, driven, mystical, sensitive and egomaniacal.[1] He is seen above all as an anachronism—a throwback to a simple kind of warrior: barbaric perhaps, but unsullied by the modern corporate managerial style of war. This contradictory mix has been for decades a source of fascination—and despair—for Patton's biographers. As the most eminent, Martin Blumenson, writes, "Everything that everyone has ever said about George S. Patton, Jr., is probably true."[2]

An unpublished document discovered in May 1983 by the author in the National Archives sheds new light on Patton.[3] It confirms much of what has been said and written about him, and it reveals facets of his personality which have been until now obscure or hidden. The document is a secret plan Patton prepared while chief of U.S. Army intelligence in Hawaii between 1935 and 1937. The plan calls for the seizure of prominent Japanese-Americans and resident Japanese aliens as hos-

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tages to guarantee the quiescence of Hawaii's 151,000 member Japanese community in the event of war with Japan.

Before considering Patton's plan a brief look at the man himself will give us some perspective on the document. George S. Patton, Jr., was born into a wealthy Southern California family in 1885.[4] After attending Virginia Military Institute and West Point he was commissioned a Second Lieutenant in 1909 (after repeating a year because of academic deficiency). Shortly thereafter he married Beatrice Ayer, daughter of a wealthy Massachussetts textile family. He competed and placed fourth in the Pentathalon in the 1912 Stockholm Olympics, attended the French Army school of swordsmanship in 1913, and participated in the 1916 punitive expedition to Mexico under the command of General John J. Pershing.

He came under Pershing's command again during the First World War, when he rose from Captain to full Colonel in a year's time. By the end of the war he commanded the American Expeditionary Force's (AEF) First Tank Brigade, identifying himself with the military arm to which his name was to become indissolubly linked during World War II. He was wounded in action and so distinguished himself, both for personal bravery and for leadership, that he was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross and the Distinguished Service Medal.

With the advent of peace he entered the frustrating middle passage of his career. That frustration was symbolized in his abrupt reversion to his permanent rank of Captain when the Army was reduced in 1919. The period was marked by unexciting assignments to professional schools and staff duties. From 1925 to 1928 he served on the staff of the Hawaiian Division,* an assignment followed by duty in the office of the Army's Chief of Cavalry and as executive officer of the 3rd Cavalry Regiment at Fort Myer, Virginia. In 1934 Patton was promoted to Lieutenant Colonel and the following year was posted as intelligence officer to the Hawaiian Department, a position he held until 1937.

*The Hawaiian Division should not be confused with the Hawaiian Department. The Hawaiian Division, based at Schofield Barracks in central Oahu, was a subordinate tactical command consisting of infantry, field artillery, and supporting troops. The Hawaiian Department, based at Fort Shafter in west Honolulu, was the senior U.S. Army command in Hawaii. It included the Hawaiian Division, the Hawaiian Air Force and the Hawaiian Separate Coast Artillery Brigade. Patton served in various capacities on the staff of the Hawaiian Division in 1925–28. During his second Hawaii tour, 1935–37, he served as Assistant Chief of Staff, G-2, for the Hawaiian Department.[5]

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During Patton's second tour in Hawaii he thought seriously of retiring from the Army. His posting to intelligence duty was considered "an uninviting professional dead end."[6] He was more than fifty years old, had achieved only modest rank, and the immediate future seemed to offer few opportunities to distinguish himself as he had during the First World War.[7]

But he was not entirely without prospects. He carefully cultivated colleagues in the small (13,000 member) pre-war Army officer corps as patrons and friends.[8] He was friendly and maintained a correspondence with Dwight D. Eisenhower, five years his junior but definitely a comer.[9] He nourished his relationships with his former World War I superiors, who had been impressed enough with Patton to write recommendations (solicited by Patton himself) for various choice assignments. General Hugh Drum, who was to be Patton's superior in the Hawaiian Department, and General James Harbord, Pershing's Chief of Staff in France, wrote recommending Patton for admission to the Army War College.[10] During his second Hawaii tour Patton solicited the assistance of Pershing himself and Lieutenant Colonel Robert Eichelberger, Secretary of the General Staff (and World War II commander of the Eighth Army), in an unsuccessful bid to be appointed Commandant of Cadets at West Point.[11] During the same period George C. Marshall, a key member of Pershing's AEF staff and Army Chief of Staff during World War II, wrote Patton assuring him that if he (Marshall) ever rose to high command he would give Patton an important assignment. Marshall was a notoriously unforgiving judge of incompetence, so it is evident that in his eyes Patton had performed well in France.[12]

If Patton's inter-war years were barren of opportunities for glory he compensated to some extent with an expensive style of living made possible by his (and his wife's) family wealth. Combining personal flair and dash with his considerable financial resources he indulged in yachting, polo, and lavish party giving on a scale unusual for the straitened circumstances of the Army's officer corps in that period. One student writes, "Patton's ostentatious display of his wealth was offensive to most of his colleagues, especially his superiors; they could not begin to compete with him."[13]

Hawaii, with its year round outdoor weather and rigidly structured colonial society, was a paradisical playground for Patton. He indulged in hard riding polo matches with members of Hawaii's aristocratic families and earned a reputation for his aggressive play. When the

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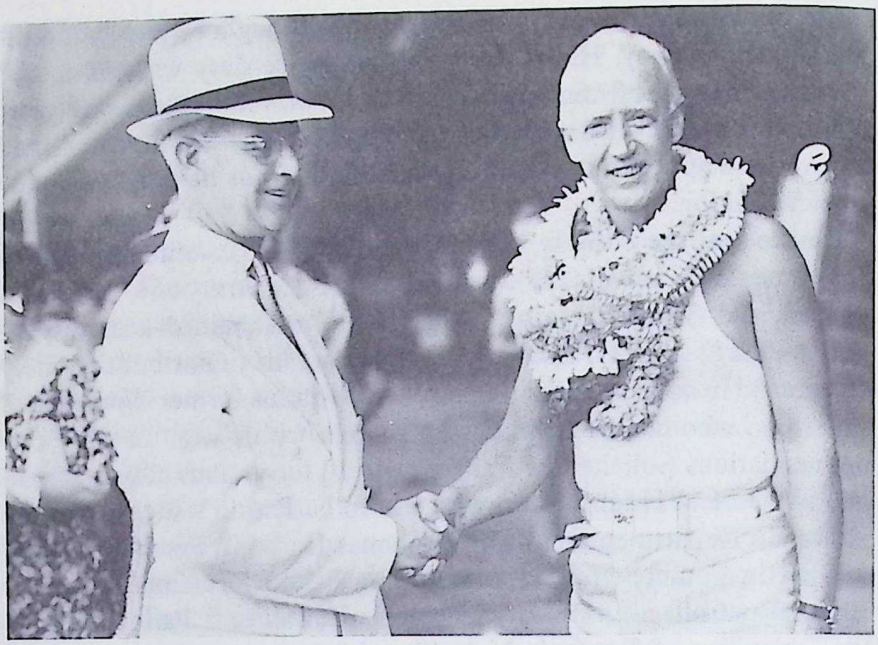

Patton (wearing leis) is greeted by Harold S. Dillingham, as he arrives in Hawaii aboard his yacht in 1935 (Hawaii State Archives).

Army polo team played visiting Midwick in 1935 the Honolulu *Advertiser* informed its readers:

> an audible wave of genuine surprise went through the large crowd when the ball was knocked into Midwick territory at the start of the game and Lt. Col. Patten [sic] spotted it neatly through the goal posts before the minute hand on [the] timing machine had turned once around.[14]

So close were Patton's sporting friendships with Hawaii's blue-bloods that two of them, Walter Dillingham and Frank Baldwin, once intervened and prevented General Drum from removing Patton as captain of the Army polo team. During a particularly hard fought match Patton had cursed in the presence of some of the female spectators. Drum ordered Patton relieved of his captaincy on the spot, but Dillingham and Baldwin publicly challenged Drum by maintaining that Patton had uttered no words unfit for ladies' ears and refused to continue the match unless Patton were reinstated. Drum had no choice but to yield: it would have been unthinkable to mar the polo season with messy aspersions on gentlemanly honor.[15]

Patton's World War I record and his lifestyle show physical energy and courage in abundance. He was without doubt an original, as evidenced by his willingness to flout the pinched conventions of pre-war

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Army life. He was a serious student of his profession as well. By the time he arrived in Hawaii he had authored no less than sixteen articles, papers and addresses on military topics, and he possesed a personal library of more than 500 volumes.[16]

General Drum seems to have been a pedestrian officer uncomfortable with his flashy subordinate. Nevertheless, they managed to maintain a servicable, if somewhat strained, working relationship in Hawaii. Before he left Drum's command the General was to comment in Patton's service record, "Heretofore I have noted . . . a weakness in 'Tact.' In the last year he has overcome this weakness."[17]

A few short years later Drum and Patton were to meet again when they (Patton was by then a General) commanded opposing forces during war games in 1941. Patton engineered an early and humiliating denouement on the opening day of the maneuvers when his motorcycle troops, sirens wailing, roared into a forest clearing and captured Drum as he was posing for news photographers.[18]

Beneath his exterior Patton was a complex and not easily understandable human being. Despite Patton's accomplishments and exuberance Blumenson notes a neurotic insecurity marked by psychosomatic shortness of breath in moments of crisis or decision. He observes that Patton "constantly labor[ed] under fear that he would fail to measure up to the demands of any situation, and he always worked hard, driving himself to make good."[19] One senses in the whole pattern of Patton's career and personality a suppressed hysteria and tendency to overcompensate for self-perceived shortcomings by carrying his ideas and behavior beyond the limits observed by his colleagues.

Patton's career and personality form a major part of the context in which to consider the document at hand. It is titled *A General Staff Study* and subtitled *Plan: Initial Seizure of Orange Nationals.* The term "Orange" was used by American military planners before World War II to denote Japan.[20] It was used in Patton's report to refer to both U.S. citizens of Japanese Ancestry and resident alien Japanese. The distinction in the 1930's was somewhat arbitrary, because before World War II Japanese and other Asian immigrants were barred by law from becoming naturalized U.S. citizens.[21] Many of these immigrants had lived in U.S. territory since before the turn of the century and undoubtedly would have applied for naturalization had they been eligible. The situation was further complicated by the fact that until 1924 the Japanese government considered children born abroad of Japanese parents to be Japanese subjects themselves. Renunciation of Japanese citizenship was a formality undergone by few Japanese-

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Americans before World War II. In 1937 there were 37,852 Japanese aliens and 113,289 U.S. citizens of Japanese ancestry (AJA) in the Territory of Hawaii. They comprised 34% of the islands' population.[22]

It was this community to which Patton turned his attention when he drafted the undated document sometime during his tenure as Assistant Chief of Staff [for] G-2 of the Hawaiian Department between 1935 and 1937. The position was the senior Army intelligence billet in Hawaii before World War II. The plan was classified "Secret" when it was written, downgraded to "Restricted" in 1948, and declassified at the author's request in 1983. Even before World War II, however, it was discarded as an operational plan. On a routing sheet attached to the document the Hawaiian Department Chief of Staff declared it obsolete and relegated it to the headquarters depository in May 1940.

II. The Plan

Patton's plan is divided into two parts. A two-page introduction, "The Plan", sets forth its goals, and a seven-page discussion of the details is entitled "The Method". At the end of that section appears Patton's signature over the block:

G. S. Patton, Jr.,
Lieut. Colonel, Gen. Staff Corps,
Asst. Chief of Staff, G-2

Appendices consist of the text of a proclamation of martial law and lists of hostages to be taken, amateur radio stations to be silenced, telephone numbers to be blocked, and business firms to be seized.

Introductory remarks state that the plan was prepared "pursuant to verbal instructions" of Major General Hugh Drum, Commanding General of the Hawaiian Department and senior Army officer in Hawaii. The general goal set forth is "maintaining internal security and censorship".

In listing the specific goals of the plan Patton deals first with the arrest of hostages. He states that the arrestees were selected on two criteria: those "most inimical to American interests" and "those whom, due to their position and influence in the Orange [Japanese] community, it is desirable to retain as hostages". The plan sets no standards for determining the degree of hostility or prominence of those selected as hostages.

Nor does Patton discuss the question of what acts, or by whom, would prompt retaliation against the hostages. Nowhere in the docu-

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ment does he state the fate in store for the hostages should the conditions of their safety be violated. The twentieth-century record of military hostage taking, though, suggests that Patton was thinking in terms of executions in the event of a serious threat against the isolated U.S. garrison in Hawaii. Certainly Patton had no compunctions in principle about shooting civilian prisoners. His participation in the suppression of the 1932 Bonus March in Washington inspired him later that year to prepare a paper titled "Federal Troops in Domestic Disturbances". Blumenson calls it a "savage document".[23] In it Patton wrote:

> . . . if you have captured a dangerous agitator and some misguided judge issues a write [sic] of Habeas Corpus . . . there is always danger that the man might try to escape. If he does see that he at least falls out of ranks before you shoot [him].[24]

Patton echoed the same theme in the early days of World War II, when he told his staff, "I cannot see any reason for taking any prisoner alive."[25]

The choice of words, too, is a clue to Patton's intentions. If he had meant to deprive the arrestees of their liberty for a specific or an indefinite period "prisoner" would have been the logical word to use. The use of "hostage" leads to the inference that it was their lives, not just their freedom, which were at stake.

Patton set forth additional goals to assure military control of the Territory. They included: (1) the collection or dismantling of amateur radio stations belonging to Japanese; (2) prevention, with Navy cooperation, of the departure of Japanese vessels from Hawaii ports and the seizure of Japanese ships in port; (3) the seizure and closing of Japanese financial institutions and travel and ticket agencies; Japanese hotels would continue to operate under military supervision; (4) the removal of "all persons of the Orange [Japanese] race, including servants" from military posts; (5) closing of Japanese language schools; (6) institution of press, mail, cable and radio censorship; (7) establishment of a "Military Commission for the trial of persons accused of martial law offenses"; (8) proclamation of martial law; (9) seizure of Japanese-owned and operated automobiles and taxis.

The majority of these measures are aimed specifically at Hawaii's Japanese population. Patton does not restrict their application to aliens, and in the case of banning Japanese from military installations, he explicitly applies the exclusion on a racial basis.

After listing the goals of the plan Patton turns his attention to its

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implementation in the next section, titled "The Method". At the beginning of the section he states that the plan is to become effective on a day designated as "X-Y" by the Hawaiian Department commanding general.

The major portion of the "method" section is devoted to the arrest and internment of the hostages. Patton goes into great detail in describing the conveyance of orders for the plan's execution. At 10:00 pm on "X-Y" a key group of officers is to be summoned to a midnight appearance at the Fort Shafter office of the Hawaiian Department G-2. They are: (1) the Department provost marshal (military police commander); (2) the Department signal officer (who is, in turn, to send a subordinate to the president of the local telephone company and direct him to report to the company's office at midnight); and (3) a staff officer of the Hawaiian Division. As the summonses are being dispatched to those officers the commanding officer of the 64th Coast Artillery Regiment (stationed at Fort Shafter)[26] is to be ordered to assemble 20 officers, 40 privates and 20 trucks with drivers at regimental headquarters.

At the first meeting the G-2 is to direct the signal officer to close the Fort Shafter switchboard to outgoing calls from anyone but the commanding general. Next the G-2 is to instruct the signal officer to present to the telephone company president a list of 79 Oahu telephone numbers and direct him to place a busy signal on all numbers on the list. All but three of the numbers belonged to those slated to be taken hostage. Finally the G-2 is to hand the signal officer a list of 42 Japanese-operated amateur radio stations on Oahu and instruct him to seize or dismantle the sets.

The Hawaiian Division staff officer is to be ordered by the Department G-2 to convey to the Division commander orders to prepare the Schofield Barracks hospital to accommodate 97 hostages. The Division commander also is to be ordered to use his troops to arrest six hostages. These six, whose names appear on a separate list to be handed to the Division staff officer, lived in the neighborhood of Schofield Barracks.

Turning to the provost marshal, the G-2 is to order him to establish a command post at the Fort Shafter guardhouse. From there the provost marshal will receive reports from troops dispatched to seize the hostages. He will also be responsible for transporting those arrested in the Honolulu area to Schofield Barracks, as well as for arresting hostages missed by the arrest parties in their first sweeps. Finally, the pro-

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vost marshal is to be ordered to begin impounding Japanese-owned and operated automobiles and taxis.

Patton's plan calls for the G-2 to be at the headquarters of the 64th Coast Artillery by 1:00 am. There he is to order the unit to arrest 88 hostages, the bulk of those to be taken. The 88 lived in Honolulu and elsewhere on the south shore of Oahu. The G-2 is to direct the commanders of the arrest parties to arrest the Japanese whose names appear on the list (arranged geographically for efficiency) to be handed over by the G-2. He is to instruct the officers to take the hostages to Fort Shafter, where the provost marshal will transport them to Schofield Barracks.

Specific instructions for the arresting troops include the use of "no more force than necessary", assurance to families that the hostages will come to "no *immediate* harm" (emphasis added), and to conduct the arrests as "quietly, quickly, and as secretly as possible". The G-2 is also to instruct the troops, "In case it is difficult to identify your man from among several take all of them."

The execution of the rest of the plan occupies less of Patton's attention. He proposes that the Navy be detailed to seize Japanese ships in the harbors, close the ports, and recall Japanese fishing boats offshore (most of Hawaii's fishing fleet was manned by Japanese) by dropping written messages from planes. Japanese-owned banks are to be closed and taken over by "American citizens of Caucasian ancestry". Trucks are to be provided to remove Japanese from military posts, Japanese language schools closed, and censorship imposed on all forms of communication.

Martial law is be proclaimed by the Hawaiian Department commanding general and a military commission established to try martial law offenses.

Local Army commanders on neighboring islands are to take actions similar to those taken on Oahu, including the establishment of martial law. Patton includes appendices listing 34 hostages to be taken and 18 amateur radio stations to be closed on the neighbor islands.

The first appendix to Patton's plan is the text of the martial law proclamation. It sets forth stringent rules for Hawaii's population, especially the Japanese. Gatherings, public or private, of five or more "adult males of the Orange [Japanese] race" are forbidden; Japanese are subject to an 8:00 pm to 6:00 am curfew; and they are forbidden to operate motor vehicles except by special permission. English is to be the only language permitted in telephone conversations, the mails and

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publications. Rural areas are to be blacked out by 8:30 pm, and lights in urban areas to be extinguished at the sound of an alarm.

All civilian institutions, including the Territorial and county governments, the courts, and the police, are to be placed under Army supervision. The military commission established to enforce martial law is empowered to sentence violators to death. Nor is Patton's military government to be troubled by writs of *habeas corpus;* it is suspended.

The appendices list 128 hostages to be seized, 60 amateur radio stations to be closed, and 23 businesses to be taken over under Patton's martial law regime. The businesses, all on Oahu, include 17 hotels, 3 banks, an automobile club, an automobile industry association, and a steamship company. Of the amateur radio stations, 42 were on Oahu and 18 on the neighbor islands.

III. The Plan Analyzed

It is the taking of hostages which makes Patton's document something more than a routine contingency plan. He is silent on his intentions regarding the arrestees' fate and the conditions for their continued safety. An examination of the hostage lists (which included occupations and home addresses) may yield some clues to Patton's thinking on the matter.[27]

The 128 hostages include 94 from Oahu and 34 from the neighbor islands, roughly proportional to Hawaii's population distribution. The lists include 95 identified as aliens and 33 American citizens (including two Caucasians, a Shinto priestess, and a Buddhist priest). The proportion of citizens to non-citizens is roughly inverse to that of Hawaii's Japanese population at the time. This mix indicates that those listed were predominatly older, since members of the younger generation born in Hawaii were U.S. citizens by birth. It also suggests that Patton targeted community leaders rather than younger men of military age. An examination of the hostages-designate indicates that the great majority were employed in high status occupation:

Medicine & health care *25**
(Harry Kurisaki, Iga Mori, Isoto Dewa, Chinami Hasegawa, Tokue Takahashi, Kinji Uchida, Tomizo Katsunuma, Kiyoshi Hosoi, James Kuninobu, Toshitsugu Monuki, Riuichi Ipponsugi, Robert Kimura, Noboru Asahina, George Nakagawa, Napoleon Nakamura, Richard Ari-

*Some individuals are included in more than one occupational group (e.g., businessman-politician).

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zumu [Arizumi?], Bunpachi Fujioka, Saburo Hayashi, Masao Kubo, Ernest Kuwahara, Eiji Yoshimura, Howard Honda, Haruto Kanno, Tsutomu Nitta, Satoru Hirae)

Business (excluding publishing).....39
(Manzuchi Hashimoto, Takaichi Miyamoto, George Otani, Tsunetaro Harada, Uichi Yamane, Chusaburo Haruki, Shoichi Kawasaki, Sukeichi Koide, Tokuji Onodera, Andy Yamashiro, Matsutaro Yamashiro, Tadashi Ashino, Hiroshi Morohashi, Yoshito Onoh, Tamotsu Matsumura, Katsumi Tsukino, Juro Fujikawa, Sajiro Nakai, Totaro Matsui, Sadato Morifuji, Daizo Sumida, Taketo Iwahara, Miyozuchi Komeya, Taichi Sato, Mankichi Goto, Gensaku Nakamura, Shunichi Nekomoto, George Oda, Matsujiro Otani, Seizo Yamamoto, Peter Fukunaga, Tamaichi Tanaka, Charles Hasabe, Seiji Iwasa, Kichitaro Sekiya, Tomoji Matsumura, Nobuichi Kobayashi, Nobori [Noboru] Miyake, Kuwaichi Nonin)

Religion.....25
(Zenkyo Komagata, Misao Isobe, Masasato Kawasaki, Shigemaru Miyao, Nishu Kobayashi, Gikyo Kuchiba, Koin Watanabe, Sensho Fukuda, Sengaku Tanaka, Tomiji Kimura, Tooru Matsudaira, Takie Okumura, Umetaro Okumura, Nissho Takao, Jitsuyei Tanjo, Yoshimi Tatsuguchi, A. Bornhold, Ernest Hunt, Matagoro Mikuni, Satoru Takeda, Jitsuyuki Goshi, Hatsuhiko Koakutsu, Hiseki Miyasaki, Shoshun Ouchi, Katsuon Takumei)

Education.....8
(George Kunitomo, Armand Takimoto, Genjin Tatsutani, Takeo Hirozawa, Buntetsu Miyamoto, Baron Goto, Gashu Higa, Shobun Ohtani)

Japanese diplomats.....8
(Masayoshi Asaga, Shichiro Iiyama, Tadaki Iizuka, Masayuki Kotoshirodo, Yasumasa Murata, Takichi Sakai, Teijiro Tamura, Tsunehiro Yamazaki)

Attorneys.....7
(Wilfred Tsukiyama, Masaji Marumoto, Robert Murakami, Tomekichi Okino, Thomas Sakakihara, Tomoichi Ouye, Benjamin Tashiro)

Politics & government.....10
(Andy Yamashiro, Wilfred Tsukiyama, Juichi Doi, Tomekichi Okino, Thomas Sakakihara, Toshio Ansai, George Kamei, Noburi [sic] Miyake, Tomichi Ouye, Benjamin Tashiro)

Publishing & writing.....9
(Tetsuo Toyama, Masao Sogawa, Jiro Hayakawa, Seiichi Tsuchiya, Yasutaro Soga, Shinkatsu Kurihara, Frederick Makino, Saburo Hayashi, Thomas Kawahara)

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The hostage group, overwhelmingly male in composition, was a large and important component of the Japanese community's leadership. It included two future justices of the Hawaii State Supreme Court—Associate Justice Masaji Marumoto and Chief Justice Wilfred Tsukiyama, the first person of Japanese ancestry to hold such a position.

In comparing the lists to the Japanese and AJA's listed in *Men Of Hawaii,* a contemporary "who's who" of the Territory, we find that of the 47 Japanese names listed in the 1935 edition, 23 of them—nearly half—appear on Patton's hostage lists.[29] It is also interesting to note that the 47 Japanese names in that volume comprise less than 10% of the 591 men considered important enough to be listed, an indication of the subordinate status of Hawaii's Japanese population at the time.

The composition of Patton's lists, with the preponderance of older prominent men, suggests Patton's motives. First, he operated on the leadership principle: effective collective action, in his view, depended on a hierarchical command structure. Second, the Japanese community would be severely handicapped in taking collective action with its leaders in Army custody. Third, the seizure of its most respected members would presumably make Hawaii's Japanese think twice before engaging in sabotage or insurrection. The inclusion of so many religious and intellectual figures buttresses the contention that Patton aimed his hostage plan at the community as a whole rather than those, such as martial arts instructors, most likely to pose a direct and immediate threat to U.S. military forces.[30]

Patton's study is prescriptive rather than analytical and offers few internal clues to his assumptions. For a sense of the document's intellectual and social context, we must examine other sources to divine Patton's thinking and purposes. In 1935, shortly after assumming the role of Army intelligence chief in Hawaii, Patton wrote a paper on the possibility of a Japanese amphibious assault on Hawaii. He concluded that the Japanese would use aircraft and attempt to neutralize the Pearl Harbor naval base by blocking the harbor channel.[31] In 1937 Drum ordered Patton to prepare a study on Hawaii's vulnerability to attack. Patton responded with another study on the possibility of a Japanese invasion in which he predicted, "surprise offers the greatest opportunity for the successful capture of these islands."[32]

Over the years Patton's writings on the subject have been inflated by some biographers into a brilliant and prescient prediction of the Japanese attack of December 7, 1941.[33] It is important to remember, though, that Patton thought in terms of a full scale invasion and occu-

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pation. He thought the Japanese Empire would seize Hawaii as a bargaining chip for peace negotiations.[34] The Pearl Harbor attack, while it was marked by the element of surprise, was a hit and run raid in which the Japanese purpose was to cripple the U.S. Pacific Fleet, not to occupy the islands.

In any event, Patton was not the first American officer to notice the vulnerability of the isolated Hawaiian archipelago to a Japanese surprise attack. When the U.S. Navy conducted its Fleet Problem XIV in 1933 "aggressor" units made a successful surprise carrier raid on Pearl Harbor.[35]

Patton manifested his fixation on Japan's amphibious invasion capabilities shortly after Pearl Harbor, when he commanded an armored force in the deserts of his native Southern California not far from the Mexican border. One of his staff officers at the time reports that when Patton was told of the Japanese invasion force en route to the Aleutian Islands (thousands of miles to the northwest) he put his command on full alert in the conviction that the move toward the Aleutians was a feint. He was certain that the Japanese would change course and descend on the undefended beaches of northwest Mexico in a move to overrun Southern California.[36]

Although Patton was clearly preoccupied with the threat posed by Japan's conventional military forces, he was convinced that Hawaii's Japanese community harbored spies and fifth columnists. That suspicion was born during his first tour in Hawaii in the 1920's, when he concluded that Japanese fishermen and merchants formed a large and efficient espionage ring.[37] When he returned to Hawaii a decade later Patton broadened his view of the "menace" and brooded over the potential strength of Hawaii's 151,000 Japanese, who he believed might form a valuable auxillary to a regular Japanese Army invasion force.[38]

Clearly, Patton considered Hawaii's Japanese to be of questionable loyalty to the United States. He apparently believed that only the threat of strong retaliation would prevent the emergence of a fifth column in the event of war or crisis between the United States and Japan. It was an assumption shared by many of Patton's contemporaries.

The lists make no distinction between those he considered "inimical to American interests" and those of "position and influence in the Orange [Japanese] community". The one occupational category which would seem plainly to be "inimical" is the diplomatic staff of the Japanese consulate-general in Honolulu. Of Patton's prospective hostages in this category only one, Masayuki Kotoshirodo, can be identified as

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having participated in Japanese espionage activities prior to World War II.[39]

Diplomatic protection is one of the oldest, most firmly established, and widely honored principles of international law and practice. Although enemy diplomats are usually interned at the outbreak of war, they are almost always repatriated within a comparatively short time. Patton's plan, calling for hostage diplomats, was a sharp break with international law and custom.

Such disregard for legal and customary niceties recalls the tone of Patton's earlier call to shoot prisoners ordered released on *habeas corpus*. His instructions in cases of doubtful identity to seize anyone who *might* be a designated hostage could hardly bode well for the prospects of Hawaii's Japanese community under Patton's martial law administration.

Other parts of the document are in the same vein. The announcement of capital punishment in the martial law proclamation is not surprising. But questions about the hostages' fate become acute when the death penalty announcement is considered in conjunction with the admonition specifying only that no *immediate* harm would come to the arrestees. Did Patton in fact contemplate killing the hostages in cold blood in retaliation for unspecified acts of war, insurrection, or sabotage? His apparent determination to use any means necessary to achieve the goals of his plan is evident in the text. Furthermore, his very choice of the word "hostage" implies that he considered the prisoners bargaining chips whose lives would be forfeit if conditions set by the U.S. military were violated. (That view provides a grim parallel to his estimations of Japan's rationale for invading Hawaii.) The fact that Patton was a prolific writer and no stranger to the nuances of language leaves little room for any other interpretation of his choice of words.[40]

Yet, the plan reveals Patton as something more than a bloody-minded simpleton. It testifies to his personal drive and conviction that George S. Patton, Jr., was the individual best qualified to control the course of events. One of the plan's notable features is the central role of the Hawaiian Department G-2, Patton's own position. It was the G-2 who would put the plan in motion by issuing orders to the Hawaiian Division, the Department signal officer, and the provost marshal. It was the G-2 again who would direct the 64th Coast Artillery to commence arresting hostages in southern Oahu. One is left with the impression that Patton considered the Department commanding general a cipher whose sole function was to invest the G-2's actions with authority.

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The document also shows Patton as a staff officer, a role in contrast to his more pervasive image as a commander of troops in the field. As a behind-the-scene planner Patton attended to the organizational minutiae. The geographical grouping of arrestees on the lists would make the work of the arresting troops smoother, quicker, and easier. The provision for dropping messages from planes to fishing boats, although of dubious practicality, also shows a fanatical attention to detail. Patton's concern with communication and transportation is evident in his provisions relating to automobiles, radios, telephones, and vessels. It presages Patton's emergence in World War II as an able practitioner of mobile warfare.

It is also interesting to note the plan's weaknesses. Patton fails to list the names and addresses of the Japanese language schools to be closed. The success of his plan as it regards control of maritime activity in Hawaii is dependent on Navy cooperation. But the mechanics of interservice cooperation are conspicuously absent from Patton's plan. Nor does he address the enormous task of impounding automobiles owned and operated by Hawaii's large Japanese population.

IV. Man and Plan

Patton brought to staff work the same intensity of effort that marked every activity he undertook. He used his considerable personal wealth to underwrite, for a time at least, some of his intelligence gathering while Hawaiian Department G-2.[41] Yet when it came to staff work Patton was something of a bull in a china shop. In 1925 the Hawaiian Division Chief of Staff, Colonel Howard Laubach, rated him a decidedly mediocre "above average" and wrote, "This officer is a man of energy and action and in my opinion is better qualified for active duty than the routine of office work."[42]

In the 1930's, perhaps reflecting an increasing maturity, Patton's rating indicated that the Hawaiian Department Chiefs of Staff under whom he served had a higher opinion of him. Brigadier General Daniel Van Voorhis rated him "excellent", and his successor, Colonel James Ulio, rated Patton even more highly as "superior".[43]

Still, there was Drum's left handed compliment about Patton's tact. British Major General H. Essame observes with a professional eye:

> The senior officers under whom he served in Hawaii deserve some sympathy. Indeed it would have been difficult to find any other officer in the United States Army less qualified tempermentally to exercise these delicate functions [staff work].[44]

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Blumenson gives a more penetrating and balanced assessment of Patton as a staff officer when he writes:

> sitting at a desk was anathema to him and to his vision of the warrior [but] accompanying his drive for battlefield greatness was his loyalty to the Army and to his superiors that gave him the patience to endure.[45]

Patton's prospects for achieving high rank obviously rested on the opportunity to command troops on the battlefield, not the industry he brought to his desk jobs.

How perceptively directed was that industry? Patton's plan for seizing key leaders of the Japanese community was aimed at securing the cooperation, or at least the acquiescence, of that group in the event of a Japanese-American crisis. It is hardly likely that he expected the Japanese government to consider the fate of the hostages in deliberating matters of military strategy and tactics.

Patton, like most Americans who pondered the question, greatly overestimated the role played by the Japanese community in Japanese military scenarios for a Hawaii invasion. Japanese military planners envisioned a conventional campaign with little or no role for fifth columnists. As John J. Stephan writes in his study of Japanese invasion plans, "Ironically, Americans feared Hawaii's *dōhō* [ethnic Japanese] more than Japanese valued them as tactical instruments."[46]

There is little doubt that in considering Hawaii's Japanese Patton thought that ethnicity was the most important factor in assessing their loyalty. Citizenship, length of residence, and other manifestations of loyalty to the U.S. counted for nothing. At least two hostages-designate, Wilfred Tsukiyama and Noboru Miyake, had served in the U.S. Army during World War I.[47] The inclusion of citizens and non-citizens alike in the plan's provisions, the designation of Caucasian trustees for seized businesses, and instructions to dispense with the niceties of establishing identity in arresting hostages point to an outlook that elevated genetic accident to political principle.

It is true that during Patton's years as Hawaiian Department G-2 the gathering clouds of war were increasingly discernable. The Japanese seizure of Manchuria was still a recent event, and Japan and Germany concluded the Anti-Comintern Pact in 1936. In September of that year General Emilio Mola, commander of the Falangist forces assaulting Madrid, coined the term fifth column in describing the vital aid of Falange sympathizers within the besieged city.

Yet the extensive use and awareness of fifth column activity during and just before the outbreak of World War II was still in the future.

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More importantly, there was no hard evidence that Hawaii's Japanese community would function as a fifth column in the event of war.

It is more likely that Patton's attitude toward Hawaii's Japanese derived from his own background and social milieu. Patton was born, raised, and spent his adulthood in a society and an Army in which racial segregation was largely unquestioned. The regiments in which he served were composed entirely (except for officers) of either blacks or whites. Blumenson writes of Patton's beliefs:

> Ethnic minorities played minor roles in his universe. Those persons of dubious background and questionable religion who performed loyally were treated with kindness, affection, even love. Those who drank too much, loved too freely, or aspired to goals beyond their station deserved disdain and contempt.[48]

John Dominis Holt, a Honolulu writer and publisher, recalls a number of private conversations with Patton when the latter was Hawaiian Department G-2.[49] Patton, says Holt, approached the subject of race from the perspective of a livestock breeder. He believed that each ethnic group possesed genetically determined behavioral characteristics which might be modified somewhat by environment.

Holt remembers Patton being an admirer of *bushido* (the samurai ethic). He saw the Japanese as energetic and intelligent and deplored the American tendency to underrate Japan's potential as a military power.

Although Patton warned that Hawaii's Japanese community should be watched closely because of its potential military danger, he drew a sharp distinction between the character of Hawaii's Japanese and the metropolitan Japanese. The latter he believed to be more closely attuned to the samurai tradition of their national leadership. He viewed those who emigrated to Hawaii as peasants for the most part who came as agricultural laborers devoid of appreciation for the nobler aspects of their heritage.

During his tours in Hawaii Patton socialized heavily with members of the Territory's Caucasian elite. It is not surprising that, when it came to the Japanese, Patton shared the views of Hawaii's leading citizens. That attitude was marked by amused condescension at best, by suspicion and hostility at worst. It was predicated on an underlying conviction that the Japanese, regardless of birth and citizenship, would forever remain an alien presence. That thinking was expressed by Walter F. Dillingham, one of Patton's prominent polo playing friends, who argued for restrictive immigration laws by ridiculing the

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notion that children of Japanese immigrants could ever be "red-blooded Americans."[50]

Patton's military contemporaries reinforced those attitudes. Still fresh in memory was the Massie Case, a 1932 incident in which a racially mixed group of civilians was accused but acquitted of raping a Navy officer's wife. Navy vigilantes then kidnapped and killed one of the men. They received lenient sentences, which they evaded with the assistance of the Territory's highest civil and military authorities.[51]

Suspicion and hostility marked General Drum's assessment of the role of the Japanese community in the event of war. In a 1935 memorandum to the War Department he wrote:

> We can enumerate [the] enemy's possible modes of action as including blockades, air raids, naval raids, air attacks, naval attacks, landings in force, local uprisings and sabotage or any combination of these. We can assume with some certainty that local uprisings will occur on all the islands of the territory and that the first enemy action will be attempted as a surprise.[52]

Military officers and Hawaii's insular elite were not alone in their views. They were shared by white Americans in all sections of the nation and in all walks of life. President Franklin D. Roosevelt, to cite only the most striking contemporary example, ordered Chief of Naval Operations Admiral William Leahy in 1936 to direct the Navy to compile a list of Japanese and Japanese-Americans who visited Japanese ships calling at Hawaii ports. Those on the list, said FDR, should be put in "concentration camps" in the event of war with Japan.[53]

Army suspicions of Hawaii's Japanese were still being manifested in 1940 (three years after Patton's departure) in scenarios for that year's annual maneuvers. They anticipated massive and concerted Japanese uprisings coordinated with attacks by the Japanese Navy.[54] In May 1941 the Hawaiian Department, nervous about "the large percentage of aliens and citizens of doubtful loyalty'" requested a special $240,000 allotment to install anti-sabotage protection at Army installations.[55]

Patton's plan reflects an attitude common in those years. There is no evidence that his hostage plan was officially adopted by the Army, but the fact that it remained in the Hawaiian Department files until three years after Patton's departure suggests that it was considered more than a theoretical exercise. In fact, many elements of the plan surfaced after the Pearl Harbor attack as key components of wartime military rule in Hawaii. Not only was martial law proclaimed, but vio-

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lators were tied in military courts, and *habeas corpus* was suspended until 1944. Nervousness about the Japanese community was reflected in the seizure and impounding of Hawaii's fishing fleet and the disarming of the Hawaii National Guard, composed of about 70% of AJA's.[56]

One of the factors most responsible for the lmperial Japanese Navy's success on December 7, 1941 was the fact that American planes were parked closely together at the airstrips—an anti-sabotage measure which made the aircraft easier to guard on the ground, but more vulnerable to attack from the air.

When war came Hawaii's Japanese, citizens and non-citizens alike, proved overwhelmingly loyal to the United States. That loyalty was demonstrated by an absence of subversive activity in Hawaii and by the impressive performance of AJA soldiers on the battlefield.[57]

In World War II George S. Patton, Jr., displayed a drive, intensity, and grasp of mechanized warfare that marked him as outstanding in his profession. His plan for taking hostages from among Hawaii's Japanese reveals many of the traits that made him a legendary battlefield commander. The personal drive and ruthlessness acknowledged by critics and admirers alike are much in evidence. But so are his social myopia, prejudices, and political naivete. The hostage plan, with its groundless assumption of Japanese disloyalty derived from his background and peers, shows Patton radically mistaken in his judgement and a captive of the conventional wisdom of his milieu.

USS ARIZONA MEMORIAL

NOTES

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10. "George S. Patton's Student Days at the Army War College," *Parameters* V:2 (1976): 25.
11. Blumenson, *The Patton Papers* 1:910–12.
12. Forrest C. Pogue, *George C. Marshall: Ordeal and Hope, 1939–1942* (New York: Viking, 1966), 163.
13. Ambrose, 98
14. "Midwick Beats Army," Honolulu *Advertiser,* Aug. 19, 1935: 18.
15. Semmes, 16–17; Farago, *Patton,* 112—16.
16. Essame, 25, 29; Blumenson, *The Patton Papers* 1:220–22, 226, 240, 269, 289, 310, 340, 448, 903, 906, 909.
17. Blumenson, *The Patton Papers* 1:916.
18. Williamson, 14–15.
19. Blumenson, "Student Days," 25.
20. Mark Skinner Watson, *Chief of Staff: Prewar Plans and Preparations,* United States Army in World War II (Washington: Department of the Army, 1950), 87.
21. Roger Daniels, *Concentration Camps USA: Japanese-Americans and World War II* (New York: Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1971), 19.
22. Ernest Wakukawa, *A History of the Japanese People in Hawaii,* (Honolulu: Toyo Shoin, 1938), 343, 411.

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23. Blumenson, *The Patton Papers* 1:899.
24. Quoted in Ibid., 899.
25. Williamson, 143
26. Addleman, 41.
27. The author is grateful to Associate Professor of Ethnic Studies and Sociology Franklin Oko and to Professor Emeritus of Sociology George Yamamoto, both of the University of Hawaii-Manoa, for their help in analyzing the hostage lists.
28. Wakukawa, 366–68.
28. Although Patton does not identify Andy Yamashiro as a politician, he was elected to the Territorial House of Representatives in 1930. Wakukawa, 366–68.
29. George F. Nellist, ed., *Men of Hawaii: A Biographical Record of Men of Substantial Achievement in the Hawaiian Islands,* vol. V (Honolulu: Honolulu Star-Bulletin, Inc., 1935).
30. Although Patton chose his hostages because of their prominence, many of those community leaders would—until December 7, 1941—be active in mobilizing Hawaii's Japanese in support of Japan's war against China (1937–45). One hostage-designate, George Tadao Kunitomo, would spend the World War II years in Japan, where he would advocate incorporating Hawaii into the Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere. John J. Stephan, *Hawaii Under the Rising Sun: Japan's Plans for Conquest After Pearl Harbor* (Honolulu: University of Hawaii Press, 1984), 138.
31. Blumenson, *The Patton Papers* 1:913–14.
32. Quoted in Ibid., 915.
33. Farago, *Patton,* 114; Essame, 24; Semmes, 78; Ayer, 69–70; Province, 51.
34. Interestingly, Admiral Isoroku Yamamoto, chief architect of the Pearl Harbor attack, also envisioned a Japanese-occupied Hawaii as a bargaining chip to be returned to the United States as part of a general peace settlement. Blumenson, *The Patton Papers* 1:915–16; Stephan, 93.
35. Ladislas Farago, *The Broken Seal: "Operation Magic" and the Secret Road to Pearl Harbor* (New York: Random House, 1967), 127; Ellis Zacharias, *Secret Missions* (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1956), 128–35.
36. Williamson, 124–25.
37. Mellor, 121–23.
38. Ibid., 137.
39. Gordon Prange, *At Dawn We Slept: The Untold Story of Pearl Harbor* (New York: McGraw-Hill, 1981), 72, 75–77, 148, 156, 254, 309, 311, 419–20.
40. In 1942–43 the U.S. government gove serious thought to the hostage value of interned persons of Japanese descent. Secretary of War Henry Stimson and Secretary of State Cordell Hull believed that U.S. custody of Americans and Peruvians of Japanese ancestry could be used as leverage to assure the safety of American civilians in Japan, Japanese-occupied China, and the Philippines. Michi Weglyn, *Years of Infamy: The Untold Story of America's Concentration Camps* (New York: William Morrow and Company, 1976), 54–56, 62–63.
41. Essame, 24.
42. Quoted in Blumenson, *The Patton Papers* 1:788.
42. Ibid., 916.
44. Essame, 23.

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45. Blumenson, *The Patton Papers* 1:798.
46. Stephan, 67.
47. Nellist, 315, 423.
48. Blumenson, *The Patton Papers* 1:13.
49. Material in this and the following two paragraphs regarding Patton's views on Japanese are from information communicated by John Dominis Holt in an interview with the author, Honolulu, Sept. 1, 1983.
50. Gavan Daws, *Shoal of Time: A History of the Hawaiian Islands* (Honolulu: University Press of Hawaii, 1968), 307.
51. For treatment of the Massie case see Peter Van Singerland, *Something Terrible Has Happened* (New York: Harper and Row, 1966); Theon Wright, *Rape in Paradise* (New York: Tower Books, 1966).
52. U.S. Congress, *Hearings Before the Joint Committee on the Investigation of the Pearl Harbor Attack,* 79th Congress, 1946, Part 2: 868.
53. FDR memo to Leahy, Aug. 10, 1936. Cited in Jeffery Dorwart, *Conflict of Duty: The U.S. Navy's Intelligence Dilemma, 1919–1945* (Annapolis: Naval Institute Press, 1983), 65.
54. "Report on Department Maneuvers, Hawaiian Department, April–May, 1940," Hawaiian Department Adjutant General's Office, Emergency Defense and Mobilization Plans, 1940, Record Group 338, National Archives.
55. Short to Adjutant General, May 15, 1941, Records of the Army Staff, Office of the Assistant Chief of Staff, G-2, Records Relating to the Attack on Pearl Harbor and to Sabotage Activities, ca. 1937–1947, Record Group 319, National Archives.
56. J. Garner Anthony, *Hawaii Under Army Rule* (Honolulu: University Press of Hawaii, 1976), 1–59; Gwenfread Allen, *Hawaii's War Years* (Honolulu: University of Hawaii Press, 1950), *passim.*
57. Allen, 131–50, 263–70.

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[redacted]

PLAN
INITIAL SEIZURE OF
ORANGE NATIONALS

A GENERAL STAFF STUDY

(Obsolete - Retained for reference only)

not in SD file RESTRICTED
REGRADED:
By authority of CG AGFPAO
By
Document Downgrading Committee AGFPAO
Date: 26 Feb 76

G-2

not on file with AG
TEH

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SECRET

HEADQUARTERS HAWAIIAN DEPARTMENT

INTER-STAFF ROUTING SLIP

The Inter-Staff Routing Slip is for use of the Department Staff and will not be sent to subordinate commanders. This slip and accompanying papers, when transferred from one Staff Office to another, will be forwarded thru the Adjutant General, except that a General Staff section may route papers to another General Staff section direct. The Staff section originating a routing slip will fill in the subject and at the end of the 1st Indorsement list accompanying papers. Notation of enclosures added subsequently will be made by the responsible office at the end of its indorsement. Indorsements hereon will be numbered in sequence and initialed by the officer in charge or an officer authorized to sign for him.

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No. of Ind. From and Date	TO	SUBJECT: Obsolete Secret Documents.	
1st Ind. AG 8 May 40	C/S	Recommend that: (a) Copy No. 30 of "Estimate of the Political and Economic Situation" be placed in HD Repository for future reference. This document is referred to in G-2 Appendix of Joint Defense Plan, Hawaiian Theatre, 1933, as "available to those of higher command". (b) Original of "Plan for Initial Seizure of Orange Nationals" be placed in HD Repository and duplicate thereof destroyed.	/s/ E.A. R. E. A. R.
2nd Ind. C/S 10 May 40	AG	Approved	/s/ Philip Hayes Colonel, G.S.C. Chief of Staff
		Copy: for original see Enclosure No. 733.	

599

Form H.D. No. 109 (Revised)
613 Honolulu 10-4-39 T.M.

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REGRADED:
By authority of C.G.,P.O.C
By [illegible] Capt USNR
Document Downgraded by Committee AGFPAC
Date: 26 Feb 48

A GENERAL STAFF STUDY:

(Prepared pursuant to verbal instructions of the Commanding General)

Of the plan and method of operation best adapted to maintaining internal security and censorship.

I. THE PLAN:

1. To arrest and intern certain persons of the Orange race who are considered most inimical to American interests, or those whom , due to their position and influence in the Orange community, it is desirable to retain as hostages. Lists of these persons are prepared, showing name, occupation, address, and telephone number, as inclosures as follows:

Inclosure 1: Honolulu Sector (by zones)

Inclosure 4: Schofield Sector

Inclosure 5: Other islands (by island)

2. To dismantle or collect on L/R all amateur radio sending and receiving sets belonging to persons of Orange race. Inclosure 2 is a list of owners of these sets with addresses and telephone numbers.

3. (a) To close, through cooperation with the Navy, all harbors to the egress of Orange vessels

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regardless of size.

(b) To seize and intern all Orange steamships in port.

4. To seize and close all Orange banks, trust companies, and travel or ticket agencies as listed on Inclosure 7. Hotels will be continued under military supervision.

5. To remove all persons of Orange race, including servants, from all military posts, stations, and establishments.

6. To close all Orange language schools.

7. To establish press, mail, cable, and radio censorship under plan on file in the office of Assistant Chief of Staff, G-2.

8. To establish a Military Commission for the trial of persons accused of military offenses.

9. To issue a proclamation declaring martial law and specifying rules and regulations to be followed. Inclosure 8 is a draft of same.

10. To intern all Orange-owned or Orange-operated automobiles and taxicabs.

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II. THE METHOD:

The commanding general will designate the date on which this plan is to become operative. In the following paragraphs this date will be refered to as the night of X-Y.

1. The arrests:

(a) At 10:00 p.m. on night X-Y the following messages will be delivered personally by an officer:

(1) To the Commanding General, Hawaiian Division "You will have one of your general staff officers report for orders to the G-2, Hawaiian Department, at his office at 12:00 midnight X-Y day."

(2) To the Signal Officer, Hawaiian Department: "You, accompanied by two of your officers, will report to G-2, Hawaiian Department, at his office at 12:00 midnight X-Y day. You will have transportation for one officer available at the same place and time. One other officer will be sent immediately to have the President, Mutual Telephone Co., report at his office at midnight for secret instructions."

(3) To the Provost Marshal: "You will report to the office of G-2, Hawaiian Department,

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at 12:00 midnight X-Y day."

(4) To the Commanding Officer, 64th Coast Artillery: "You will cause twenty officers, forty selected privates, twenty truck drivers and twenty trucks to report at your headquarters at 1:00 AM Y-day. All members to carry pistols. These individuals will be notified orally by one of your staff who will carry out this duty between the hours of 12:15 and 12:55 AM Y-day. No advance information will be given and no one other than those specified will be notified."

(b) At 12:00 midnight X-Y day the G-2 will direct as follows:

(1) To the Signal Officer: "By order of the Commanding General you will send an officer to the Fort Shafter switch-board and close it to all out calls except those of the Commanding General from now until 6:00 AM Y-day." Next you will direct the President of the Mutual Telephone Co., to place a "busy" signal on all telephone numbers listed herewith." (Furnish him with telephone numbers of allpersons listed in Inclosures 1 and 2; this included as Inclosure 3.) "You, personally,

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using such assistance and transportation as you need, will, beginning at 1:30 AM, visit all radios on Inclosure 2, and take steps to immediately dismantle them or collect them on M/B."

(2) To the Staff Officer of the Hawaiian Division: "The Commanding General directs that you give his compliments to your commanding general and direct him to carry out the following: First; to establish in the old hospital building an internment barracks with an appropriate guard and messing facilities. Initially this building will have to accomodate 97 persons.

Second; to make arrangements for the arrest and internment of those persons included on Inclosure 4, herewith, sending names of those you fail to secure to the provost marshal.

Finally; none of the above will be initiated before 2:30 AM Y-day. Prisoners from the Honolulu sector will be sent to Schofield Barracks."

(3) To the Provost Marshal: "The Commanding General directs that you have an officer present at the Fort Shafter guard house

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beginning at 2:00 AM Y-day to take reports of arresting squads operating in Honolulu and list those who have not been secured. A similar list will be sent you from the north sector. Prisoners will be consolidated in such trucks as you may require and sent under motorcycle escort to the internment barracks at Schofield Barracks. You will use your military police to secure and deliver all unapprehended ones in the same manner. Martial law was proclaimed as of midnight X-Y day. You may start any arrangements you deem necessary after 3:00 AM Y-day. All Orange-owned and Orange-operated automobiles and taxicabs will be interned in such space on posts as you may require."

(c) At 1:00 AM at the headquarters of the 64th C.A., G-2 will collect the assembled officers and direct as follows:

"The Commanding General directs that you proceed as follows: Each officer will take two men, driver, and truck, and using the lists which are now handed to you (Inclosure 1) together with a map of the city you will proceed to arrest the persons on your several lists. In case it is difficult to identify your man among several take all of them. Use no more force than is necessary. Reassure the relatives that no immediate harm will befall those whom

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you take. Having completed your lists proceed individually to the guard-house Fort Shafter for further instructions. Care should be exercised to carry out these instructions as quietly, quickly, and as secretly as possible."

(d) On Y-day the senior officer in all the Department Service Command Districts, except Oahu, will receive by messenger an order directing as follows:

First; to apprehend those persons living in his district whose names appear in Inclosure 5. Method of shipping these people to Oahu to be decided at the time.

Second; to use local means for preventing any Orange vessel from leaving port, pending further instructions.

Third; to close all Orange language schools.

Fourth; to temporarily dismantle or collect on M/R all sending and receiving radio sets within his district. See Inclosure 6.

Fifth; to publish and enforce the inclosed proclamation.

2. Dismantling radio sending and receiving sets.

Method specified in Sect II par. 1, above.

3. Closing the ports.

(a) On the afternoon of M-day an arrangement will

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be reached with the Commandant, 14th Naval District, by which the Navy will close the Port of Honolulu and other harbors on Oahu beginning at 2:00 AM Y-day. The Navy will also send details to board and take over any Orange steamships in Honolulu or Hilo.

(b) The Navy will send airplanes to notify by dropped messages any Orange fishing boats off-shore to come in, and will enforce this order if disregarded.

(c) Later the Department Service Command will notify the heads of fishing companies the circumstances under which smaller boats may be allowed to continue fishing to supply the market.

4. Closing of banks, etc:

On Y-day the chief of the Department Service Command will designate American citizens of Caucasian ancestry and of appropriate standing and experience to take over and close the institutions listed in Inclosure 7. The usual legal forms for the establishment of a receivership will be established.

5. Removal of persons of Orange race from posts, etc.:

On Y-day the Commanding General will issue an order directing commanding officers to remove all Orange racials from their posts. Truck transportation will be provided.

6. Closing language schools:

This will be accomplished during Y-day by the Provost Marshal.

7. Censorship:

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Censorship will be carried out under plan on file in the office of Assistant Chief of Staff, G-2.

8. Military Commission:

On Y-day the Commanding General will issue an order creating a Military Commission for the trial of offenses in violation of the provisions of martial law.

9. Proclamation of Martial Law:

Draft of copy of proclamation of martial law is included herewith as Inclosure 8. After signature of the Commanding General, copies of the proclamation will be handed to the Honolulu Advertiser and the Honolulu Star-Bulletin by an officer from the office of G-2 not before 4:00 AM Y-day.

G. S. Patton, Jr.

G. S. Patton, Jr.,
Lieut. Colonel, Gen. Staff Corps,
Asst. Chief of Staff, G-2.

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(Inclosure #1)

HONOLULU & SOUTH SECTOR.

GROUP 1.

Name	Occupation	Address & Tel. No.
Hashimoto, Manzuchi.	Mgr., Seiseido Shoten.	2455 Huene St. 69505.
*Kurisaki, Harry Ichiki.	Dentist.	2111 Iholena. 68851.
*Miyamoto, Takaichi.	Sec. Pacific Brewing Co.	2047 Kula Rd. 68878.
Mori, Dr. Iga.	Physician & Surgeon.	702 Wyllie. 69512.
Otani, George Kenji.	Ins. & Business Agent.	1036 Kam. IV Rd. 8240.

GROUP 2.

Asaga, Masayoshi.	Sec. Jap. Consulate.	1742 Nuuanu Ave. 4299.
Dewa, Isoto.	Supt. Jap. Hospital.	449 N. Kuakini. 65479.
Iiyama, Shichiro.	Chancellor Jap. Consulate.	1742 Nuuanu Ave. 68949.
Iizuka, Tadaaki.	Sec. Jap. Consulate.	1742 Nuuanu Ave. 2839.
Komagata, Rev. Zenkyo.	Bishop Soto Buddhists.	1578 Nuuanu Ave. 5120.
Motoshirodo, Masayuki.	Employee Jap. Consulate.	43 Peleula Lane.
Murata, Yasumasa.	Clerk Jap. Consulate.	1954 Kalihi.
Sakai, Takaichi.	Employee Jap. Consulate.	1624 Leilehua Lane.
Tamura, Teijiro.	Jap. Consul-General.	1742 Nuuanu Ave. 4416.
Toyama, Tetsuo.	Magazine publisher.	2513 Stream Drive. 6953[illegible]
Yamazaki, Tsunehiro.	Jap. Vice-Consul.	1742 Nuuanu Ave. 4148.

GROUP 3.

Harada, Tsunetaro.	Hotel Proprietor.	884 N. King. 8044.
Isobe, Misao.	Bishop Shinto Sect.	1121 Kana Lane. 89103.
Yamane, Uichi.	Merchant.	2318 N. King. 8173.

GROUP 4.

Haruki, Chusaburo.	Bank Clerk.	Kobayashi Hotel. 2697.
Hasegawa, Chinami.	Physician & Surgeon.	71 N. Vineyard. 5604.
Kawasaki, Masasato.	Shinto Bishop.	1517 Liliha. 69968.
Kawasaki, Shoichi.	Hotel Proprietor.	285 N. Kukui. 3164.
Koide, Sukeichi.	Hotel Manager.	1209 River. 3210.
Miyao, Shigemaru.	Shinto Bishop.	410-d Leleo Lane. 3985.
Onodera, Tokuji.	Mgr. Jap. Chamber of Commerce.	301 N. School. 68971.
Togawa, Kaso.	Publisher.	45 N. Vineyard. 65796.
Takahashi, Dr. Tokue.	Physician & Surgeon.	1370 Alewa Dr. 3913.
Tsukiyama, Wilfred C.	City & County Attorney.	1495 River. 5857.
Uchida, Dr. Kinji.	Physician & Surgeon.	22 S. Vineyard. 3924.
*Yamashiro, Andy M.	Hotel Manager.	Yamashiro Hotel. 1061.
Yamashiro, Matsutaro.	Financier.	Yamashiro Hotel. 1061.

(Inclosure #1)

*American Citizens.

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HONOLULU & SOUTH SECTOR (cont'd)

GROUP 5.

Name	Occupation	Address & Tel. No.
Ashino, Tadashi.	Mgr. Steamship Co.	2260 Manoa Rd. 92099.
Fuchino, Hego.	Engr. & Surveyor.	1839 Meli Lane. 4453.
Hayakawa, Jiro.	Writer.	1647-d Leilehua Lane.
Kobayashi, Kishu.	Buddhist Bishop.	2767 Nuuanu Ave. 69290.
Kuchiba, Gikyo.	Buddhist Bishop.	1727 Fort. 2578.
*Marumoto, Masaji.	Attorney.	234 Kaia. 4461.
Morohashi, Hiroshi.	Bank Manager.	1920 Manoa Rd. 92256.
Onoh, Yoshito.	Bank Manager.	1901 Adolph. 98659.
Tsuchiya, Seiichi.	Magazine Publisher.	2240 Star Rd. 5028.
Watanabe, Koin.	Buddhist Bishop.	44-c S. School. 3876.

GROUP 6.

Katsunuma, Tomizo.	Veterinary.	2304 Metcalf. 98310.
Matsumura, Tamotsu.	Business Agent.	2987 Robert Pl. 4663.
Tsukino, Katsumi.	Ass't. Bank Manager.	3766 Sierra Dr. 77299.

GROUP 7.

Fujikawa, Juro.	Merchant.	1221 Pensacola. 2475.
Fukuda, Sensho.	Buddhist Bishop.	1429 Makiki. 2107.
*Hosoi, Kiyoshi.	Physician & Surgeon.	
*Kuninobu, James T.	Physician.	1512 Young. 4135.
*Kunitomo, George T.	University Instructor.	727 Spencer.
Monuki, Toshitsugu.	Physician & Surgeon.	1647 Liholiho. 65847.
Nakai, Sajiro.	Ass't. Bank Manager.	779-e Lunalilo. 65493.
Tanaka, Sengaku.	Shinto Bishop.	834 S. Hotel. 3901.

GROUP 8.

Ipponsugi, Riuichi.	Dentist.	1226 Palolo Ave. 77691.
Kimura, Tomiji.	Shinto Bishop.	2020 S. King. 91575.
Matsui, Totaro.	Bank Manager.	1004 17th Ave. 79259.
Morifuji, Sadato.	Merchant.	1816 Bingham. 92044.
*Murakami, Robert K.	Attorney.	2045 Coyne St. 92063.
Soga, Yasutaro.	Newspaper Publisher.	1518 Spreckels. 92467.
Sumida, Daizo.	Financier.	1328 Highview Pl. 78905.
Takimoto, Armand S.	Language School Principal.	1636 Clark.

*American Citizens.

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Inclosure 1

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HONOLULU & SOUTH SECTOR (cont'd)

GROUP 9.

(None)

GROUP 10.

Name	Occupation	Address & Tel. No.
Iwahara, Taketo.	Merchant.	263 N. King. 1078.
Matsudaira, Tooru.	Buddhist Bishop.	1452 Kaumualii. 8015.

GROUP 11.

(None)

GROUP 12.

*Kimura, Robert A.	Physician & Surgeon.	471 Cooke. 3932.
Komeya, Miyozuchi.	Hotel Proprietor.	River & Pauahi. 2552.
Sato, Taichi.	Merchant.	223 N. King. 4726.

GROUP 13.

Goto, Mankichi K.	Contractor & Builder.	963 Kaheka Lane. 68598.
Okumura, Takie.	Christian Minister.	1239 S. King. 2528.
Okumura, Umetaro.	Christian Worker.	919 Alder. 3557.
Takao, Nissho.	Buddhist Bishop.	1251 Elm. 68031.
Tanjo, Jitsuyei.	Buddhist Bishop.	915 Sheridan. 4645.
Tatsuguchi, Yoshini.	Buddhist Bishop.	1020 Kaheka Lane.

GROUP 14.

Asahina, Koboru.	Dentist.	1009 3d Ave. 7142.
**Bornhold, (Mrs.) A.	Shinto Priestess.	300 Charles.
**Hunt, Ernest H.	Buddhist Priest.	849 6th Ave. 77198.
*Kurihara, Shinkatsu T.	Newspaper Reporter.	1760 Fern.
Mikuni, Matagoro.	Shinto Bishop.	848 Miliwili. 91610.
*Nakagawa, George K.	Dentist.	3455 Waialae Ave. 78082.
Nakamura, Gensaku.	Insurance Agent.	1112 4th Ave. 7191.
Nekomoto, Shunichi.	Contractor & Builder.	1769 S. King. 91490.
Oda, George Junji.	Contractor & Builder.	2265 10th Ave. 7117.

GROUP 15.

Otani, Matsujiro.	Fish Dealer.	411 Koula. 6125.
Takeda, Satoru.	Shinto Bishop.	525 Koula.

* American Citizens.
** Hawaiians.

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HONOLULU & SOUTH SECTOR (cont'd)

GROUP 16

Name	Occupation	Address & Tel. No.
*Nakamura, Napoleon S.	Dentist.	3316 Monsarrat. 77658.
Tatsutani, Genjin.	Principal Jap. Hi School.	3456 Maunalei. 79472.
Yamamoto, Seizo.	Merchant & Banker.	3055 Hibiscus Dr.95961.

GROUP 17

Hirozawa, Takeo.	Language School Principal.	Waimanalo.
Makino, Frederick K.	Newspaper Owner.	Kuliouou. 78540.

GROUP 18

(See list for North Sector)

GROUP 19

(See list for North Sector)

GROUP 20

(None)

*American Citizen.

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(Inclosure #2)

AMATEUR RADIO STATIONS
HONOLULU & RURAL OAHU.

Call Letters	Licensee	Location or Address
K 6 A C G	George M. Morioka.	1255 Rycroft St., Honolulu.
K 6 A K P	Hideo Murai.	P.O. Box 2390, Honolulu.
K 6 A L M	Kazuo Shibata.	1330 S. Beretania, Honolulu.
K 6 A X K	James Matsueda.	1059 S. Beretania, Honolulu.
K 6 B D C	Fred Y. Takeshita.	987 Robello Lane, Honolulu.
K 6 B K N	Akiyoshi Kuriyama.	Waianae, Oahu.
K 6 B R C	Moriyoshi Ueno.	2841-b Waialae Av. Honolulu.
K 6 B V P	Michiyo Oyama.	1505 Fort, Honolulu.
K 6 C C S	Robert H. Takase.	2451 Pavoa Rd., Honolulu.
K 6 C G K	Katashi Nose.	3903 Old Pali Rd. Honolulu.
K 6 C J K	Katashi Nose.	3903 Old Pali Rd. Honolulu.
K 6 C R U	George Ishida.	1748 Lime, Honolulu.
K 6 D A B	Thos. M. Shibue.	1922 Algeroba, Honolulu.
K 6 D B N	Laurence M. Imai.	1733-d Lanakila Rd. Honolulu.
K 6 E L N	Warren H. Nakamoto.	1631 Democrat, Honolulu.
K 6 E R H	Geo. Isao Nakayama.	1048 Gulick Ave., Honolulu.
K 6 E S U	Harris F. Tarumoto.	3405 Manoa Rd. Honolulu.
K 6 G C T	Ted T. Arima.	2535 Kuuanu Ave. Honolulu.
K 6 H D Z	Howard M. Kiyabu.	Mid-Pacific Institute, Hon.
K 6 H Z H	James Asato Okamura.	486 Kuakini, Honolulu.
K 6 E Z I	Edward S. Onouye.	Waialae & Olili, Honolulu.
K 6 I A E	Bert N. Yoshida.	2288 N. King, Honolulu.
K 6 I V M	Robt. M. Ebesu.	144-c Cunha Lane, Honolulu.
K 6 J P D	Andy M. Fuchikami.	2844 Harding Ave. Honolulu.
K 6 J R O	Tadao Koto.	9 Aylett Lane, Honolulu.
K 6 J U Y	Shuji Nomura.	1021-e Pua Lane, Honolulu.
K 6 K C B	Norman Tsutomu Kobayashi.	3309-i Maunaloa Ave. Honolulu.
K 6 K C R	Howard Jiroichi Otani.	411 Koula, Honolulu.
K 6 K K C	Edward M. Matsusaka.	Wahiawa, Oahu.
K 6 K L L	Hajima Anzai.	Waipahu, Oahu.
K 6 K Q M	James Keiichi Kagawa.	3903 Harding Ave. Honolulu.
K 6 K V B	Jack K. Matsuo.	1027 8th Ave. Honolulu.
K 6 K V N	Harry S. Yoshioka.	934 Austin Lane, Honolulu.
K 6 K Y H	Clarence Yasuaki Shimoto.	11 Ama, Honolulu.
K 6 L K C	Harris T. Yoshida.	1160 Richard Lane, Honolulu.
K 6 L K J	Masato Harada.	2801 E. Manoa Rd. Honolulu.
K 6 L M N	Richard M. Okamura.	486 Kuakini, Honolulu.
K 6 L N U	Wallace Takeshi Morioka.	746 Lanimai, Honolulu.
K 6 L O E	Tatsuro Suzuki.	922-e Cedar, Honolulu.
K 6 M H T	Katashi Nose.	University of Hawaii.
K 6 M V F	Kaorn Takemoto.	1133 Pua Lane, Honolulu.
K 6 M Y Y	Wallace T. Matsuyama.	Waipahu, Oahu.

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(Inclosure #3)

TELEPHONE NUMBERS
(Mostly residential)

2 Blue 730.
4 White 82.
4 White 798.
5 Blue 245.
5 White 249.
6 Blue 416.

1061
1078

2107
2475
2528
2552
2578
2697
2839

3164
3210
3557
3876
3901
3913
3924
3932
3985

4135
4148
4299
4416
4453
4461
4645
4663
4726

5028
5120
5604
5837

6125

7117
7142
7191

8015
8044
8173
8240

65493
65796
65847
68031
68598
68971
69290
69505
69512
69539

77198
77299
77691
77858
78082
78540
78903
79259
79447

88851
88878
89103
89968

91490
91575
91610
92044
92063
92099
92236
92467
95961
98310
98659

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To be handed to the President, Mutual Telephone Co.

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(Inclosure #4)

NORTH SECTOR

GROUP 18

Name	Occupation	Address & Tel. No.
Fukunaga, Peter H.	Car Dealer.	Waialua. 4 White 798.
Miyamoto, Buntetsu.	Language School Principal.	Waialua. 2 Blue 730.
Tanaka, Tamaichi.	Merchant.	Kahuku. 6 Blue 416.

GROUP 19

Hasebe, Charles I.	Merchant.	Leilehua. 5 Blue 245.
Iwasa, Seiji.	Store Manager.	Leilehua. 5 Blue 245.
Sekiya, Kichitaro.	Merchant.	Wahiawa. 5 White 249.

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(Inclosure #5)

KAUAI

Name	Occupation	Address
*Dodo, Dadaichi.	County Engineer.	Lihue.
*Doi, Daijiro.	Civil Engineer.	Kapaa.
*Hamamoto, Yutaka.	Agriculturist.	Kapaa.
*Kamei, George.	Mechanic; Politician.	Kapaa.
*Kanna, Naruto.	Dentist.	Waimea.
*Kawahara, Thos. T.	Newspaper Editor.	Waimea.
*Miyake, Kobori.	Businessman; Politico.	Waimea.
Miyasaki, Miseki.	Buddhist Priest.	Kapaia.
*Nitta, S. Tsutomu.	Dentist.	Kekaha.
Nonin, Kuwaichi.	Merchant.	Hanapepe.
*Ouye, Tomoichi.	Attorney; Politician.	Lihue.
*Tashiro, Benjamin M.	Attorney; Politician.	Lihue.

*American Citizens.

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(Inclosure 5)

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(Inclosure #5)

MOLOKAI

Name	Occupation	Address
Hirae, Satoru.	Physician.	Kaunakakai.
Ohtani, Shobun.	Language School Principal.	Maunaloa.
Ouchi, Shoshun.	Buddhist Priest.	Kaunakakai.

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LANAI

Name	Occupation	Address
Sata, Kazuyoshi.	Plantation Foreman.	Lanai City.
Tekumei, Katsuon.	Buddhist Priest.	Lanai City.

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(Inclosure #5)

KAUI

Name	Occupation	Address
*Ansai, Toshio.	Dairyman; Politician.	Waihee.
*Honda, Howard Hisao.	Physician & Surgeon.	Hana.
*Kobayashi, Kobuichi.	Garage Proprietor.	Paia.
Kokkutsu, Matsuhiko.	Shinto Bishop.	Kahului.

*American Citizens.

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(Inclosure #5)

HAWAII

Name	Occupation	Address
*Arimizu, Richard H.	Physician & Surgeon.	Hilo.
*Doi, Juichi.	Politician.	Honahawai (Hilo).
Fujioka, Bunpachi.	Dentist.	Hilo.
Goshi, Jitsuyuki.	Shinto Priest.	Hilo.
Goto, Y. Baron.	Agricultural Agent, U/H.	Kealakekua, Kona.
Hayashi, Saburo H.	Physician and Publisher.	Holualoa, North Kona.
Higa, Gashu.	Language School Principal.	Hilo.
*Kubo, Masao.	Dentist.	Hilo.
*Kuwahara, Ernest M.	Optometrist & Politician.	Hilo.
Matsumura, Tomoji.	Business Man.	Hilo.
*Okino, Tomekichi.	Attorney & Dist. Magistrate.	Hilo.
*Sakakihara, Thos. T.	Attorney & Politician.	Hilo.
Yoshimura, Dr. Eiji.	Physician.	Hilo.

*American Citizens.

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(Inclosure #6)

AMATEUR RADIO STATIONS
OUTLYING ISLANDS

HAWAII

Call Letters	Licensee	Location or Address
K 6 E D H	Haruwo Yamamoto.	Kilauea Ave., Hilo.
K 6 E S E	James K. Yamamoto.	Kilauea Ave., Hilo.
K 6 F O L	Tomoki Nakaji.	1041 Kamehameha Av., Hilo.
K 6 I U T	Ethel Ihori.	Olaa (8 Miles).

MAUI

K 6 A U I	Thos. Akira Takesue.	Wailuku.
K 6 D Y C	Richard K. Haruguchi.	Lahaina.
K 6 F A Z	Sadami Katehara.	Hamakuapoko.
K 6 F T D	Gerald Shirota.	Box 96, Peahi, Maui.
K 6 G [illegible]I	Robt. K. Yoshimura.	Lahaina.
K 6 [illegible] I	Mutsuto Nakamura.	Hamakuapoko.
K 6 L I M	Shinichi Watanabe.	Wailuku.
K 6 L K N	David C.K. Enomoto.	Kahului.

KAUAI

K 6 C.C O	Haruo Tamashiro.	Waimea.
K 6 C [illegible] V	Toshio Okinishi.	Waimea.
K 6 [illegible] N	Jack C. Wada.	Lihue.
K 6 G [illegible] Y	Haruo Tamashiro.	Waimea.
K 6 H [illegible] E	Toshio Okinishi.	Hakaweli.
K 6 K J L	Lawrence M. Kuniyuki.	Kalihiwai.

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Inclosure 7.

PRINCIPAL INSTITUTIONS(HONOLULU)

Banks

Pacific Bank(Daizo Sumida)	161 North King Street
Sumitomo Bank(Yoshito Onoh)	King & Smith Streets
Yokohama Specie Bank(Hiroshi Morohashi)	Merchant & Bethel Streets

Transportation

Aloha Automobile Club(Koisuke Hamamoto)	1902 Young Street
Honolulu Japanese Automobile Industry Association(Inosuke Nagai)	1215 Nuuanu Ave.
Nippon Yusen Kaisha(Japanese Mail Steamship Co)(Tadashi Ashino)	753 Bishop Street

Hotels

Alexander Harada(Tsunetaro Harada)	864 N. King Street
Emma(Shokichi Ishimoto)	1550 Emma Street
Hasegawa(Mrs. Jane Hasegawa)	526 N. School Street
Hawaiiya(Kameji Kakazu)	278 N. King Street
Honolulu(K. Shimabukuro & S. Uyehara)	1036 Aala Street
Kawasaki(Shoichi Kawasaki)	285 N. Kukui Street
Kobayashi(Mrs. S. Kobayashi; T. Nishi)	250 N. Beretania Street
Komatsuya(Ichiro Sato)	491 N. King Street
Komeya(M. Komeya)	River & Pauahi Streets
Kyoraku(Kanjo Hamada)	1547 Nuuanu Street
Kyushuya(Seichin Gushiken)	417 N. King Street
Nakamura(Yuichi Nakamura)	226-a N. Beretania St.,
Nuuanu(Shinzo Mizuta)	1634 Nuuanu Street
Onomichiya(Sukeichi Aoido)	1209 River Street
Saikaiya(Horace H. Hasegawa)	280 N. Beretania Street
Tohoku(Jinshichi Tokairin)	134 N. Beretania Street
Tokuji Baba(Tokuji Baba)	1206 Aala Street

Inclosure 7

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Headquarters Hawaiian Department,
Fort Shafter, T.H.,
12:01 AM Y-day, _____19___

A PROCLAMATION

1. Whereas a state of national emergency exists which by its magnitude renders the normal forms of Territorial Civil Government inadequate;

2. Therefore, I, _____Major General commanding, acting under the imperative demands of necessity for the defense of this territory and for the safeguarding herein of public interest and of lives, liberty, and happiness of its inhabitants, do hereby declare and proclaim that a state of MARTIAL LAW exists.

3. Under MARTIAL LAW the Territory of Hawaii and its inhabitants are under the regulations and authority of the United States Army. Those who promptly and peaceably observe these relations have nothing to fear and may count with absolute certainty on protection for their persons, homes, property, and beliefs. Those who fail to abide by regulations as herein set out or of other regulations which may hereafter be announced will be summarily arrested and subjected to such punishment, including death, as a Military Commission may decide.

4. It is the duty of the population to continue in their normal mode of life and to maintain their regular activities.

-1- Inclosure 8

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In so far as their scope and bearing permits, the territorial, county, and city governments, the courts and the police departments shall continue to function under the supervision of the army. The present existing civil laws and regulations, in so far as they do not interfere with the duties and securities of the federal forces, will remain in force.

5. The Writ of Habeas Corpus is suspended.

6. RULES and REGULATIONS:

The following rules and regulations are now in effect:

a. Gatherings or assemblies,,public or private of more than five adult males of the Orange race are forbidden.

b. No person of the Orange race shall appear out of doors after 8:00 PM daily nor before 6:00 AM daily.

c. No language except English will be used in used in any telephone conversation.

d. No mail matter will be in any language other than English; nor will there be any publication printed in any language except English.

e. No person of Orange race will operate any motor vehicle except by special permission in each case from the military police. Vehicles having such permits will be conspicuously marked in a manner to be prescribed later.

f. All lights in dwellings outside incorporated towns will be extinguished at 8:30 PM daily.

g. At the sounding of five long blasts on the fire station siren in any town, fort, or station, all lights will be extinguished

Inclosure B

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and the main power switch turned off. Upon repetition of the signal, five blasts on the fire station siren, lights may be turned on.

Given under my hand and seal this _____ day of _____, 19____.

_____

Major General, Commanding.

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ANTHONY FRIEDSON

No More Farewells: An Interview with Jeanne and John Houston

Jeanne Wakatsuki Houston and James D. Houston, co-authors of *Farewell to Manzanar,* are both impressive and comforting to interview. Their account of Jeanne Houston's internment with her family and of the impact that incarceration made on them all has received prizes and critical praise. Wallace Stegner has described their book as "touching, funny, affectionate, sad, eager and forgiving," and suggests that it "manages to become a scale model of all our lives." Most readers are likely to have some such feelings about the account and to have been little surprised when the couple won awards and an Emmy nomination for their film script of the screen adaptation.

And aside from *Farewell to Manzanar,* both writers are prolific. Jeanne Houston has collaborated with her husband on two further movies and has published numerous short stories and articles. She is currently co-authoring *Don't Cry, It's Only Thunder* (due from Doubleday in Feb. 1984), the story of Paul Hensler's experiences as an American soldier working with Asian nuns and orphans in war-torn Viet Nam. The last book in James Houston's multifarious list of four novels, a collection of short stories and four books of non-fiction is *Californians: Searching for the Golden State* (Knopf, 1982).

Yet, during the following interview—made while James Houston was on appointment as Distinguished Visiting Writer at the University of Hawaii—the Houstons appeared more comfortable and energetic than "Distinguished." Both exemplified laid-back Californian ease—each in a different way. Jeanne Houston reclined on the sofa of the high-rise apartment with the same grace she must have shown when a high school beauty queen. That ease would give way to eye-fixing

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high school beauty queen. That ease would give way to eye-fixing intensity when she wanted to make a crucial point. James Houston's normal manner—an almost detached blond urbanity—would also resolve into a reassuring, but nice, discrimination when the matter required.

An onlooker might be tempted to put the couple's ease down to their West Coast origins—transplanted from their hot tub in Santa Cruz to the state where they started their married life three children ago, but still must see as a resort. In fact, their adaptability more likely derives from their residence in many countries—in Europe and Mexico aside from the islands—and from their academic apprenticeships at home and abroad.

At all events, it was ironically apt to sit, stories above a city where the Japanese-American community has played so important and determining a role, and discuss with the Houstons the misery and salvation of the internment years.

TONY: *Farewell to Manzanar* seems to me to have three levels of significance. First, you can look on it as a sad chapter in American ethnic history—the war hysteria, the internment experience. Secondly, you can look on it as a story of a phase in American assimilation—as a part of the Japanese brain drain in the only, weird way in which the Japanese would allow their brains to be drained. And thirdly, as a very bright, and sometimes poignant, retrospective autobiography of a growth from girlhood to womanhood.

The best autobiographies present the life of a vital personality which is significant in terms of some universal quandary or notion that imposes on that life. You can think of someone like Boswell for whom the vital personality is most immediate in the *London Journals* or, say, Rousseau's *Confessions* where the notional matters seem more predominant. Looking back on the book, which of these elements do you think is stronger? And what do you think is the interaction? You perhaps, Jeanne, should answer this first since you led the personal life material that you fused in.

JEANNE: For me, yes, it was personal; it was almost a catharsis.

TONY: As well as a polemical statement?

JEANNE: Oh absolutely. I think we wanted to educate the public at the time we did the book. We realized there just weren't books that the masses had access to. In other words, you could go into the libraries and you had mainly political books, political science, history—there were about 40?

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JIM: When we first started researching *Farewell to Manzanar* in 1971 we found there were about 40 books that had been published on the internment in the UCLA library special collections.

TONY: As much as there was a division of labor, was the emphasis with you, Jim, on the sociological background, the research; and with you, Jeanne, on the business of recording the personal matters which gave this general configuration a personal significance?

JIM: We both tried to familiarize ourselves with the material already published. Jeanne was in a position where she lived through the experience. But she hadn't read the literature previously. She had finally reached the point where she wanted to examine the whole experience, both on a personal, and on the more general level. So we kind of shared in the research.

TONY: So you in other words got to know her better, and she got to know the field better.

JEANNE: And him better, too. It furthered our communication.

TONY: You were married at the time, by the way, weren't you?

JEANNE: Oh, yes.

TONY: You'd been married for some years.

JEANNE: That's right. In fact, if you like I can tell you how the idea for the book came about.

JIM: I would like to add one thing about your first question before Jeanne tells this point-of-origin story. When we started to think about doing a book on the subject, we didn't really know what shape it would take. We didn't know that it was going to be an autobiography; that it was going to be Jeanne's personal story. What we knew was that Jeanne had reached the point where she wanted to go into this experience in some way. So we began to talk her memories and her thoughts into a tape recorder. Then we began to do this reading we just talked about; to find out what else had been published and what was around. We immediately saw that here was an experience which was a political event, a major event in American social ethnic history that was almost unknown. Almost no one was familiar with it even though it had really profound implications. And one of the reasons no one was familiar with it was that none of these previously written books had really made the experience *accessible.*

TONY: They were academic studies, I take it.

JEANNE: Right.

JIM: For the most part, yes. A brilliant book on the constitutional issue, or a brilliant book on the political background, or a brilliant book on the sociology of internment.

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TONY: But there was no *Diary of Anne Frank* for the Japanese-Americans?

JEANNE: In fact most of the books were not written by Japanese. They weren't doing any oral histories. That whole area of experience was untapped.

TONY: Do you think the Japanese didn't want to talk about the internment?

JEANNE: Absolutely. They were reticent to talk about it, and also, you know, you bury that type of experience. You think it's unimportant because you think of yourself as unimportant. That's what really came out of that experience. I had come to the point where I had wanted to explore that.

JIM: Then we made a decision about the kind of book we wanted—accessible to a wide reading audience, not just to a specialist in the field. In order to do that, we needed to make it a story, to focus on the experience of one family and the relationships between parents and children, between husbands and wives, between brothers and sisters, forced into this outrageous situation which is political and military, but not to put the emphasis on the political. Keep the emphasis on the personal and family dynamic. Everyone can relate to that. And our thinking was that if we can create characters readers can connect with, that would take them into the experience and then they will discover the meaning of the experience.

TONY: That was in the 60s I take it?

JEANNE: 70s.

JIM: This was 71–72.

TONY: You said in your foreword that you felt America had been issued out, that you didn't want to write another issue book.

JIM: Also, we didn't want to write a book that would exploit feelings of guilt. There's a way you can come at a political injustice story that plays upon the reader's guilt. Our aim was to elicit feelings of empathy, of compassion, and human-to-human responses. That was the thinking behind putting the focus on the family and making it a personal experience.

TONY: It was most felicitous. One of the book's remarkable qualities is that it involves a reconciliation. In the end the restored Japanese princess marries—oddly enough, against her father's wishes almost, against the racism of both the Japanese and the Americans—the non-Japanese prince. Very ironic. It is probably a better book precisely because it is difficult to look upon it as an indictment. It would have been very difficult, for example, if Anne Frank had lived, for her to

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have written her story had she married Himmler's son, say. The transition would have enforced an understandable guilt.

As it stands however, and this is I feel the value of the concluding chapters—I don't know if you designed it this way—when you go through the high school experiences afterwards and Jeanne is elected prom queen by her classmates, this is not merely a sentimental gimmick; it is actually a part of the movement of reconciliation which justifies the notion of hope. At one point in the book, you say that the Americans are ingenious at setting up an unfortunate co-mingling of castration and hope. The book actually moves from castration to hope (not in any sentimental way); I don't know whether that is deliberate?

JEANNE: That was referring to my father's position, which is that he always had the hope, but he was constantly being castrated, or chopped away. The internment was the final blow. He never really recovered after that.

TONY: Fortunately for you, it was a point of departure.

JEANNE: Right, and that's what the book's about: letting go of that experience, and going forward from it; yet still knowing in this paradoxical way that I am the person I am because of it. That is, what would you call it, hope, irony.

JIM: But now let's get back to the origins. . . .

TONY: Oh, yes; how the seed was planted. You said you'd been reluctant to think about the internment for 25 years.

JEANNE: But I was not even aware of that myself. My nephew who was born in that firebreak scene, was like 25, 26 years old. He was going to Berkeley and he was taking a sociology class and they were touching on the internment. He knew he was born there, that's all he knew, that he was born in Manzanar. I guess he went home and tried to talk to his parents and they clammed up. So he came over to see me, 'cause Auntie Jeannie, she'll just talk about anything. He came over and he asked me about, you know, "gee, Auntie Jeannie, I was born there," he said, "and we're studying this in class. I just wanna know what it was like. What was it like?"

TONY: How old was he when he left Manzanar?

JEANNE: He was born there, so he must have been two or three. So he was in school reading about this strange place where he knows he was born. That's it. Most of these young *sansei* don't know anything about Manzanar. Their parents didn't talk about it. No books about it, so what did he know? I just told him all the superficial things which I had already told Jim. Jim knew I was in camp, but whenever I talked about it, it was always very superficial, about how we played baseball,

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or what we ate, and funny names of people there, how we went swimming here, how we went on picnics. Very superficial. And that's how *everybody* talked about it. Hey, what did you do in camp? What block were you in?

He just sat there and looked at me very strangely and then he said Auntie, how did you feel about that? For the first time, I stopped and allowed myself to feel about it, and it was devastating. I realized why my sisters couldn't talk to their kids about that. So I started to cry and I was real upset. I said well, maybe I'll tell you another time. I talked to Jim about it and said that, I've really got something going on here. Then I started crying all the time. I had about . . . how many nieces and nephews were born in camp? There were a handful. I have a very large family. And I thought, my goodness, for the family legacy I owe it to them, I should be able to write a biography, tell them about it, or something. I started discussing this with Jim, and I said don't you think we should do a little family history. He said, well, tell me about it, because he never knew either, at that point. So when I did start to tell him, he was just stunned and said "this is a book." I said, what do you mean? Who would be interested in that? That was my attitude. But then we realized how important it was, to tell it. We found out that most Japanese were very reluctant to talk about it, including my oldest sister.

JIM: And the reluctance comes partly from what Jeanne just described, the emotional charge they're carrying around about their deepest feelings, and also there is a lot of shame and humiliation attached to it. They don't want to expose that. They'd rather have the whole thing forgotten. That's in the past; let's move into the future.

JEANNE: Like being raped. When you've been raped and you are the victim, somehow you've been deserving of it, or the act itself has sullied you, so that you have become this rape victim. And it is true, when a person has been raped, it's not their fault, yet because of the manner of the assault, they're ashamed of it. Pretty soon they are assuming the guilt.

TONY: I believe you used the term, "shame" only once in a general way in the novel—I mean, excuse me, in the autobiography—and this surprised me partly because I always think, in stereotypic terms, that the Japanese are a very strong shame culture.

JEANNE: Absolutely.

TONY: When you have a very strong sense of pride and dignity such as your father is given . . . in every minute of the book, the obverse is that, if anything thwarts that dignity, there is enormous shame.

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JEANNE: Saving face. That is what it's about, and it is the most humiliating thing to be accused of being disloyal. Loyalty is number one in the hierarchy of Japanese culture. That's why we were put away, essentially; "You have the potential to be disloyal." How could they say this about a Japanese? You felt a sneak.

TONY: This is interesting to pose against the equivalent Jewish experience, where the Jews don't have a very strong shame culture. Theirs is "Troubles! Let me tell you about troubles!" As distinct from the Japanese who say "I don't have any troubles!"

JEANNE: That's right. Saving face. And that is so strong. We were in Los Angeles and we were sitting in the restaurant and this Japanese man came in. He couldn't speak English very well. He sat at this big table by himself. The waitress came over and told him to move. It humiliated him so much that he had screwed up or that she'd shamed him in front of everybody. She came back again and he stood up and he said "I hate you" and he left. That's all he could think of to say. I was so stunned that a Japanese said that. But all he realized was that he was angry, and that was the only insult he could really use. Then he turned and walked away because she had shamed him.

TONY: As I read the novel,—I keep calling it a novel for obvious reasons. . . .

JEANNE: We call it that.

JIM: We think of it as a non-fiction novel.

TONY: Well, it certainly emerges that way and that's one reason I enjoyed it. I was more interested in the book, for example, than in the movie which emphasized, I thought, the polemical over the personal.

JEANNE: We wrote the screenplay, it was definitely more educational.

TONY: Anyway, I noticed—in the presentation of the personal insights that ran along with the polemical material—the humor and the wit. This was something I had not expected: your own and the community's wit—not just a Japanese wit, which is of a certain type but also a sort of Dickensian wit, like when they say at one point "this bus is full of Wakatsukis."

Setting aside your craft, was the comic relief important to Manzanar as well as to your book? That's two questions really. First of all, do you think that the Japanese are mis-stereotyped as a rather humorless people?

JEANNE: Oh absolutely.

TONY: There is a stereotypic notion that . . . well certainly, until Toshiro Mifune and the big movies, one didn't think of the Japanese as a predominantly ho-ho people, although they probably are.

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JEANNE: Of course they are. But it's just that people project their own idea of what is humor, what is funny. I think in almost any ethnic group, minority ethnic group, there comes about a . . . it's like an argot or language of. . . .

TONY: Family jokes.

JEANNE: Family jokes, but it becomes like racial jokes, I mean at yourself. They do it here, in Honolulu. And when we do laugh it does relieve a lot of the more tragic aspects. At Manzanar, they had what they would call *shibaya.* That's like a community theater. In each block they would have a stage where the people in the block could go up and sing, or tap dance or do Japanese dancing, and most of it was funny. They just loved doing funny things up there. So a lot of it was directed at humor, much more than tragedy. The tragedy was in their life.

JIM: It was also a kind of overlay of American humor which you'd hear, for instance, in the names of the band that Jeanne's brother played in "The Jive Bombers." These guys were interned in a camp in the middle of World War II and named the band "The Jive Bombers!" Well that's really funny. Her brother was then 25. And he knew it was funny; they didn't just pick that out of the air. They were having fun like young American college-age kids would have fun with the language. A lot of that goes on on college campuses all the time and some of that gets transferred into the camp. There's a little bitter edge to it because they're smart enough to know they're being misused. Still, as Jeanne says, it's a survival technique.

TONY: I was going to ask you about that bitter edge. I'm glad you brought the term up before I imposed it. I don't know which of you was responsible for this, or if it was a conjunctive thing, but when I asked myself why this book isn't the sort of tearjerking piece everybody would tend to look at rather patronizingly, I realized the emotion in the book was modified by a pervading sense of the absurd. I mean the ironies you mentioned, and the incredible paradoxes; I think, for example, of your brother, Woody, off there in Tokyo, a Japanese-American occupying his own ex-country as part of an invading force. That made the Hiroshima chapter extraordinarily moving. And there is always, of course, the image of the big bomb at the end of the book which makes as you say the title of "The Jive Bombers" a poignant echo. And then little matters, that rescue it from sentimentality. For example, when your father accepted your award at your high school graduation and embarrassed you. He got up, you wrote, and did a *samurai* bow and played the Japanese. You were very embarrassed, but

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it's a funny scene. Of course, it wasn't very funny to you at the time; you could have killed him probably. But looking back on it you seemed to have understood that, in a rueful, retrospective way, your father was a sort of *bakatare* figure, this almost incredible man: one of the majestic sillies of the Japanese mode, with that dignity on the one hand and his drinking problems which made him do incredible things with cars and so on, on the other. All of it becomes funny and absurd.

JIM: There's another thing. Jeanne's family in particular has a strain of humor, sense of humor, running through it, that I don't think is necessarily characteristic of mainland Japanese-Americans. Jeanne's brother Woody who had passed away before we wrote this book, was an extremely funny fellow. After World War II he came back and was working with a Japanese wrestler named Mr. Moto. Woody cultivated a Fu Manchu moustache and he would wear these Japanese outfits and run around outside the ring and throw karate chops through the ropes at Mr. Moto's opponent, and become the villain. So the crowd would hate him. He knew exactly what he was doing, and he had a hell of a lot of fun doing it. We have a picture of Woody in his Mr. Moto valet outfit, and there's this little quirk of a grin on his face. He was a real comedian. Everybody in Jeanne's family has a little bit of that.

JEANNE: Actually, they are, they're very funny.

JIM: As a result Jeanne and her brothers and sisters all have the extraordinary ability to laugh at themselves, to see the humor in their own behavior without reducing themselves, but to just see this. They have a sense of comedy that's really delightful, and Jeanne has that. Even when Jeanne is talking about something as painful as Manzanar, she can still have enough detachment from time to time (even when we were working on it) to see the comedy of the day her father comes back with the car, and he's drunk and he picks the wrong car, and his wife just doesn't understand what's going on. Jeanne sees the humor in that while she's telling it even though it's a very poignant family story.

TONY: Yes, well the watershed incident too carried quite a bit of humor with it, to see these idiotic M.P.'s . . . they come in with the guns at the ready.

JEANNE: Oh, the reservoir shack, when they thought they'd caught some enemies.

TONY: Appalling and yet grimly funny. One more question about that Hiroshima chapter. Did it ever occur to you to make a separate short story of this? Woody goes to Hiroshima and—in the nuclear waste so to speak—he discovers his own father's pride. It would have

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to be nicely managed not to be too pat a story, because it's filled with irony and those paradoxes that are crucial and very touching. One of the strongest parts of the book.

JEANNE: It's true . . . a lot of feeling. Woody talked about that experience and about waking up in the middle of the night and seeing his Aunt Toyo, sitting there and looking at him with tears streaming down her face. Well, I told that story to Jim and he wrote that part of the book. Any chapter in italics is Jim's work—what I could not have been there to see—Jim's skillful reconstruction.

JIM: That was an interesting technical problem. There are those three chapters that really exist outside the voice of most of the book. Because they were scenes that Jeanne herself couldn't have witnessed, they're not really part of the autobiography—except we both felt that they had an important place in the story. So we changed the voice and set them apart with italics; in each case we had to sort of reconstruct them from stories we'd heard elsewhere.

TONY: Let me see, there's the interview with your father at Fort Lincoln; the Hiroshima chapter; and . . .

JIM: The Reservoir Shack, the story we discovered that involves Jeanne's brother-in-law, Kaz.

JEANNE: He told us that story . . .

JIM: . . . And we thought, gee, this should be in there. Then we thought, well how are we going to get it in there because Jeanne isn't in the scene and the whole book is from Jeanne's point of view.

At that point we take a kind of novelist's license to make a shift in locale and shift in voice and then come back again. But it seems to work.

TONY: You said earlier that you didn't wish to exploit guilt on the one hand, shame on the other; and I'm sure it worked that way, because there wasn't a great amount of rationalization after the book came out, or was there? With the book, and then the movie, were there attempts to rationalize by both the Americans, whose guilt is quite easy to establish, or by the Japanese community where there was, as you said yourself, quite strong Japanese ethnocentricity?

JEANNE: The resistance to talking about it was from shame. At first, actually, I think it was stronger . . . the resistance was stronger . . . because they didn't want to be noticed. But as the movement became stronger and it seemed all right to talk about it, and they could compare it with the black movement and the other ethnic movements, they felt they could talk about it more. And then it became stronger—the

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feeling of the injustice—allowing themselves to really explore it, and see that it was a horrible thing that happened to them and by their speaking out it wouldn't happen to other people.

TONY: There were all sorts of massive wartime offenses . . . but the offense in this particular instance—incarcerating a large group of people out of wartime hysteria—belonged to the Caucasians and not the Japanese. Were there rationalizations on the part of organizations . . . agencies. . . .

JIM: Do you mean during World War II?

TONY: I'm thinking afterwards, looking backwards. In World War II people didn't have to rationalize. They could sling ethnic slurs, say the internees belonged to groups, Japanese-controlled groups, and things like that, but by 1973, when this book first came out, . . .

JIM: Right. Very often we would hear people say, we do even now . . . people who were alive or young adults or adults in California at the time the war began, will say, "You don't remember what it was like here on the West Coast after Pearl Harbor was bombed." They'll say, "If I were a Japanese then, I would have been very glad to have been taken away from the West Coast because I would be in more danger here than I would be inland." A lot of people had that perception or memory, that Japanese-Americans were in grave danger because of hysteria and general panic and the sudden surge of anti-Oriental feeling. Jeanne has always pointed out that if the Federal government had been really concerned about the well-being of Japanese-Americans, they would have saved a lot of money by surrounding each Japanese-American house with a platoon of soldiers. It would have cost them less.

JEANNE: On the other side of that coin too, this could have been very true at that time, people may have been very fearful of what could have happened to the Japanese, and that's all right. The Japanese would have been willing, perhaps, to move closer in for their own safety. But see, where it doesn't make sense is that you don't tell the Japanese people you're going to protect them; then take them into a camp, barbed wire, mile-square camps, and have guns trained on them. You'd have the guns turned around, right? And trained on other people? That's what people forgot to look at. Okay, for their safety, take them in there; but then they just forgot it right there. They didn't figure out what was going to happen to them, how they would lose their property; lose their livelihood, their homes; disrupt their lives; the psychological damage, all that, you know. That's where the thinking was very shallow. There was some correctness to it, because, yes, it could have been

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scary but they didn't take that further. Okay, you can't imprison somebody, and say "we're just going to protect you. . . ."

TONY: No, of course not. It seems to me a great merit of the book that it very rarely gets into a sort of special pleading that would be easy to slip into. There were of course horrible injustices everywhere. Jews were imprisoned in England under statute 18b because they were thought to be security risks. In this country, Germans were interned. I met a woman a few years ago whose father was taken and shipped off after a neighbor complained that they were singing German songs in the house.

JEANNE: But see, there is a difference there. The Japanese who were interned were American citizens. Now the German, I'm sure the German father was a native, just like my father was. See, he's not a citizen. If I as a Japanese-American had been in Japan, I would have been imprisoned by the Japanese because I am an American. And that's the real issue: who is an American in this country? Are you a second-class American because you have slanted eyes?

I always have to bring it out when we discuss Manzanar in classes: "Okay, how many of you kids in here are Irish? Raise their hand." I say, "okay, if we go to war with Ireland, how would you feel? Anybody with an Irish name, O'Neils, the McNultys, everybody get in line here, you're going to camp." Then it hits them that it is on the basis of race.

TONY: Your foreword brings it out quite clearly that there had been a considerable amount of not even very insidious, . . . of obtrusive racism in the immigration procedures, so that there were large numbers of people who had been over here for some time who could not become American citizens. And, as you say, there were American citizens who were. . . .

JEANNE: 75%, 80% of the people interned. However, I'd like to take it a step further and say that if some young person feels guilty about what happened to the Japanese, I say, look, I felt guilty for years about the bombing of Pearl Harbor and I didn't do it; there's no reason why you have to feel guilty about what happened to us. You didn't do it. What I would like to work for in my life is that that type of thing doesn't happen again. I would not like to see any place bombed, and I would not like to see anybody put away in camp, and that's the important thing. I don't want to make someone else feel guilty the way I felt guilty about being, you know, just happening to be a member of a race that hurt someone else.

TONY: This brings us of course to what I see as the kernel of the

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book: Your relationship with your father which transcends the Manzanar setting. The father is the most living character in this book other than the narrator. He has a personality very clearly established; he could come in a novel anytime. And that is fascinating, as also is your very typical growth to adolescence, with all its complexes and so on, they happen to be complicated by various forms of ethnic mix-up, but they're very similar to those of, say, a Mid-Western Swede.

JIM: You mean that the kernel of the book is Jeanne's experience?

TONY: Yeah, well, Jeanne's experience, though not as a victim of Manzanar, so much, as a victim of humanity. Just that she had to mature as a prisoner of human factors which were more constant than the Manzanar setting.

JIM: The meaning of the title, the "farewell" in the title, refers not so much to the physical place of Manzanar but to the state of mind that it engendered, to the kind of psychological set that Jeanne came away with, and reaching the point where she could say farewell to that, to the view of herself that went along with that, the sense of shame, the sense of humiliation, the deep-seated sense of low self-esteem . . . all comes of having been imprisoned at the age she was, without understanding it, thrown into questioning her national identity, her personal identity—all ultimately reaching the point where she can say goodbye to that, and move on, out on her own personal evolutionary path, whatever that might be. That's really the meaning of the title, and the point of the book. Jeanne's experience through *Manzanar* becomes a kind of metaphor for a lot of experience, especially of minority Americans, who go through one kind of ghetto or another. *Manzanar* is a kind of highly focused ghetto situation. The ghetto pushed to the extreme. But millions of Americans are ghettoized that way, and they either survive it emotionally or they don't. And Jeanne's story is one of emotional survival, how she came to terms with her past, and to that extent I think there's kind of a classic American dimension to it. I hope it doesn't sound like we're boasting about the book, but I think we kept the focus on the inner life, rather than the political life, and as you say, on the process of a young girl moving toward and through adolescence, coming to terms with the specific conditions of her life, handled in such a way that they speak to a lot of people who live other lives but under similar terms.

TONY: Where were the sources? A lot of this is Jeanne's account of her particular feelings, and that must have been the most useful element in the personal story, but every now and then you will mention a high school yearbook, or your own family accounts. How much re-

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search was involved other than just you two sitting together and finding some meaning?

JEANNE: We interviewed the family to corroborate what I remembered, and several people who had been in camps and were willing to talk to us. Then we read books, did research, went back to the camp and. . . .

JIM: We made two trips back to Manzanar. . . .

TONY: Yes, one of them is alluded to in the book. Incidentally it struck me that this was a very literary community. You allude to the high school yearbooks and so on. I understand there was a community newspaper. This was not a large community, really, it was just a good-sized town. . . .

JEANNE: 10,000 people, in a mile square. There was a lot of intense energy there.

TONY: In an emergency situation, and yet they put out quite a considerable amount of little bits and bobs of literature, which I guess must have helped morale—and your work as an author.

JEANNE: They encouraged the creative activities among the Japanese in camp, because not everybody was working. My mother worked, she was a dietician, and my father made false teeth for a while. I don't hink I've ever said it in the book. My father, it's so typical of him. He was very talented. He would just do anything. I don't know where he learned how to make false teeth, but he really knew how to do it. He worked at the hospital for a while and he would work in the barracks. I would hear women [*gagging noises*] gagging while he was making the molds for their teeth. And then for himself, he made himself two sets, one with the gold teeth for dress-up and a regular one for everyday.

TONY: Why didn't you put that rather amusing matter in the book:

JEANNE: Oh, I don't know, we couldn't just have anecdote after anecdote.

TONY: On what basis did you select; this must have been a very challenging problem? You probably had thousands of memories, of little matters and big matters.

JEANNE: I kind of think the selections often dealt with my father. The book was about him on a psychological level. That was just a revelation to me, because people would say to me, "you know your father is very important." And I realized that in doing the book and talking to Jim and going through that part of my life, I was really coming to terms not only with Manzanar but with my father. By finally understanding and articulating what had happened to my father, it was like forgiving him. I don't know if we were aware of that. Were you really

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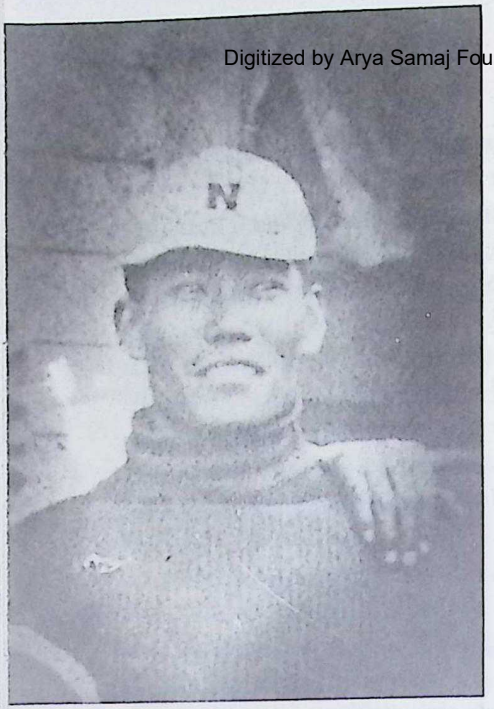

Ko Wakatsuki pitching for a local baseball team called Nippon. Spokane, Washington, ca. 1912.

Ko and Riku Wakatsuki. Wedding picture, 1916.

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Woody repairing fish nets at Terminal Island, California, shortly after Ko was taken to Fort Lincoln for interrogation after the bombing of Pearl Harbor.

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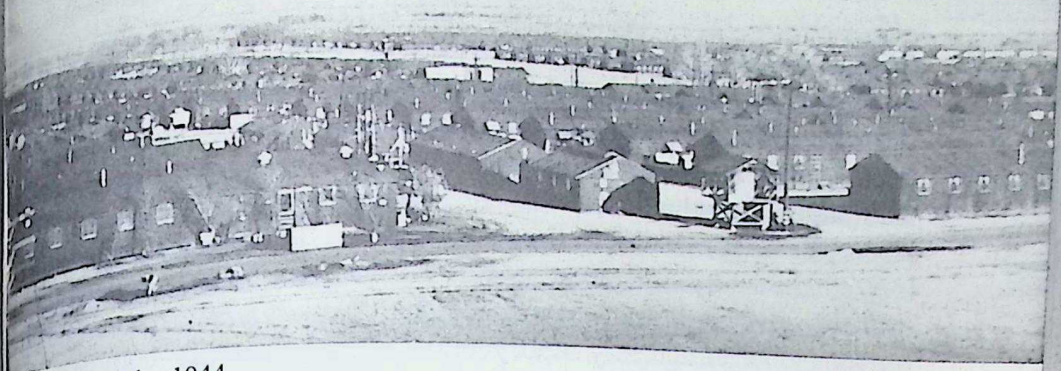
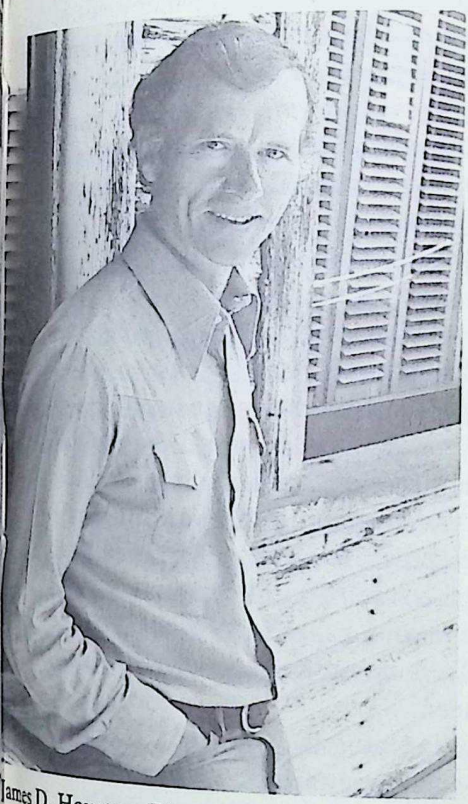


Manzanar Barracks, 1944.



James D. Houston. Photograph by Norman Lezin.

Jeanne Wakatsuki Houston. Photograph by Howard Ikemoto.

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consciously aware that the book was about my father and my coming to terms with my father?

JIM: I was always intrigued with your father. He has interested me tremendously. I never had a chance to get acquainted with him because he passed away before we got married. But one of the earliest stories Jeanne told me—and it was a very dim memory—she just remembered seeing her father come running out of one of the barracks in Manzanar and jump on another man's back. She didn't know what the fight was about; she didn't know who the other man was. But that scene stuck in my mind for years and years, of this Japanese guy in a prison camp somewhere in California having that much energy, and that much drive, and anger and fury. And you know those contrasts: born near Hiroshima; then being at the time I met Jeanne a strawberry rancher in San Jose working on shares. He just fascinated me for many years. And then as Jeanne's memories began to come up from below the surface, so much of it had to do with her father. And the story really was right there.

JEANNE: It *was* the story of my father. I was not aware of it. I was "doing" father. By telling about that with my intellect, my right brain, or whatever, my left brain was able to put it . . . to put the pieces together. Then I realized why my father was the way he was, and how it wasn't me, but it was what had happened in his life and that, in fact, he was a pretty great man to have survived as long as he did and to have had the dignity and the pizzazz, and not to have been beaten earlier on in the game. He had to have had a real strong sense of himself which he brought over from Japan. It slowly got corroded, but he still was in there, whereas I thought the opposite way, until later on. So it was not only a forgiving of him; it was a re-falling in love with him. I was always loving him as a little girl; then it was this horrible stage, then rejection, then forgiveness and then seeing him. . . .

TONY: Probably the understanding too, I suppose, of what it meant to make that ethnic transplant I talked about, because you know . . . pompom girl, the Japanese prom queen. . . .

JEANNE: But also to see what he was trying to hang onto, because I didn't realize it then. I thought what he was trying to hang onto was absurd.

TONY: But you wrote that he looked quite proud—in a strange, perverse way—when you forced your own way.

JEANNE: He was proud. I mean he was intelligent enough to know I was aggressive, and, even though it wasn't becoming to a Japanese woman, part of him was tickled. He knew I was a chip off the old

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block. So I was female; it was that kind of thing, and I fought him. Because I fought him he was proud, yet he was furious too.

JIM: It was interesting to hear people's reactions to Jeanne's father after they'd read the book or seen the movie. Sometimes a Japanese-American would say "I didn't like the character of Jeanne's father." "Why not?" "Well, I don't think a Japanese man should be depicted that way. A Japanese man should have more dignity, and he shouldn't be shown drinking. At the end he should be standing up proudly, the stoic man who overcame his difficulties. This is the image we should be depicting of Japanese men." Then later on somebody else would come up to Jeanne—we would be riding in the car someplace with a reporter—and say, "you know, I really liked your father. My father was just like that."

TONY: That story of his jumping on somebody brought up another peripheral question that I had to ask. Two stereotypic notions about the Japanese are first, that they are extraordinarily fastidious, and secondly, that they are a private people. In terms of those two qualities, nothing could be worse than to shove people into Manzanar. First of all, there was this fastidiousness which you wrote about—the neatness, the care for hygiene and details and so on. Suddenly to have been thrown into the runs in shacks where the toilets were inadequate. . . ! You wrote later in the book that when you returned to the outside world the first thing you all did was to stand around and cheer when you flushed the toilet. That must have been very traumatic to have had both sense of cleanliness and sense of privacy violated.

JEANNE: Can you imagine how it must have been for couples, who were just married being shoved in a room with a family, and no partitions? They used to hang up blankets. It was just awful. That's what happened to my own sister. They got married and they were just married, a young couple. They would be stuck in a room. See one couple could not have a barracks because 6 to 8 people slept there, so you might be shoved in with this family you didn't even know. It was very traumatic.

TONY: I have a question that depends upon that, though it argues the other way. You allude at one point to the way in which Manzanar was disastrous in terms of reinforcing clan behavior. But is it possible—as someone else who was at Manzanar told me—that Manzanar was a healthy thing, in a lot of ways, for Japanese society. I said, "How could you possibly mean this?" This was before I'd read your account, incidentally, but I thought, gawd, that's like saying concentration camps were a good thing. But she said that there were certain ways in

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which the Japanese prior to the incarceration had never really related outside themselves. All of a sudden they were thrown into this place, and on top of each other, where they had to divorce themselves from a sense of the ghetto in a larger community where they had individual pride and stuff. Suddenly, there was just one community, not one with an outside, but one community which was made to react in terms of intimacy which were repugnant to it but which carried a lot of soul cleansing. Secondly, she said that, when people got out, the society's guilt was so considerable that avenues were open that were not there before. She, for example, became a school-teacher. She said that before the war there were absolutely no Japanese teaching in the Washington school system.

JEANNE: I'd like to address those two things, because I disagree completely with both. The second one especially because I went to school; I went to college; I graduated in 1956. I could not become a school teacher, and I couldn't even become a probation officer in the field because, as my superior said, the community is not ready to have an oriental probation officer. That's 1956, okay; not right after the war. The camp had nothing to do with whether you got a. . . .

TONY: This was in California.

JEANNE: In California, it had nothing to do with whether or not you had a job. On the second matter I think, pertaining to the social assimilation after the war, Senator Hayakawa says that the incarceration was good for the Japanese because they had to go out into the east; in other words they couldn't live back in their ghetto, so they had to go out and assimilate. To go East and therefore go into college and so forth. But what happened? They've all come back to California. They're all in L.A. now, most of them. So what did that do? I mean. . . .

TONY: Is there any evidence that they were more psychically ghettoed before the war?

JEANNE: They were not only psychically ghettoed, they were also socially ghettoed—exactly opposite from what your friend maintained. They had a very strong community. They needed each other to survive, out there. I mean that's why "Little Tokyo." I wrote an article for *Reader's Digest* on Little Tokyo. It was a booming town of Japanese culture and community spirit, before the war. This was Little Tokyo.

TONY: Where is this now?

JEANNE: In L.A.

TONY: Oh, that's its real name.

JEANNE: That's what they called it. Now, and then.

TONY: My friend agreed absolutely with you about the strong com-

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munity, but she felt that these were little select defensive communities. Then they were thrown into Manzanar which was an enforced selective community. Then afterwards people were defrayed all over the shop, and there was now a chance for them not merely to make their way within the strength of Little Tokyo. The outer community had compulsorily to accept them as something other than a Japanese ghetto product. She didn't think that life in the camp was in any sense salutory. She simply felt that after the people left the camp, and were a changed product. They were no longer the sorts of Japanese that made for a Little Tokyo, but the sorts of Japanese who were looking for expansion within the larger community, and got it more.

JEANNE: Okay, but now I would like to go into the reasons for that. That is true. One of the reasons the American-Japanese couldn't go out and form their community again is that there was no housing. Little Tokyo had become Mexican and black, so the houses were taken up. There was a terrific housing shortage in California, and I think all along the West Coast after the war. We were put in trailer camps, defense housing projects, sent to New Jersey, you know, to pick peas, or whatever, because there was this difficulty. It wasn't out of choice, that people said look I'm going to go over to. . . .

TONY: No, she didn't feel that, nor did she feel that it was out of virtue that they were accepted. She just thought it was a historic reaction. . . .

JEANNE: They were not, they were not accepted. It was worse after the war than it was before the war. I point out in the book and anybody will tell you, it was terrifying. You knew there was going to be a lot of this racial feeling, and the housing problem that went on. But what has happened now? The communities are forming again. But the psychological fear was that you want to get out there and disappear; and, boy, where you didn't assimilate before, now you're going to assimilate, and you have never seen such a marriage rate of assimilation with the culture. It's like survival. In other words, get out there and be an American. We have to prove that we are super Americans. I don't know if that's good or bad. Some people may say, well that ain't so hot. That's why we, I mean she's saying that it's good. . . .

TONY: No, I don't know that she was saying that. She just felt it was one of the salutory offshoots. For example, I suppose she would sit and look at you and Jim sitting here and say, "that just would not have happened in the pre-war era."

JEANNE: What, getting married?

TONY: That you two would be married.

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JIM: We're talking about 40 years ago; everything's changed in 40 years, with or without internment camps. That dispersal of the Japanese-American community was, really, an after-effect of the internment. And probably there's some benefit to be gained from that, but the danger is to use that bit of information the way Hayakawa uses it, which is to justify the internment. He's said, a number of times, something to the effect that the internment was basically a good thing because the Japanese community was dispersed, and therefore they moved closer and faster into the mainstream of American life. All you can say is that the dispersal of the Japanese-American community was an after-effect of the internment, but there's no way you can justify the internment, I mean that's one of the worst outrages. . . .

TONY: You think that he used it to justify the internment?

JIM: I can show you an article that appeared in *TV Guide* the week that our show was announced, written by Hayakawa, where he says as much. He says, I don't understand what all the fuss is about the internment; this is one of the best things that ever happened to Japanese-Americans.

JEANNE: And you see he never went to camp, and he was married to a white woman, at the time, in Chicago playing jazz with this little beanie on his head. So he has no business saying that. That's why the Japanese-Americans get furious. If he'd been interned, maybe he might have a right to his opinion; but he didn't experience it.

TONY: Well, this lady that I was talking to certainly was not playing an Uncle Tom or something like that. She thought the internment disgraceful, and that it had harmed large numbers of people. She did, however, say that. . . .

JEANNE: But on the other hand, look at what's happening now. You know, what they're finding out about the mosaic idea of the city? That the interesting city, the lively city, is one which does have ethnic centers, configurations, so people can go to an Indian section or the Japanese section. Now they're trying to keep Little Tokyo. They're really putting a lot of energy into having this community again because it makes for a much more vital, interesting city. After the war, the Japanese were dispersed all over. They were no longer ghettoized. But the avant-garde architects and city planners are now saying, "we don't want to destroy these ethnic centers. We don't want to wipe them out. We want to nurture them."

JIM: For a long time there was a lot of noise in favor of the melting pot idea, that all these immigrant peoples come into the United States and assimilate and blend, so that everybody is equally American, and therefore buys the same TV set at the right time etc. etc. But that's

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happened to such a ridiculous extent that now it's turned back the other way and, like Jeanne says, people look at city planning, they crave the mosaic, where you have distinct ethnic gatherings of people for the vitality and the contrast and the color and the opportunity for different kinds of food and different kinds of language and . . .

JEANNE: And the pride. Instead of putting yourself down if you're coming from the ghetto, you say you're proud of your heritage and it's a good thing to hang onto; that you want to pass it on to your children because it makes for an enriched society to have all this instead of getting all blended out into pablum.

TONY: Yes, certainly better than the shame. To get back to your book, I think it concerns both pride and shame. This is one of the paradoxical elements in the account. Here is your father who is, by the standards of the liberals I grew up with, a racist. He would really have opposed your marrying your husband. Then he comes against a counter-culture of non-oriental racists' who were working the other way. And one sees both forms of racism impose a predisposition against that type of thing on you. You had seen, after all, the extreme pride of your father in the Japanese way. He was certainly very set. And his notions of society, because of historical accident, come up against another form of racism which says "oh no, you don't do it that way;" and they start making all sorts of ethnic slurs against "Japs". Out of that comes a girl—a woman by the time the account is finished—whose father is telling her not to accept the crown of beauty and whose high school classmates are telling her, as an American, to accept the crown. And she is just sitting there, and in the end ethnic pride becomes irrelevant to her. Jim, you were writing and listening to the account, and I'm sure you probably felt that. It's not a question of a melting pot, so much, as of a dissolving pot, of boredom. Of course it is nice for ethnic planners to have a Chinatown, but they're thinking of tourist centers and things of that sort. They're not thinking about the real problems that sociologists can tell you about. I thought that what happened in Manzanar simply enforced on you that irrelevance, that dissolution of ethnic pride, and begot in you a different sort of pride; one which transcended ethnic dogma. You weren't knocking your American heritage or your father.

JIM: Yes. The last scene in the book is out of chronological sequence. It's Jeanne remembering the day her father comes back with the car, gives the family a ride around the camp. We deliberately did that because we wanted to end with that particular image, of a man still capable of a little defiance, a little sense of humor, that kind of vitality, defying this camp, the whole idea of the camp that had impris-

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oned him. That's the last thing we know about Jeanne's father, but also those qualities are the things that Jeanne herself has inherited.

TONY: That had to do with courage of course, which quite transcends pointless pride. Because he knew the tires were flat and that the car was a mess.

JIM: There's something else. There's a vitality about that, I think, and an assertiveness, and that's the kind of thing that's translated from one generation to the next. The book really isn't about whether or not the Japanese-American community can survive or whether or not America should be a mosaic or a melting pot, it's about Jeanne and what she inherited for her own survival, and how her character and psychology was shaped and then reshaped. That's what the book's about. The sociology surrounding that is something we talk about, but it really isn't what the book addresses.

TONY: Talking of writing the books, and to wind up: it's been a while since *Farewell* . . . I know, Jim, that you've been writing steadily on everything else since. But I'm vague on the recent work of both of you. Jeanne, are you currently. . . .

JEANNE: I just finished another collaboration—on the Vietnamese orphans. We just finished that—Paul Hensler and myself. In that book, I'm in Jim's role, and it's Paul's story. So it's kind of switched. I really understand now what Jim had to do.

TONY: I asked earlier if you'd thought of the sort of short story you could have done out of Woody's experiences in Hiroshima. Have you had any particular yearnings or gradual feelings, towards anything either in the way of non-fiction . . .

JEANNE: Or fiction? Oh yes. My next project, for which I've been doing research is a novel. It's about picture brides, at the turn of the century. I've been doing research and ruminating on that.

TONY: You never had a relative who was a picture bride, I take it?

JEANNE: No, not a relative, but I have been talking to a lot of people corroborating the stories. I would like to handle it like Jim handled Woody's visit back to Japan.

TONY: Are you going to have to go to Japan to do that?

JEANNE: I won't have to, but I'd like to, just to get the ambience. I know I'm going to have to change a lot of my—well, I'm going to have to get into that set, that ambience of a Japanese woman's psyche, her inner psyche, of that period. I guess I could find one or two real non-conformists, but basically I'm going to have to get to the archetype.

TONY: Jim, is this the last thing you have had to do or will ever want

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to do with the Japanese? After you finished *Californians* are you going to do *The Japanese?*

JIM: There's a chapter in *Californians* about the Asian-American Law Alliance in San Jose. It's an important subject with me. You know, California is such a cultural intersection. The mixture of cultures, it's more intense here in Hawaii, but you have a similar variety of ethnic groups that make up the life of California. Working with Jeanne on *Farewell to Manzanar* kind of opened me up to that whole part of life, and seeing other cultures and other cultural groups. I expect to be writing about that some way or another for a long time.

But I want to tell you, these two projects Jeanne just mentioned, both have an interesting biographical angle to them. In preparation for the book *Picture Bride,* I think she's compiling a really extraordinary collection of oral histories, of these elderly *issei* women whose stories have in most cases never been captured. Most of them still can't speak English. Now they're in their 70s and their 80s and when they die, a whole era, a whole sensibility, a whole realm of American immigrant experience is going to pass away with it. To get their stories down is really amazing.

TONY: You speak Japanese, Jeanne?

JIM: She goes in with a translator.

JEANNE: It gets expensive.

JIM: This other project she's working on with Paul Hensler is his autobiography as a Vietnamese veteran during the 60s.

JEANNE: A VietNam veteran. He's not Vietnamese.

JIM: A VietNam veteran who got involved with two Vietnamese nuns, Asian women who had a kind of makeshift orphanage, trying to keep a bunch of orphans alive whose fathers were GIs and mothers were Vietnamese. Paul gave himself to this work on a volunteer basis and as a result saved his own soul. Instead of being destroyed by VietNam he was redeemed. Again, it's an autobiography written in collaboration. In his voice, but Jeanne is doing a lot of the writing, a lot of the orchestrating of the material. They wrote it on a contract with Doubleday and it'll be out next year. It's called *Don't Cry, It's Only Thunder.*

TONY: Well, that's great to look forward to.

JEANNE: And Doubleday liked it. They don't even want us to do any rewriting. We're off the hook on that one.

TONY: So. Hello's to Japan, VietNam and the California coast, and no more farewells.

UNIVERSITY OF HAWAII

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Eduardo Mayone Dias

Here Comes "Kalakana": King Kalakaua's Visit to Portugal as Seen by the Portuguese Press

On January 20, 1881, King Kalakaua left Hawaii for a trip around the world. Intensive sugar cane cultivation was demanding more manpower than the islands could provide, and the official purpose of the trip seemed to be to attract immigration to the archipelago. Thus, the King brought with him William N. Armstrong, Commissioner of Immigration.[1]

The inclusion of Portugal in the royal itinerary was understandable. Three years before, in 1878, the first group of Portuguese laborers had arrived in the islands. It was hoped that these Azorean and Madeiran islanders would adapt easily to a habitat similar to their own. Also, European immigration was encouraged to counterbalance the "yellow peril" which frightened many Hawaiian residents.

After a colorful trip during which the royal entourage visited several countries (and experienced several embarrassing moments), King Kalakaua arrived in Paris. The Minister of Portugal, Mendes Leal, presented his respects and confirmed the fact that the King would be officially received in Lisbon.[2] Later that evening, the King entertained Mr. Mendes Leal for dinner.

Then, after leaving Paris for Madrid, where he stayed briefly, Kalakaua departed for Portugal. This leg of the trip was as undignified as the previous ones had been: no sleeping car was provided for the sovereign, and on its way through Spain, the train hit a bull and was derailed. The contretemps caused a delay of two hours and twenty minutes, but as the *Jornal de Notícias* of August 21 proudly points out,

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the time lost was regained on the trip through Portuguese territory. The Portuguese royal sleeping car had been waiting at the border, and the trip continued uneventfully until the train's punctual arrival at the Portuguese capital early on the morning of August 19, 1881.

Coverage of the royal visit by the Portuguese dailies was rather limited. However, from these and other sources, the highlights of this event may be reconstructed. Kalakaua was received at the Santa Apolónia station by King Luís's personal representative, Rear Admiral Baptista de Andrade, and by two other high officials.[3] After inquiring as to what time the Portuguese monarch would receive him, the King watched as a battalion of Chasseurs did the military honors. The King and his aides were taken to the Braganza Hotel in two royal coaches, escorted by lancers from the 4th Cavalry Regiment.

After resting at his hotel, King Kalakaua received the compliments of the Prime Minister and the Minister of Foreign Affairs. At three in the afternoon, the Hawaiian sovereign and his entourage, in dress uniforms, left for the Ajuda Palace. After passing between two rows of halberdiers, they were then introduced to the Portuguese monarch and chatted briefly with him. Later that day, King Luís visited Kalakaua at the hotel, presented him with the Grand Cross of the Order of the Conception,[4] and invited him for a dinner at the royal palace the following evening. Kalakaua also received a visit from Maestro Gaspar[5] who asked the King's permission to dedicate an original musical composition to him.

On the 20th, King Kalakaua travelled to the resort town of Sintra, near Lisbon, where he lunched at a local hotel. Later, he met with King Luís' father, the German born King Fernando II,[6] at the Pena Palace. King Fernando was very interested in Hawaii and asked Kalakaua a great many questions about the islands and the Portuguese living there.

That evening, the Hawaiian sovereign dined at the royal palace. King Luís' wife, Queen Maria Pia, did not speak English, but she had her husband interpret for her. A band played the two national anthems, and, later, both monarchs sat on the balcony overlooking the Tagus River.

On the afternoon of the 22nd, Kalakaua watched a bullfight from the royal box. In the evening, there was a musical festival in his honor at the Passeio Público, an enclosed, park-like avenue at the site of the present Avenida da Liberdade. Here Lisbon's high society would congregate on summer nights to drink coffee, listen to music and eye one

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another. Three military bands, with a total of 150 musicians, played for the King.

On the 23rd, the King returned to Ajuda to bid farewell to Luís, who accompanied him to the palace gate. There they tried to embrace, but since Luís's head barely reached Kalakaua's shoulder, a simple pat on the back sealed the goodbyes.[7] The Hawaiian King then departed for Madrid, leaving William N. Armstrong behind to complete negotiations on an immigration treaty.[8]

The Portuguese news briefs covering the royal visit also shed some light on the King's personal life and on his kingdom. Curiously, his name is almost always spelled Kalakana, probably due to the misreading of some handwritten communication.[9] The readers were informed that the monarch was 45 years old, tall, well built, with light, sparkling eyes, and a pleasant countenance. They added that he wore a beard "in the English fashion", had a European education, possessed a good command of the English language and was a Protestant. One newspaper *(Jornal de Notícias)* noted with a certain degree of surprise that the King even dressed in European clothes. Another *(O Primeiro de Janeiro)* informed the readers that "the Polynesian Majesty" was the owner and editor of *The Hawaun* [*sic*] *Gazette* for which he wrote political editorials under the *nom de plume* of Modus in Rebus. The purpose of the King's visit was stressed, and some remarks were made regarding the recently initiated immigration to Hawaii from the Portuguese islands of Azores and Madeira.

The presence of a sovereign from an exotic land seemed to have struck Portuguese reporters in a very special way. First, the articles clearly demonstrated that the Portuguese were almost totally ignorant about the Hawaiian islands. Parallels were frequently drawn between the islands and Africa, perhaps due to the attention paid to the 'dark continent' at that time.[10] Cannibalism, as practiced by ancient Hawaiians was stressed, even by the more serious publications as *O Occidente.* The King's pigmentation was accentuated in cartoons, and in one he was depicted with plumes on his head and wearing a loincloth.[11] The word "savage" was occasionally used, apparently in reference to anything coming from the tropics. The tone of most writers reflected the traditional sense of European superiority towards non-European values, although mention was made of the islands' efforts to progress.

Some of these analyses were reasonably balanced, but the prevailing mood tended to be ironic. Unfortunately, the irony was based on clichés, and the comments made did not often show Portuguese journal-

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ism at its best. For example, the "Crónica Moderna" section of the *Revista Crítica Ilustrada* made the following commentary regarding the King's visit.*

"The visit to our city by H.M. King Kalakaua, sovereign of the Kingdom of Hawaii in the Sandwich archipelago coincided with the solemn occasion of the Portuguese elections. One should not confuse these Sandwiches, which are located in Oceania, with those to be found at Baltresqui's.[12] The King's ancestors ate people, a type of food not easily digestable since some humans, in fact, are hard to stomach. The present sovereign has substantially changed his forefathers' diet and prefers beef and pork to human flesh. We are certainly in no position to criticize his preferences, although they are somewhat detrimental to mankind. During His Majesty's visit to Lisbon, there was no indication that Mr. Sassetti, the owner of the Braganza Hotel where His Majesty stayed, served the King his ancestors' favorite treat for dinner. However, one evening at the Passeio Público, it was noted with consternation that the king stared insistently at Mr. Justino Soares[13] who was leading the children's ball with a light foot and a thin baton. Mr. Soares was already paler than the immaculately white cravat tied around his neck. Some concern was already evident among his friends, when one of His Majesty's comments restored calm to all. Turning to his secretary, His Majesty said in a tone of voice overheard by those standing close to him, "What a thin man!" Could it be that it was his genteel thinness that saves the light-footed professor?!

Two words in earnest about King Kalakua and the Sandwich Islands. Kalakaua I's name is David, and he was born in 1836. Instead of being educated to eat his plumper subjects, David was educated in the European fashion, made several trips abroad and visited the United States as a plenipotenciary for King Lukalilo [*sic*], then the sovereign of Hawaii. In that capacity, he completed important treaties with the American Republic.

On February 3, 1873, King Lukalilo [*sic*] died without leaving any children or siblings who could directly and legally inherit the throne. The Hawaiian Parliament discussed the situation for nine days, and finally elected as new king, David Kalakaua, a descendant of the Islands' old royal family on his mother's side.

However, David Kalakua's election was not readily accepted by the people, who even went so far as to rebel against him. The discontented rebels were quickly put down, as they lacked a legitimate grievance in any case. This fact has now been recognized by all since in the eight years that have passed since 1873, King Kalakaua's serious administra-

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tion has elevated the country to great prosperity and has won him great favor. His behavior as King can serve as an example to many kings of the old royalist Europe.

David Kalakaua is married to Queen Kaprolani [*sic*] who stayed on as the country's regent in his absence. They have no children, but if the queen's infertility continues, Parliament will not be in a quandary when the King dies, as happened in King Lukalilo's [*sic*] case. If Kalakaua dies childless, his successor to the throne will be his sister, Lydia Kamakacha [*sic*], the wife of Archibald Scott Cleghorn.

David Kalakaua is a handsome man, tall, strong, slightly *'café au lait'* hued. He dresses well in the European fashion, greatly disappointing the Lisbon population, who expected to see him in a loincloth and a headdress, like some savage chieftain in a *"mágica"*.[14]

In addition, he is intelligent, educated and extremely polite. He is a good conversationalist and holds his own in society. There are many individuals frequenting our salons who are much more savage than he.

His Majesty did not stay long in Lisbon, but he left behind an agent to establish closer relations between Portugal and his kingdom. The latter is by and large quite unfamiliar to those of us who live on the mainland, but very well known to our countrymen in the Azores, where immigration to Hawaii is a crucial issue.

The Sandwich Islands archipelago, whose capital is Hawaii,[15] is the Pacific's northernmost island chain. Less than a century ago, it became famous for the bestial ferocity of its inhabitants, cannibalistic savages who worshipped idols by making human sacrifices and who lived in the most primitive stages of civilization.

The first European to land on the islands, the English traveller Cook, was treacherously murdered by the Hawaiians. On the spot where the crime was committed, the very same descendants of his murderers built a monument honoring the famous explorer. As one can see, the savages of a hundred years ago became civilized with astonishing speed. The once cannibalistic Hawaii is nowadays a flourishing country, governed by a constitutional monarch, with a constitution similar to those of the cultured European nations. In its bi-cameral Parliament, the Hawaiian language is gradually being replaced by English. The island has four periodicals, one of which is owned by the King who also collaborates as a reporter and columnist.

Among the sights of the Sandwich islands are the ruins of religious temples, including those of the Hejo of Priapua [*sic*], located on the island of Hawaii, which is 92 meters long and 42 wide. Its volcanic rock walls are five meters high, 13 meters thick at the base, and two at the top. Here, not long ago, a priest of the God Kailli [*sic*] presided over human sacri-

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fices, making prophecies based on the twitchings of the victim's noblest entrails.

The present population of the Sandwich Islands is 60,000 and its civilization is already far more advanced than that of Japan.

H.M. David Kalakaua had been travelling through Europe, and when he arrived in Lisbon, he had already visited the kings of Italy, Spain and England, Pope Leo XIII and French President Grévy. In Lisbon, Kalakaua dined one evening with King Luís and witnessed two of our customs which certainly caused him to form the worst impression of us: a bullfight and a children's dance at the Passeio Público. During the evening at the Passeio Público, the Hawaiian monarch would have been perfectly justified in thinking that he was among savages. As he passed through the ranks of Lisbon's population, two or three thousand open-mouthed persons dogged his every footstep. When he sat down, more than four thousand milled around his chair gaping at him with perfectly imbecilic and primitive astonishment.

The band at the Passeio had dedicated a march to him, and King Kalakaua was courteous enough to stand as he listened to it, hat in hand. The populace, however, did not show the same courtesy to their guest, surrounding him as they would the elephants dancing the Spanish bolero at the Price Circus.

Anyone who witnessed this would find it difficult to decide who was more uncivilized: he or we."[16]

With the exception of the satire of Portuguese society, the humor displayed by the anonymous commentator definitely falls. Equally disappointing is that instead of presenting serious information about the King and his kingdom as promised, the author immediately jokes about Kalakaua's possible taste for human flesh. The remainder of the article is more serious, although the author does not seem to be able to refrain from making a few quips about European royalty (probably a veiled reference to the Portuguese king himself), or about the Lisbon population expecting to see the King in a loincloth and headdress.

The rather simplistic (and slightly astonished, it appears) conclusion that the King can behave in society brings about another unflattering comparison with Europeans. This sarcasm re-occurs towards the end, where the author equates the supposedly barbaric spectacle of the bullfight with the children's dance—apparently both being, in his view, signs of an undeveloped civilization. He finishes with another tirade against the Portuguese lack of sophistication, which somehow redeems the slightly patronizing attitude he assumes towards Hawaiians. At least the readers realize that his criticism is not one-sided.

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The same motif of who is the true savage is present in another unsigned piece of humor which appeared in *O António Maria.*[17]

"King Kalakana I's Memoirs"

It is known that the very distinguished and powerful Polynesian king, whose boots Lisbon has the honor of venerating each night outside the door of one of the Braganza Hotel rooms, is collaborating with Col. Armstrong to write his impressions of his current European tour. In a hallway of that hotel, outside the door and next to the footwear His Majesty left out to be shined, one of our reporters found the manuscript whose translation *O António Maria* publishes today. As it seems that these are excerpts from his memoirs, we ask the monarch's permission to publish their translation as his own, as seems to be the case.

Lisbon, August 23, 1881

As soon as I arrived in this town, two headmen sent by the Chieftain immediately led me to a hotel called Braganza, a name derived, to the best of my knowledge, from the family that presently administers this establishment, the royal family, the only one in the country with this surname.

The hotel is well managed and its prices are not outrageous. The cuisine is not cannibalistic at all. Man is rarely devoured here. Occasionally, when this does happen, guests are not eaten by their fellow men, but rather by especially trained small creatures which the natives call bedbugs. Also, it is a hotel which does honor to the peaceful customs and the hospitable, laborious character of the present dynasty.

As soon as I completed ablutions at the Braganza inn (where, due to their spirit of camaraderie, I am not charged),[18] I went to the palace to see the Chieftain, who looked like a decent man to me. His hair is blond, and he is fat and melancholic looking. As though ready to faint from boredom, he sits on an old throne, among ancient tapestries, and surrounded by six or eight nincompoops who, I am told, are paid to yawn and to smell like mold around the prince. According to what I observed, they earn their pay well.

To amuse the Chieftain, I spoke to him about travelling, the pleasures of packing one's suitcases and letting the throne go to hell, arriving at the Parisian Gare de Saint Lazare, going to an *appartment garni,* wandering about the Bois, lunching at the Café Anglais, champagne dining at Brébant's (and more . . .)

The Chieftain gave a big nostalgic sigh, full of sadness, and I left, as this was the time when the ministers habitually arrived to wail along with their sovereign about the plight of the nation.

The city offered me two spectacles which I attended and enjoyed.

When I returned from the palace, a famous warrior called Gaspar vis-

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ited me and, in the name of his troops, invited me to attend a ceremony he had prepared in my honor. Gaspar, who is the headman in charge of leading the armed forces to victory, does so by blowing on an ingenious wood instrument which the natives call a clarinet. This ceremony was religious in nature, and took place at a local cemetery known as Passeio Público. Along this funereal site sat the widows and orphaned daughters of legionnaires fallen in the wars against the neighboring tribes of Cacilhas, Dafundo, Benfica and Sacavem.[19] All these dames and damsels seemed to be deeply meditating upon the desolation of their respective homes. Nothing could be more moving than the composure and modesty with which they immersed themselves in their acerbic cogitations!

The able-bodied men walked ceaselessly to and fro alongside the graveyard, as if their country's enemies were about to appear at any moment at either one of the cemetery gates. The disabled veterans and the old pensively rested under the cemetery trees inhaling pinches of a rather subtle powder which they took from small, silver boxes. I was told that it was the ashes of their ancestors, obtained by a process of cremation applied to heroes. The natives call this powder snuff. Led by the Minister of Childhood Education, one Justino Soares, the youngsters performed pyrrhic dances designed to properly train them to eventually honor their country according to the example set by the great national heroine, the most celebrated Maria Cachucha.[20]

I did not attend the end of this moving ceremony because I noticed that the natives began to surround me with the same interest that Captain Cook had been surrounded with while visiting the Sandwich Islands; and we all know that all that gaping ended up in a massacre. Deciding it would be more dignified to not wait until they sliced me up, I removed myself from the vicinity, always accompanied by the two headmen that the Chieftain had sent me—as a loan only, I presume.

The following day, they had a festival called elections, the second celebration the city held to welcome me. This was a most curious amusement, consisting of people going to the churches to put a piece of paper with a name on it in a square coffer which, on the remaining days of the year, is called an alms box, but which, by express dictum of the Constitution, on election day takes the name of ballot box.[21] When these boxes are filled, they open them up and the names written on these slips of paper become the sages in charge of making the laws for three years in the name of the Chieftain.

In addition to making the laws, these sages also have the power to oust the Chieftain's Ministers when the latter displease them. To avoid this unpleasant consequence, on the eve of the elections the Ministers usually indicate the names of the sages that the people should write on the little paper squares that then go in the boxes. So that the people do not

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resist these suggestions, the Ministers give them gifts, caresses and compliments.

A lot of money is spent on these festivities for new church tower bell clappers, for roads whose construction starts two days before the election and which sometimes manage to reach a length of two or three meters, and for church and school projects that are never built, etc.

There are always some independent citizens who, when faced with these gifts, energetically execute the well known gesture Hippocrates made to Ataxerxes' presents.[22] In this case, the Ministers approach these independent citizens directly and put the sum of 13,500 reals in their hands.

Faced with this argument, the Hippocrates immediately vote for the Ataxerxes. The money received for their vote is immediately spent on spirituous libations and on mussel bouillabaisse, a national delicacy enjoyed by all the voters. The natives call these mussels, cooked with onions and tomatoes, "the sacred rights conferred upon the people by the existing institutions."

This year, however, a phenomenon called ballot boxes occurred which was not programmed in the usual lists of amusements. What happened was that in a great number of boxes the people, instead of voting for the bouillabaisse as usual, voted for the Republic.[23] This is especially remarkable since the Ministers had spared no effort or gifts to ensure their friends' triumph in spite of all obstacles.

Powerful influences had aided the Minsters in their laudable work. It is rumored that the pastor of a Lisbon parish was to be appointed bishop as payment for his schemes. Many other gentlemen, agreeing with the present situation, campaigned in such a way as to all be made earls and peers in payment for their electioneering. They say that in some electoral districts, in addition to those who had never existed, many deceased voters along with a vast number of pets, cast their little slips of paper for the Government. In one church, which I am told is called the Church of the Sacrament, at the general's command, the whole army to a man went to vote for the Government. Civil servants also voted in great numbers at the command of one of their superiors.[24] Store clerks, suspected of being reluctant to vote for the Government, could not vote for anyone because the church doors were closed on them before they had time to put their little paper slips in the boxes.

It is truly incredible that after so many demonstrations of monarchist ability there could still exist ungrateful persons who voted for the Republic!

I fear that I, myself, was innocently the cause of all this. Let me explain: The French newspapers spread the news that I came to Europe for the sole purpose of selling my islands, my treasure and my scepter, and would send back a company to be in charge of everything; I would

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then stay here, dragging the chains of expatriation through the Boulevard and the Champs Elysées, and eating the truffles and black bread of merry kings in exile at Bignon's or the Maison Dorée.

Well, when I arrived in Lisbon, I immediately understood that in this city there necessarily had to be what they call a "caveira de burro", that is, somebody who found it convenient to discredit my merchandise in order to obtain a more advantageous deal with me along the lines indicated by the French newspapers. I gathered this from the generally observed efforts made to malign the country of which I am king.

First, of all, it was rumored that I only governed some small cuts of roast veal, sandwiched between two slices of bread with butter and mustard. Then, when this falsehood was totally discounted by the assertive statements of a geographer who arrived from the Estrela Mountains[25] precisely for this purpose, they started to treat my archipelago exactly as if it were an archipelago of savages.

To see Sandwichans treated as savages by these gentlemen is quite a good joke, which I am glad to record in these memoirs, if only to remind future generations that when this was happening in Lisbon, many thousands of people lacked even a minimal basic education, while in the Sandwich Islands, every citizen over 20 years of age was able to read and write.

In my Senate, composed of sixteen members, five of them are women perfectly able to discuss State matters, while the Lisbon misses are just preparing themselves at the Passeio Público school to understand matters concerning Mabille.[26]

The Sandwich Islands' Constitution dates back to 1840 and was revised three times since, while the Portuguese Constitution remains in its *status quo* without the slightest progress towards civilization or freedom.

Finally, in the Sandwich Islands, unconditional and absolute freedom of the press has existed for a long time, while in Lisbon, repressive laws of thought are in force with the result that at this very moment there are four newspapers temporarily banned and I don't know how many under suit for abuse of freedom.

I would have to be even more ignorant than these individuals here seem to be to not have noticed the lack of consideration with which my islands were treated in Lisbon, a Macchiavelian plan to take them from me at a bargain price.

As a matter of fact, at the last minute I was informed that a Mr. Henrique Burnay[27] who, in this country, is in charge of buying everything sold and of selling everything bought, is hurriedly organizing a firm to get my kingdom from me.

The project, recorded in the above mentioned company's by-laws, consists of establishing a practical school for government systems in the Sandwich archipelago.

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This school will be run by a certain José Dias Ferreira,[28] a native politician who for some time has been casting one eye upon the monarchy and one eye upon the republic without quite being able to choose between the two.

The first system the firm will try out will be an absolute one, with the tyrant Manuel Vaz Preto I[29] at its head. He will introduce an Inquisition, twelve gallows, six stakes, and all the firewood he can gather to see what effect this will have on the people's happiness.

Then comes a royalist representative system with a constitutional charter written in verse, with Don Pinheiro Chagas I[30] as monarch. He will have a treaty on rhetoric, one dozen glasses of sugar water, and three pianos at his disposal.[31]

Finally, they will try out a republic under the presidency of the erudite Latino Coelho[32] who, for that purpose, will change his Latin surname to a Sandwichan one, after which he will be known as President Sandwich de Coelho[33] to avoid racial conflicts. He will decree universal suffrage and will abolish the Army.[34]

After this, José Dias will return to Portugal to launch a government based on what this experience indicated as being best suited to the nation's bliss.

It seems that not only the rumors I've mentioned, but also the elections I've just witnessed, are the work of said Henrique Burnay, carried out to make me unhappy with the Crown.

In this case, I am deeply sorry for the grief I caused the Portuguese royal family, and I frankly declare that I don't have the nerve to face the Chieftain again."[35]

By means of this somewhat Swiftian technique, the author really turns the tables on his country's society itself. Denigration of the Portuguese life style was by no means unusual at that time. Camilo Castelo Branco, Guerra Junqueiro and Eça de Queirós, to mention only three of the most prominent contemporary writers, were masters of this national pastime.

In spite of a rather *déjà vu* method, the journalist is particularly successful in turning the Portuguese view of 'uncivilized' lands into a scathing attack on his country's own values. Equating their 'savagery' with the corresponding home product is undoubtedly effective, particularly with reference to the islands' literacy rate (at the time, Portuguese illiteracy hovered at the 80% mark), the presence of women in the Hawaiian Senate (none in its Portuguese counterpart) and freedom of press, no matter how idealistic the author's view on Hawaii might have been.

In spite of these techniques, an underlying sense of superiority may

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be detected in the references to cannibalism and Captain Cook's murder, as well as in the weak pun on the former name of the islands.

The article is followed by two illustrations by the renowned cartoonist Rafael Bordalo Pinheiro. One shows an immaculate Kalakaua, cutting a fine figure in a wide brimmed hat and morning coat, smoking a cigar and watching Zé Povinho trying to rise from the ground after the national elections. Zé Povinho, or Joe Little People, was Bordalo Pinheiro's creation symbolizing the national character somewhat in the way that John Bull does for England. Zé Povinho, however, is depicted as a bearded, idiotic looking, shirtsleeved rustic. The other cartoon, also by Bordalo Pinheiro, shows the King, flanked by a gallery of sad looking Portuguese figures, possibly politicians, loosening his collar with a gloved hand while he watches a bullfight.

Another attempt at presenting a satirical view of Portugal through Kalakaua's eyes may have been presented in a pamphlet whose forthcoming publication was announced in *A Democracia* of August 28, 1881. Judging from the titles of the different chapters, a fictitious Kalakaua would write about such disparate topics as "National Paunches", "The Natives and their Tophats", "Portuguese Humor", "Bullfights and Elections", "The King, Ministers and Half Soles" (No explanation given of the nature of this section), "My Sightseeing Trip in Town", "The Natives: Without Muscles and Without Bidets", and so on.

The confusion as to the King's name is also alluded to in the opening sections: "Ecce homo!—Kalakaua and Kalakana". Naturally, some remarks about the monarch's exoticism had to be included. One of the sections is titled "Without Pigtail and Without Headdress". The reference to the pigtail (or rather, absence thereof) somewhat deviates from the general tendency to put Kalakaua on the same footing with an African native. Presumably, it could be attributed to some misconceived notion about the Chinese population in Hawaii.

In Oporto, the liberal *O Primeiro de Janeiro* makes a point of stressing Kalakaua's Masonic affiliation, but cannot resist a passing barb, much in the same style as its colleagues.

> "Kalakana [*sic*], the famous sovereign of the Sandwich Islands, who is presently visiting Paris and who will be among us shortly, is not as savage as his name implies.
>
> It has been ascertained that he has been a Free Mason since 1876 and that the Progress of Oceania lodge bestowed upon him the degree of Grand Master.

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Another liberal periodical, *Democracia,* couldn't refrain from a remark about cannibalism, either. Also, following much the same style as other contemporary newspapers, it took advantage of the occasion to launch a political attack. This is what it had to say in its issue of August 18:

> "This sovereign of the Sandwich Islands, whose inhabitants devoured Captain Cook not so many years ago, is enjoying his *villegiatura* in Europe and announced he will visit Lisbon.
>
> It is true that one of the first diplomats to call upon him in Paris, where he is presently staying, was our ambassador, Mr. Mendes Leal. After all, the Portuguese Embassy must be good for something since it had to appoint a special envoy to negotiate a commercial treaty."

In *O Occidente,* the popular humorist Gervásio Lobato,[36] in what is certainly not one of his best moments, wrote the following.

> "Since the 18th, we have had in Lisbon one of the most eccentric royal guests to ever set foot on Lisbon's soil, H. M. David Kalakana [*sic*] I, King of Hawaii, in the Sandwich archipelago, Oceania. His Majesty's ancestors were cannibals, but the present King has changed his forefathers' menu a little by deleting the tasty entrée of human flesh.
>
> He was right in doing this, especially since Mr. Victor Sassetti, the owner of the Braganza Hotel where H. M. is staying, would have encountered serious difficulties in trying to serve this delicacy.
>
> King Kalakana [*sic*] no longer makes gustatory demands. He is quite content with sole *au gratin* or filet of veal *à la jardinière* instead of human cutlets or philosopher's brains.[37] He is thoroughly civilized and, in Paris, the press quoted his remarks and repeated the chivalrous gallantries he paid to the divas of the light opera.
>
> For instance, at the Dejazet Theater, H. M., while attending the performance of *Femmes de Paul de Kock,* noticed the beautiful corsage on Jeanne Saigard's attractive bosom, and, pointing it out to his aide, said, "Bring those flowers to my hotel tonight along with the vase."
>
> As he was leaving the theater, the Hawaiian monarch sent his bejeweled handkerchief to Mademoiselle Blanche Brébion. She returned the handkerchief to the King, but reverently kept the gems.
>
> In Lisbon, King Kalakana [*sic*] will certainly not furnish such details to columnists. We have not yet had the opportunity to meet H. M., but we will try to do so, and will share the experience with our readers to the best of our ability."[38]

The following issue of *O Occidente*[39] did, however, publish another article on Kalakaua in a much more serious vein. After some biographical data (mainly repeating what the dailies had already printed), the unsigned author of the article gave a reasonably balanced account of

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the islands' historical, political and social conditions, and finished with a plea for better relations between Portugal and Hawaii, to eventually benefit the Azorean immigrants there.

This seems to be one of the very few lengthy writings of that period (if not the only one) in which a conscientious approach is taken, and an attempt is made to inform the readers and interpret the situation in Hawaii. But, alas, even here the usual patronizing and semi-ironic attitude is present. The author informs the reader that four newspapers are published in Hawaii for the benefit of the population "which not so long ago engaged in the pastime of murdering unwary travellers and tasting the delights of human flesh."[40]

The rather provincial attitude that responsible newspapers took regarding the presence of an outlandish monarch is surprising. After all, Lisbon had been in contact with people from exotic countries since the first half of the fifteenth century. At that time, Portuguese navigators had also sailed the coasts of Africa, Brazil, India, the Spice Islands and the Far East. Descriptions of faraway lands and peoples had been part of Portuguese literature for three hundred years. Even in the 1880's, many Portuguese were familiar with conditions in Africa, Brazil, India and even the Far East. It thus seems surprising that the visit of a Europeanized Hawaiian monarch would inspire so many attempts to ridicule another civilization, and, moreover, that such attempts were made on the basis of an almost absolute ignorance of Hawaiian reality. The fact that the royal visit acted as a springboard for similar ridicule of Portugal's own society does not really compensate for such a lack of sensitivity.

It is also true that Kalakaua was not a figure to be treated very seriously—nor was he by most of the authors who discussed his personality—and that his trip around the world was filled with antics that did not add to his credibility. This, however, is beside the point, as the Portuguese were totally unaware of the royal background. For them, the King was merely the representative of some ludicrous, dark-skinned, "savage" race living on some Polynesian islands. Thus, it is indeed befitting to ask as one of the Portuguese columnists did: Who is more uncivilized, he or we?

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, LOS ANGELES

NOTES

1. In his *Around the World with a King* (New York, 1904), Attorney-General William N. Armstrong explains that he was appointed Royal Commissioner of Immi-

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gration especially for the trip. According to his own words, his instructions were "to seek recruits throughout the world to restore the depleted population of the kingdom, a depletion so steadily growing that there was imminent danger, within a few generations, of the singular case of a native monarchy without a native subject" (op. cit., p. 3).

In addition to Armstrong, the King was accompanied by Col. C. H. Judd, royal chamberlain, and a German valet known as Robert. (Robert's fondness for liquor caused a few incidents abroad.) In Europe, they were joined by the King's *aide-de-camp,* Major Macfarlane, and by Mr. Abram Hoffnung, a representative of the Hawaiian Kingdom in London.

2. Uncertainty about a possible stop in Lisbon is revealed in the following passage contained in a letter from Kalakaua to his sister, written in London: "We may go to Portugal, but uncertain will telegraph if we do". (Quoted in Richard A. Greer, ed., "The Royal Tourist—Kalakaua's Letters from Tokio to London", p. 92 in *The Hawaiian Journal of History,* Vol. V., 1971.)
3. General Sousa Pinto, King Fernando's aide and acting representative, and Mr. Cunha Sotto Mayor, a former chargé d'affaires now representing the Portuguese Government. The latter would act as Kalakaua's interpeter.
4. The Military Order of Our Lady of the Conception was created in 1818 and disbanded in 1911. Its insignia was a nine point star almost three inches in diameter. According to one report, the decoration received by Kalakaua was later put to very good use. A certain evening, before a ball, Kalakaua's uniform was stained with his niece's "lip-dye" after she embraced him. The king immediately sent for the Order of the Conception, the largest decoration he possessed, to cover the stain (Eugene Burns, *The Last King of Paradise,* New York, 1952, pp. 230–231).
5. Maestro Manuel Augusto Gaspar was born in Angra do Heroismo, Azores, in 1843. He joined the Army at an early age, became a band member, and soon rose to bandleader of the infantry unit stationed in his home town. Later, he was posted to the mainland, and finally was selected to lead Lisbon's Municipal Guard band, which acquired considerable prestige under his direction. He was decorated several times for his services. One of his decorations was the Order of Merit, which was granted him by King Kalakaua. He died in Lisbon in 1901.
6. Actually a Prince Consort who received the title of King from his wife, Queen Maria II.
7. Obviously Luís caused a favorable impression on the Hawaiian monarch. In another letter he wrote: "The King of Portugal receive [*sic*] me with open arms and was extremely kind to us during our stay in Lisbon" (Richard A. Greer, ed., *"The Royal Tourist—Kalakaua's Letters Home from Tokio to London",* op. cit., p. 109).
8. This treaty was never signed.
9. In one instance, he is even referred to as "the kalakana", as if it were a title (*Jornal de Notícias,* August 21, 1881, p. 1).
10. Portuguese penetration into the African hinterland had begun in the 1830's. From 1877 to 1880, Serpa Pinto, Hermenegildo Capelo and Roberto Ivens completed several highly publicized explorations.
11. *O António Maria,* August 25, 1881, p. 271.

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12. A famous café and pastry shop of the time.
13. Justino Dias Lima Soares was born in Lisbon in 1824. A cabinet maker by occupation, he later abandoned his trade to become a dance teacher. He was widely admired by Lisbon's high society, and taught at several private schools and affluent homes. He founded a dance academy, composed several quadrilles, wrote a treatise on dance and organized balls at the Opera House and several of the most elegant residences in Lisbon. He also directed children's dance festivals at the Passeio Público. He died in Lisbon in 1906.
14. The *mágica* was a highly spectacular and visually oriented musical play.
15. Honolulu, on the island of Oahu, is the capital. Here the writer clearly confirms the general Portuguese ignorance about the Islands.
16. "Crónica Moderna" in *Revista Crítica Ilustrada,* 1881, pp. 341–344.
17. *O António Maria,* August 25, 1881, pp. 266–271. Although unsigned, this text was authored by Ramalho Ortigão. It also appears in his *As Farpas,* Vol. II, Lisbon, N.d., pp. 109–118.
18. There seems to be a certain resentment to the King's visit being paid by the Portuguese taxpayers. The same feeling is expressed more overtly in the following item, which appeared in *O Século,* August 20, 1881:

> —King Kalakaua
>
> According to a statement in the *Diário de Notícias,* H.M. King Kalakaua and his entourage, lodged at the Braganza Hotel, will be supported by the State during their stay in our city.
>
> The taxpayer is footing the bill for the monarchy's generosity. Long live governmental largesse!

19. Lisbon suburbs, none of them too fashionable. This could be a reference to the contemporary urban male custom of traveling to these places for dinner in the company of prostitutes.
20. A humorous mythical character, present only in the colloquial expression "no tempo da Maria Cachucha" i.e. in old, olden days.
21. Late nineteenth-century elections, which in rural areas did indeed take place in churches, and their lack of representativity, were also satirized by such contemporary novelists as Júlio Dinis and Eça de Queirós.
22. During a plague which was devastating his empire, Ataxerxes was told that the only man able to put an end to this calamity would be Hippocrates. He sent emissaries to the Greek doctor promising him immense wealth and treatment befitting the first of the Persians if he would come to his help. Hippocrates answered that he valued wisdom more than gold, and that since the Persians were the enemies of the Greeks, he would not be able to heal them or receive their gifts with honor.
23. Republican sentiments began to be felt in Portugal by this time. Ten years later, a short lived Republic would be proclaimed in the city of Oporto.
24. Mass voting was not unusual at the time.
25. The highest range of mountains in Portugal, a rather primitive area inhabited mainly by shepherds. Thus the irony regarding the geographer's credentials.
26. Possibly a French dressmaker of the time.
27. The Burnays were a famous banking family in Portugal. Henrique Burnay (1837–1909) was born in Oporto, Portugal, the son of a Belgian doctor. He founded

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his own banking house and other financial enterprises, and negotiated loans abroad on behalf of the Portuguese Government. In 1886, he was made Count of Burnay.

28. José Dias Ferreira (1837–1907) was a famous law professor, noted for his juridical studies. He also served as a member of Parliament, a cabinet member and once, in 1892, as Prime Minister.
29. Manuel Vaz Preto Geraldes (1828–1902) obtained his law degree from the University of Coimbra, and succeeded his father as a Royal Peer. He shifted political allegiances twice, once by launching his own party. He refused a premiership several times.
30. Pinheiro Chagas was a Romantic playwright, derided by many of his contemporaries.
31. A reference to the Romantic custom of reciting poetry accompanied by piano music.
32. A liberal politician and essayist.
33. A play on words: the expression could also mean a rabbit meat sandwich.
34. A rather surprising joke since Latino Coelho was also an officer in the Corps of Engineers.
35. *O António Maria,* August 25, 1881, pp. 266–271. See footnote 17.
36. Gervásio Lobato (1850–1905) is the author of several plays and novels satirizing Portuguese mores.
37. An expression characteristic of the Portuguese 'black humor' of the time.
38. "Crónica Occidental", *O Occidente,* IV, Number 96, August 21, 1881, p. 186.
39. *O Occidente,* IV, Number 97, September 1, 1881, p. 194.
40. Ibid.

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Reviews

George Macaulay Trevelyan: A Memoir by his Daughter Mary Moorman. London: Hamish Hamilton, 1980; 253 pp. £9.95.

Trevelyan did not want anyone to write his biography, but we are fortunate that his daughter, Mary, decided to disobey her father's wishes. Not to have had her detailed and vivid inside view of this leading twentieth century British historian would have been a great loss to our generation and succeeding generations. In this memoir she uses primarily letters that Trevelyan wrote to her, his brothers and his parents, but also some letters to a few close friends. She includes numerous excerpts from those letters, so we get as close to Trevelyan as possible.

We get insights into the life of his famous family, his education at Harrow and Cambridge, his lecturing (which was mainly in Cambridge and London), and his views on and activities in connection with many of the major educational and political issues of the first half of the twentieth century. Considerable space is devoted to his service with a British ambulance unit in his beloved Italy during World War I, giving a valuable insight into the war from that perspective. During World War II he was Master of Trinity (from September 1940 until 1951). As his daughter writes, "One of his tasks during the war, and one in which he took great pleasure, was that of conducting parties of American servicemen and other visitors round the College" (231). In the fall of 1945 this reviewer was in such a group of young GI's who had the pleasure of a memorable Sunday afternoon tour and tea.

Perhaps the most important value of this memoir for young histo-

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rians and others interested in history is the insight one gets into the immense productivity, the discipline practices, and the attitudes toward the writing of history of this master of the profession. His Cambridge dissertation was published in 1899 as *England in the Age of Wycliffe,* after which he left the medieval period to concentrate mostly on the Stuarts or the nineteenth century. His last major work was *The Social History of England,* published in 1942 in the United States (1944 in England), which became very popular. It was a fulfillment of his desire to write a history of England devoid of military battles. His *Autobiography and Other Essays* was published in 1949. He had established his fame early in the century with his multiple volumes on Garibaldi, followed by *John Bright, Lord Grey of the Reform Bill, History of England,* and *England under Queen Anne.*

Blessed with wealth, free time, a keen intellect, a creative urge, a strong conscience, and a sense of duty, he desired to use his gifts of life to benefit the lives of others. Throughout this memoir we see his love for walking (tramps) and nature meshing nicely with his emphasis on experiencing the places which entered into his writing in order to absorb the setting. For instance, he walked through much of Garibaldi's Italy. We see an historian committed to not only being led by facts but also to the disciplined use of a creative imagination and to literary excellence. As a young man he fancied himself as a potential poet; as it turned out, his poetic turn of mind served to illuminate his history. We see an historian committed to parliamentary democracy with a Liberal Party hue, an historian concerned not only with military battles and political diplomacy but with social and cultural dimensions experienced by ordinary people, an agnostic deeply committed to Biblical values, and a human being deeply committed to other human beings and to the perpetuation and enrichment of life in general.

This volume would be an appropriate supplementary reading for courses in historiography or in twentieth century Europe, and aspiring historians would want a copy for their private library.

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Tony Friedson, currently editor of *Biography,* is Professor of English at the University of Hawaii, Honolulu, Hawaii 96822. His published work includes poetry, scholarly and casual criticism and journalistic writing. Most recently, he edited and prefaced *New Directions in Biography*—a collection of essays on life-writing by seven eminent modern biographers.

Michael Slackman, historian at the USS *Arizona* Memorial, Honolulu, Hawaii 96818, is the author of *Remembering Pearl Harbor.* He is currently engaged in preparing a study of the Pearl Harbor attack.

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Clarendon and the English Revolution

R. W. Harris. Set against the background of some of the most dramatic and important years in English history, this is the first full biography in nearly 150 years of Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon (1609-1674), the greatest Royalist and statesman of the 17th century and the first of the great English historians. As a trusted minister, Clarendon did all he could to save Charles I from execution, and to him the Stuarts largely owed their restoration. As a writer and historian, Clarendon occupies a high place in English literature, and his *History of the Rebellion* remains an enduring classic. This new account of Clarendon's life and thought does full justice to a man of warmth and character who, in the words of Hugh Trevor-Roper, "turned the course of history and made his philosophy come true." About $39.50

Stanford University Press

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Joseph Kestner

Edward Burne-Jones and Nineteenth-Century Fear of Women

Women in Victorian painting constitute a range of figures typifying the social conscience, sentimentality, and anxiety of the period. Such images include the woman as guardian of hearth and home (Millais, *The Order of Release, 1746,* 1853), woman as suffering worker (Redgrave, *The Sempstress,* 1844), and woman as fallen victim (Hunt, *The Awakening Conscience,* 1853).[1] As the century advanced, these images could become more specialized, as in the presentation of the nun or the enchantress. Charles Collins' *Convent Thoughts* (1851) and Millais' *The Vale of Rest* (1859) represent one aspect of this direction. The threatening female appeared in such embodiments as Sandys' *Vivien* (1863).[2] If some of these images represent concern for the condition of women, others embody fears that were expressed socially, for example, in the Contagious Diseases Acts of the 1860s or the exclusion of women from higher education.[3] Graham Hough comments in *The Last Romantics* that these cultural phenomena were evident from mid-century:

> Any full treatment of the culture of the period would have to explain the lavish and eccentric display of erotic symbolism that made its appearance on both sides of the Channel after the middle of the century—the obsession with various illicit alliances between love, pain, and death; the femme fatale or the vampire; homosexuality, male and female; hermaphroditism, and all the rest of it. No doubt some of the mythological embodiments of these states of mind, notably the conception of women as some sort of mysterious fatality, were . . . personifications of forces and ideas buried deep in the human psyche.[4]

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Such tensions influenced both subject matter and exhibiting. Helene Roberts notes that "the Royal Academy accepted few paintings that threatened the precarious logic of laissez-faire or the carefully cultivated myth that dominance was the natural right of the male."[5]

The sesquicentenary of the birth of Edward Burne-Jones (1833–1898) provides an occasion to consider the artist's place in this particular cultural predisposition of his time, the fear of women. Conventional reactions to Burne-Jones focus on his "distance" from his time, as in this observation by F. G. Stephens: "[He] in effect protests against the tendencies of an overwhelmingly 'practical' and demonstrative age."[6] To this distancing is added commentary about Burne-Jone's "mystery." On the opening of the Grosvenor Gallery, 1st May 1877, Henry James recorded that while Burne-Jones was "quite the lion of the exhibition,"

> Mr. Burne-Jones's lionship is owing partly to his 'queerness' and partly to a certain air of mystery which had long surrounded him. He had not exhibited in public for many years, and people had an impression that in private prosperity his genius was growing 'queerer' than ever.

"The fullness of their mystical meaning I do not profess to have fathomed" James confessed about the artist's *The Days of Creation.*[7] Later in the century Paul Leprieur spoke of a Burne-Jones canvas as a "strange and mysterious painting which intrigues and surprises, like an incomprehensible enigma."[8]

Henry James's "mystical meaning" and Leprieur's "incomprehensible enigma" are not so elusive or remote as they may have supposed. James notes an aspect of the enigma in speaking of *The Days of Creation:*

> I call them young women, but even this is talking a grosser prose than is proper in speaking of creatures so mysteriously poetic. Perhaps they are young men; they look indeed like beautiful, rather sickly boys. Or rather, they are sublimely sexless, and ready to assume whatever charm of manhood or maidenhood the imagination desires.[9]

James was not alone in noting the ambivalent sexuality of Burne-Jones's figures. Justin McCarthy commented on a painting obviously by Burne-Jones:

> Her lover is always singularly like herself . . . The hero and heroine are very much the same sort of thing. The hero has the high cheekbones, the gaunt face, the red hair; he is almost invariably beardless, and only for the dress I doubt whether you would know one from the other.[10]

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Both James and McCarthy astutely detect certain distinguishing marks of a Burne-Jones canvas, such as exquisite coloration, shallow relief, and sinuous linearity. A final mark is the ambiguous sexuality of the figures. Graham Hough's belief that such figures represent "personifications of forces . . . deep in the human psyche" suggests a valuable direction of inquiry for studying Burne-Jones. Two sources provide information about "forces" that drove Burne-Jones to depict such figures: the painter's attitude towards women, with its expression in his sexual life; and the early influences that shaped his artistic choice of subjects. Rather than being removed from the nineteenth-century fear of women, Burne-Jones partakes of the pictorial tradition regarding women during the period. The tendency reflected by Sandys or Rossetti, of presenting the sinister woman, was part of his own direction. Burne-Jones's conception of women derived from three sources: his relationship with Rossetti as pupil and friend; his marriage to Georgiana Macdonald and his subsequent affair with Maria Zambaco; and his reaction to this affair in his work after 1870, particularly in the *Perseus* cycle. The fear of women that marked one dimension of the Victorian consciousness underlies the enigmatic figures of Burne-Jones.[11]

I

Burne-Jones's relationship with Dante Gabriel Rossetti was decisive in forming two conceptions of women, the woman as epipsyche and the woman as siren. "There I first saw the name of Rossetti," Burne-Jones recalled, remembering the day William Morris showed him the edition of Ruskin's Edinburgh Lectures in 1854.[12] The following year Burne-Jones saw Rossetti's *Dante Drawing the Head of Beatrice* and his illustration to *The Maids of Elfenmere,* published in William Allingham's *Day and Night Songs.* The latter Burne-Jones praised in the *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine* in 1856: "It is I think the most beautiful drawing for an illustration I have ever seen, the weird faces of the maids . . . are such as only a great artist could conceive."[13] The effect of Rossetti's work was crucial, as Burne-Jones made a resolution:

> "And I am to be, Heaven knows what, painter I hope, if that is possible —if not, why anything so it be not a parson. Save me from that, for I have looked behind the veil." (1.121)

Burne-Jones went to London and introduced himself to Rossetti in January 1856; soon he was his pupil and companion. By the time Burne-Jones met Rossetti, he had already experienced woman as siren. In 1854 he had written to Archibald Maclaren, "One thing that pre-

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vented me writing was the heart-aches and love-troubles I have been getting into," and to Cormel Price he wrote, "You wrote at a time when I was suffering greater mental troubles than I ever remember" (1.102). Rossetti influenced Burne-Jones's conception of women in two ways, by his use of Burne-Jones as a model and through his story *Hand and Soul,* published in January 1850 in *The Germ.*

Rossetti first used Burne-Jones as a model in 1856, when he drew him in *Launcelot and the Lady of Shalott* for Edward Moxon's edition of Tennyson's *Poems* (Figure 1).[14] The following year, Rossetti, Burne-Jones, and other associates became involved in decorating the walls of the Oxford Union. Rossetti's picture was *Launcelot's Dream of the San Graal,* while Burne-Jones was to depict *Nimuë Luring Merlin.* In Rossetti's drawing Burne-Jones as Launcelot is asleep before a shrine of angels, with the interposing figure of Guinevere, modelled by Jane Burden, later Mrs. William Morris (Figure 2). Another drawing of the same year shows Burne-Jones and Jane Burden in *Sir Launcelot in the Queen's Chamber.* Burne-Jones was thus modelling for Launcelot while drawing Nimuë, the destructive woman.[15] In 1858 Rossetti changed his role, having Burne-Jones pose for the face of Christ in *Mary Magdalene at the Door of Simon the Pharisee* (Figure 3). This picture and *Launcelot in the Queen's Chamber,* as John Nicoll notes, depict "sexual crisis," with Burne-Jones the adulterous lover and the redeeming Christ.[16] For Burne-Jones woman, as experienced through Rossetti, was Nimuë, Guinevere, and Magdalene. The Exeter College student and member of the Order of Sir Galahad began to change.

The counter image, of woman as epipsyche, Burne-Jones found reinforced in Rossetti's *Hand and Soul,* a story praised by Burne-Jones in the *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine.* In this tale of the artist Chiaro woman appears in two spiritual guises. First she is "the mystical lady . . . even she, his own gracious and holy Italian art." Later she is the apparition of his own soul: "I am an image, Chiaro, of thine own soul within thee."[17] This was an alternative to the siren/Stunner, but its substratum was narcissistic, since the woman was a projection of the self. The narcissistic epipsyche is evident in the two stories Burne-Jones wrote for the *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine* in 1856, *The Cousins* and *A Story of the North,* both concerning cousins who love one another. In the former, the narrator loves his cousin Gertrude Aymas, to whom he has given a watercolor of "Dante and his vision of hell." Rejected by her he goes to Paris and attempts suicide, only to be rescued by another cousin, Onore, whom he eventually marries. *A Story of the North* concerns Engeltram and Lady Irminhilda, lovers

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who "seemed divided halves of one same life."[18] They discover they are cousins and achieve a transcendental union after death. Like *Hand and Soul* both stories treat the woman as epipsyche, with the attendant narcissistic impulse. The consanguinity of the lovers indicates that the beloved is more identical than different.

Two other contributions to the *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine* extend the background of Burne-Jones's ideas about the epipsyche and the siren. The short tale *The Sacrifice,* possibly by Georgiana Macdonald, Burne-Jones's future wife, concerns the painter Henry Radcliffe and the cruel woman he loves, Helen Musgrave:

> She could not help seeing how he felt towards her; and she did see it, shamefully triumphing therein. For it pleased her selfish vanity that another should love her . . . Turning, he left her standing, looking after him, like a beautiful enchantress at a victim.[19]

In August, William Fulford's *Woman, Her Duties, Education and Position,* provided the alternative image. Fulford believed "worship" of women was innate in men: "In the heart of man himself is a most powerful ally, that which has been called the woman-worshipping instinct, implanted at least in the Teutonic races."[20] Burne-Jones's stories, and these other contributions to the *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine,* were not ancillary but crucial to his conception of women. He became engaged to Georgiana Macdonald on 9th June 1856 and married her on the same day in 1860, believing this was the date of the death of Dante's Beatrice. Burne-Jones, however, had secured not his Beatrice but his Gemma Donati. When Burne-Jones wrote his "Essay on *The Newcomes*" for the *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine,* he explained the main tenor of Thackeray's novel:

> And first of the central purpose of the book for which I imagine it was mainly written, reaching to the very heart and core of social disease, unhappy wedded life—the marriages that are not made in heaven, but if anywhere out of this strange world, why least of all in Heaven. Of all marvels in this same universe that pass our poor philosophy I doubt not this of marriage is the very strangest.[21]

It is difficult to find Burne-Jones being so direct about his own marriage. He commented later, "I hold it a point of honour with every gentleman to conceal himself, and make a fair show before people, to ease life for everyone" (1.102). It is certain, however, that Georgiana was neither Beatrice nor Nimuë, neither the saving soul nor the bewitching enchantress, that had formed Burne-Jones's conception of

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women during the 1850s. The roles of Dante and Launcelot would in time coalesce when the right Beatrice/Guinevere would appear.

II

Such happened in 1866, a year during which the Burne-Joneses came into contact with a new group in London, as Georgiana Burne-Jones recorded:

> Another and very noticeable introduction of these days was to a part of what may be called the Greek colony in London. Before this we had had the pleasure of meeting the beautiful Miss Spartali and her sister, daughters of the Greek consul, but now, I forget in what way, we became acquainted with one or two other families of her nation. (1.303)

This notice is deliberately deceptive. The Greek colony meant the Ionides family, by the 1860s established as cotton importers in Manchester and in London. The woman who became Burne-Jones's Beatrice and Nimuë was Maria Cassavetti, granddaughter of the man who founded the mercantile family. Born in 1843, Maria had married a Parisian physician, Demetrius Zambaco, in 1861, bearing him two children in 1864 and 1865. Maria left her husband in 1866 to return to London and her mother, Euphrosyne, who took her and Marie Spartali to Burne-Jones's studio to commission a picture for Maria. Left to choose a subject, Burne-Jones selected *Cupid Finding Psyche,* from which "at least seven finished pictures" resulted.[22] For Burne-Jones, the epipsyche about which he had read in *Hand and Soul* and written in *The Cousins* and *A Story of the North,* had appeared. The final page of the first volume of the *Memorials* notes:

> Two things had tremendous power over him—beauty and misfortune—and far would he go to serve either; indeed his impulse to comfort those in trouble was so strong that while the trouble lasted the sufferer took precedence of every one else. (1.309)

It is significant that the *Memorials* break with a mere five pages devoted to 1867, to resume in volume two with 1868, eliding a most important year in the marriage of Georgiana and Edward Burne-Jones. Burne-Jones's affair with Maria Zambaco progressed rapidly, nearing a crisis in 1868. In the 1890s Burne-Jones wrote to Helen Mary Gaskell: "I wish I was thirty-five. Do you know I once was—isn't it strange and incredible?—but it's quite true—and stranger still I was once three and twenty!" As Mary Lago observes, the ages of twenty-three and thirty-five were turning points in his life, the first, 1856,

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when he decided to become an artist; the second, 1868, when his affair with Maria had entered a crisis.[23] In 1869 there was some kind of rupture. Rossetti wrote Madox Brown:

> Poor old Ned's affairs have come to a smash altogether, and he and Topsy [Morris], after the most dreadful to-do, started for Rome suddenly, leaving the Greek damsel beating up the quarters of all his friends for him and howling like Cassandra. I hear today however that Top and Ned got no further than Dover . . . Ned being now so dreadfully ill that they will probably have to return to London. Of course the dodge will be not to let a single hint of their movements become known to anybody, or the Greek (whom I believe he is really bent on cutting) will catch him again. She provided herself with laudanum for two at least, and insisted on their winding up matters in Lord Holland's Lane. Ned didn't see it, when she tried to drown herself in the water in front of Browning's house &c.—bobbies collaring Ned who was rolling with her on the stones to prevent it, and God knows what else.

David Cecil records rumors that Burne-Jones had gone to live with Maria Zambaco about this time and that the two had a suicide pact to drown themselves in the Serpentine. He cites another story that Charles Howell had brought Maria Zambaco to see Georgiana and that Burne-Jones, walking in, had collapsed, thereby revealing the affair to his wife.[24] Georgiana's only reference to Howell in the *Memorials* records in 1865: "And on this day of union and reunion of friends there was one who had come amongst us in friend's clothing, but inwardly he was a stranger to all that our life meant. This was Mr. Howell" (1.294). Possibly the story is true. Rossetti was distressed: "Do let me know any news of Ned and his affairs . . . P.S. How is poor Mary Z?" he asked Howell.[25] The year 1869 is completely ignored in the *Memorials*. If it was possible for Georgiana Burne-Jones, after the interval of decades, to efface the memory of Maria Zambaco, it was impossible for Burne-Jones himself, already cast by Rossetti as Launcelot. Reflecting his psychological state, but also that of his age, Burne-Jones proceeded to paint Maria Zambaco in roles that included Nimuë, Beatrice, and Phyllis, the woman who loved Theseus's son Demophoön. While working on some of his most successful canvases, Burne-Jones was transforming Maria under various female guises. The work of the 1870s is transitional in Burne-Jones's emotional reaction to the affair.

Of the studies of Maria Zambaco herself, several pencil sketches and one gouache portrait exist. In the pencil sketches, dating from 1870

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and 1871, the wistful eyes, flowing hair, and melancholy gaze, depict both an enchantress and an epipsyche (Figures 4 and 5). The details in the gouache are of particular interest. Maria holds a book open to a reproduction of Burne-Jones's *Le Chant d'Amour,* the artist's name appears on the arrow, and Cupid draws the curtain (Figure 6). The ambiguous sexuality of *Le Chant d'Amour* noted by James and McCarthy suggests the narcissism underlying the epipsyche and the cousin/lovers of the *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine* stories. When Maria Zambaco was incorporated into Burne-Jones's paintings, the roles for which she became the model form an index of the artist's conception of women. Two of the most indicative appeared in 1870, the gouaches *Phyllis and Demophoön* (Figure 7) and *Beatrice* (Figure 8).[26] Inspired by Ovid's *Heroides* and Chaucer's *Legend of Good Women,* the first records the suicide of Phyllis after her abandonment by Demophoön. From the tree into which she has been transformed, she leans to embrace him on his return. If the story of Burne-Jones's suicide pact is not apochryphal, *Phyllis and Demophoön* is more autobiographical than the presence of Maria's face suggests. *Beatrice* portrays Maria as the epipsyche. In the same year Burne-Jones painted Maria, for obvious reasons, as *Summer* (Figure 9) and *Night.* The flowers in *Summer* include Forget-Me-Nots.[27] The eroticism of *Summer* prefigures the subsequent treatment of Maria in the decade. In 1871 she appears naked as the *Venus Epithalamia* (Figure 10), and in 1870–1873 she is depicted as one of the dancers in *The Garden of the Herperides* which, connected with the story of Jason, involves betrayal. Maria's image becomes more fearsome around 1873, when Burne-Jones did a gouache study of her as Nimuë for *The Beguiling of Merlin.* The magnificent hair has become entwined with snakes, the woman is the enchantress of the French *Romance of Merlin* (Figure 11).[28] The talk of the first Grosvenor Gallery exhibition in 1877, *The Beguiling of Merlin* marks the turning point in Burne-Jones' reaction to Maria Zambaco (Figure 12). The images of Phyllis and Beatrice gradually yielded to those of a more sinister character.

Corresponding to the use of Maria in paintings is the equally interesting portrayal of Georgiana. An early study, *The Rose Garden* (1862) shows a demure woman reading in a protective bower. In 1870, the same year in which Maria was Beatrice and Phyllis, Burne-Jones painted Georgiana in madonna and maternal guises. In *Winter* (Figure 13) she is not merely demure but almost cloistered, her chill virginity reflected in her encircling garments, a sharp contrast to Maria with her semi-transparent dress in *Summer.* In the 1867 *Charity* (reworked in 1870 and after 1885), Georgiana is surrounded by children, the

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sanctified Victorian mother (Figure 14). In the literature of the period there is a corresponding "worship of the wife-mother" in the work of Dickens, Gaskell, and Thackeray.[29] Later Georgiana appeared as the beloved in *King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid* of 1884, based on Tennyson. She thought "this picture contained more of Edward's own distinctive qualities than any other that he did" (2.139), interpreting it as symbolic Socialism, a renunciation of wealth. The picture embodies the Victorian worship of virginal, majestic womanhood, as expressed in Fulford's essay in the *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine.* It is possible that two pictures, *The Lament* (1866) and *Love Among the Ruins* (1870–1873) record crises in the marriage of Burne-Jones. Although the model for the woman in *Love Among the Ruins* was Antonia Caiva, there is a resemblance to Maria Zambaco that may be intentional.

III

The paintings during the 1870s, from *Beatrice* to *Nimuë,* indicate the direction of Burne-Jones's shifting response to the affair with Maria Zambaco. During the 1880s and after Burne-Jones's paintings, along with his conversations with his studio assistant Thomas M. Rooke, reveal psychological causes for the transformation of Maria begun in the previous decade. During the period 1868–1870 Burne-Jones did the first of two important narrative sequences about *Pygmalion,* for Maria Zambaco's mother. Inspired by his affair, Burne-Jones produced a pictorial representation of Victorian woman-worship. That this mood had changed by the 1880s is apparent from one of his most striking pictures of the decade, *The Depths of the Sea,* 1886 (Figure 15). In this painting, the only one Burne-Jones exhibited at the Royal Academy, a mermaid clasps the corpse of a sailor she had dragged into the water. A result of Burne-Jone's visits to Italy in 1871 and 1873, the Leonardo smile of the mermaid is one of the artist's enigmas, but whether the mermaid is ignorant of the sailor's death, the picture represents woman as a destructive, albeit alluring force. Timothy Hilton notes:

> But what are we to make of a painting like that subaqueous marvel, *The Depths of the Sea*? It is not like the sailors' legend on which it is based; it is not really like anything else in Burne-Jones. It is not like anything, and the manic winsomeness of the mermaid's face, as she stares straight into the spectator's eyes, her arms round the loins of her bubbling captive, is enough to make anyone feel nervous.[30]

The Depths of the Sea is a continuation of the deceiving woman portrayed as Nimuë in *The Beguiling of Merlin.* The face of the mermaid

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resembles that of Laura Tennant, whom the Burne-Joneses called "The Siren" (2.148). Burne-Jones had begun a painting of *The Sirens* in the 1870s and was to say in 1891: "I am making a plan for a picture . . . It is a sort of Siren-land—I don't know when or where—not Greek Sirens, but any Sirens, anywhere, that lure on men to destruction" (2.222). By a perverse coincidence Maria Zambaco was also exhibiting in 1886, so *The Depths of the Sea* hung with work by the woman who inspired it.

The alteration from worship of women to fear of women is not unexpected if one recalls that the earliest works of Burne-Jones included the evil *Sidonia von Bork* (1860), *Merlin and Nimuë* (1861), and *Morgan le Fay* (1862), all inspired by Rossetti. These fearful images were part of a deep-seated misogyny. Georgiana Burne-Jones recorded that in 1852 her brother "once applied in my hearing the dreadful-sounding name 'Misogynist' " to Burne-Jones (1.66). Perceiving that the Order of Sir Galahad contained elements not of women-worship but of women-fear, she detected "half-jesting references to celibacy and misogyny" that Burne-Jones made in letters in 1853 (1.87). *The Depths of the Sea,* "an unusually sinister subject," reveals a misogyny that had been latent since the 1850s and that was reappearing during the later decades of the artist's life.[31] These misogynistic attitudes were frequently expressed in conversations about marriage. He said in 1889: "It is possible, and not seldom happens, that people's lives are quite destroyed by what they began in the hope of helping them" (2.193). Georgiana, when asked by her husband if marriage were a lottery, responded in the affirmative. Burne-Jones replied: "Then as lotteries are illegal, don't you think it ought to be suppressed by law?" (2.193). Burne-Jones admitted to Helen Gaskell in 1894, "I seldom dream of anyone I love . . . sometimes of Georgie who is always unkind in dreams."[32] Burne-Jones felt artists should not marry:

> "A painter ought not to be married; children and pictures are each too important to be both produced by one man . . . No, the great painters were not married—Michael Angelo not married, Raphael not married . . . Del Sarto married! but we know what happened to *him.*" (*BJT* 11)

In 1884, even before painting *The Depths of the Sea,* Burne-Jones had said about woman: "Once she gets the upper hand and flaunts, she's the devil—there's no other word for it, she's the devil . . . as soon as you've taken pity on her she's no longer to be pitied. You're the one to be pitied then" (*BJT* 11). In 1897 Burne-Jones told Rooke: "Women

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Figure 1. Rossetti, *Launcelot and the Lady of Shalott* (1856), drawing.

Figure 2. Rossetti, *Launcelot's Dream of the San Graal* (1857), drawing.

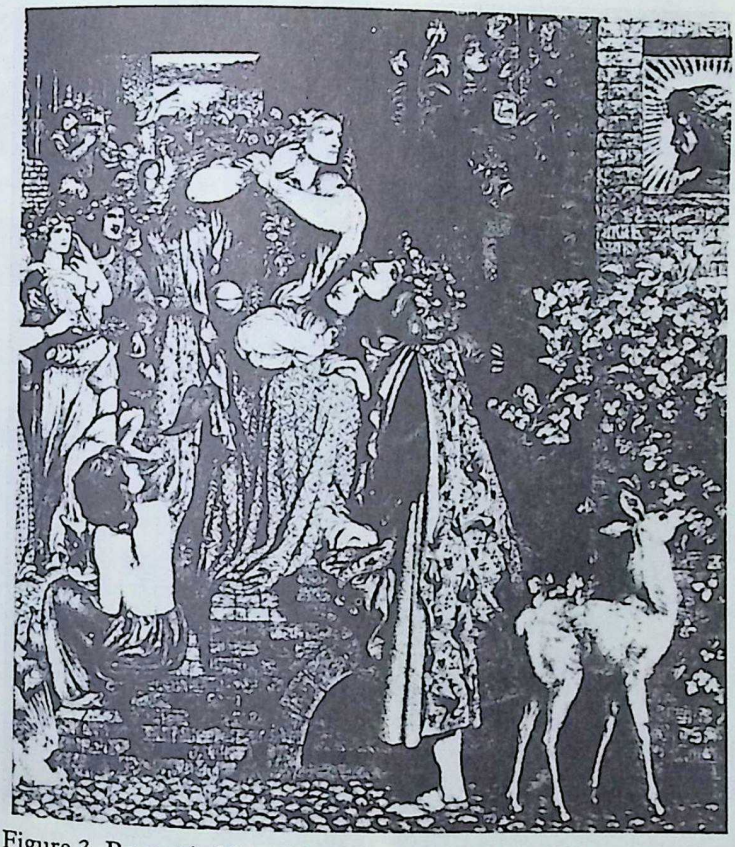

Figure 3. Rossetti, *Mary Magdalene at the Door of Simon the Pharisee* (1858), drawing.

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Figure 4. Burne-Jones, *Maria Zambaco* (1870), drawing.

Figure 5. Burne-Jones, *Maria Zambaco* (1871), drawing.

Figure 6. Burne-Jones, *Maria Zambaco* (1870), gouache.

Figure 7. Burne-Jones, *Phyllis and Demophoön* (1870), gouache.

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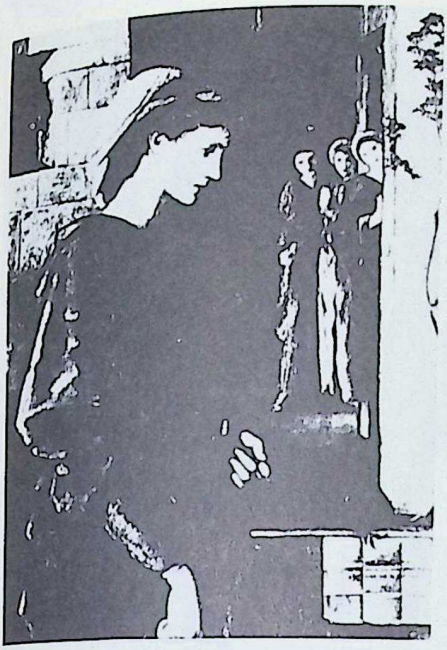

Figure 8. Burne-Jones, *Beatrice* (1870), gouache.

Figure 9. Burne-Jones, *Summer* (1870), gouache.

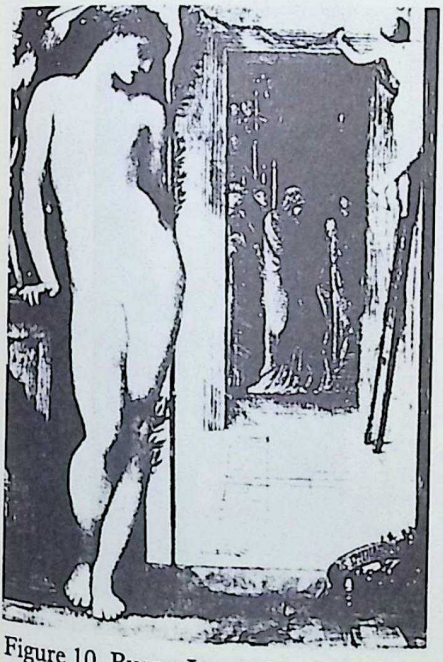

Figure 10. Burne-Jones, *Venus Epithalamia* (1871), gouache.

Figure 11. Burne-Jones, *Head of Nimuë* (c. 1873), gouache.

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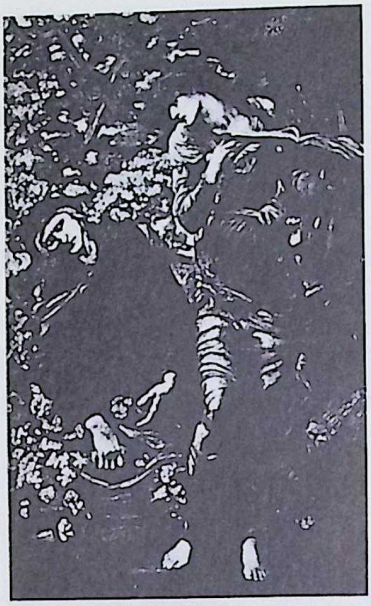

Figure 12. Burne-Jones, *The Beguiling of Merlin* (1874), oil.

Figure 13. Burne-Jones, *Winter* (1870), gouache.

Figure 14. Burne-Jones, *Charity* (1867), gouache.

Figure 15. Burne-Jones, *The Depths of the Sea* (1886), oil.

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Figure 16. Burne-Jones, *Danaë and the Brazen Tower* (1888), oil.

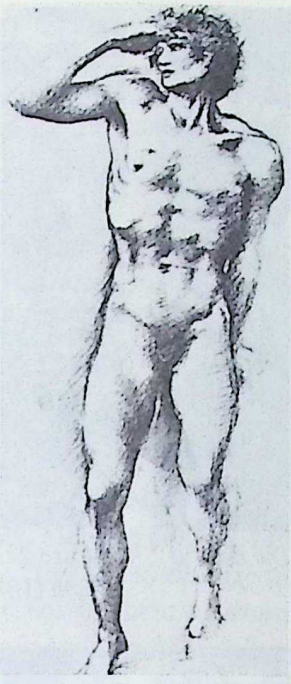

Figure 17. Burne-Jones, nude study of Perseus for *The Calling of Perseus* (c. 1876), drawing.

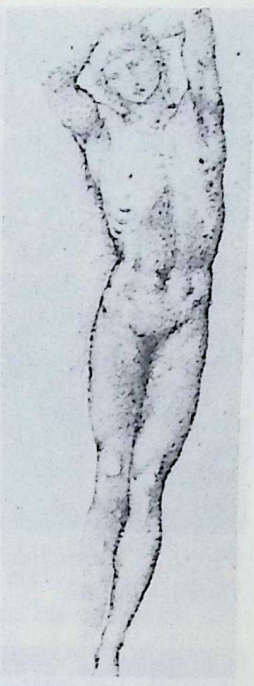

Figure 18. Burne-Jones, nude study of Chrysaor for *The Death of Medusa I* (c. 1876), drawing.

Figure 19. Burne-Jones, study for *The Doom Fulfilled* (1880s), drawing.

Figure 20. Burne-Jones, *The Birth of Chrysaor* (c. 1877), gouache.

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Figure 21. Burne-Jones, *The Baleful Head* (1887), oil.

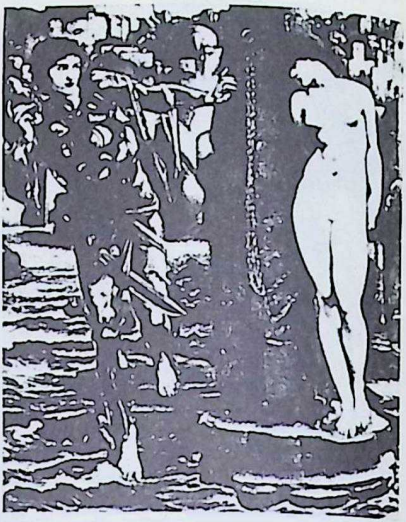

Figure 22. Burne-Jones, *The Rock of Doom* (1888), oil.

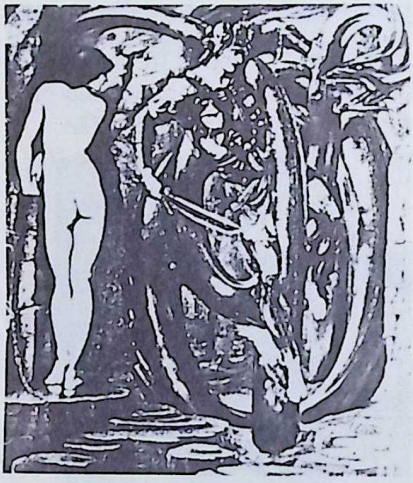

Figure 23. Burne-Jones, *The Doom Fulfilled* (1888), oil.

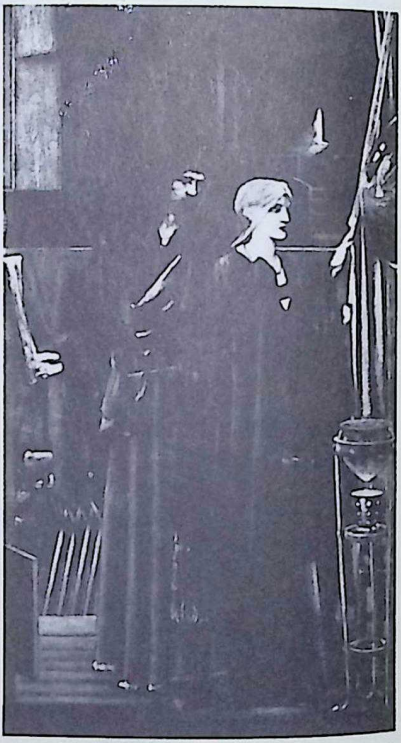

Figure 24. Burne-Jones, *The Wizard* (1896–1898) [unfinished], oil.

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ought to be locked up. In some place where we could have access to them but that they couldn't get out from" (*BJT* 136). This final comment is a gloss on a canvas Burne-Jones completed in 1888, *Danaë and the Brazen Tower,* where the woman is indeed "locked up." It was in the legend of Danaë and her son Perseus that Burne-Jones's misogynistic fears were expressed.

With pictorial series like the *Pygmalion, The Briar Rose,* and the *Perseus,* Burne-Jones occupies a significant place in the tradition of Victorian narrative painting.[33] However, unlike such works as Egg's *Past and Present* (1858) and Frith's *The Road to Ruin* (1887), Burne-Jones's narrative sequences avoid contemporaneity in favor of subject from classical or medieval legends, often classical legends in medieval dress. This preference accords with his dislike of moralizing transcriptions of reality.[34] He noted in 1884, "Apart from portraiture . . . you only want types, symbols, suggestions" (2.140). He praised Michael Angelo because he knew "how to symbolize mystery" (2.263). These canvases are not escapist, for in them he examined his age under the guise of their myths. *Cupid and Psyche* and *Pygmalion* involve the worship of woman, while *The Briar Rose,* by not showing the Prince attaining the Sleeping Beauty, depicts fear of sexuality. *Perseus,* like these other series, is an encoded sequential narrative containing a "symbolized mystery." Commissioned in 1875 by Arthur Balfour, at Burne-Jones's death only four of the eight selected episodes were completed: *The Baleful Head* (Grosvenor 1887), *The Rock of Doom* and *The Doom Fulfilled* (New Gallery 1888), and *Perseus and the Graiae* (1892). *The Calling of Perseus, Perseus and the Sea Symphs, The Finding of Medusa,* and *The Death of Medusa* remained unfinished. Of the two central aspects of the legend, the slaying of Medusa and the rescue of Andromeda, only the Andromeda story was complete. The cycle was inspired by Morris's *The Doom of King Acrisius* from *The Earthly Paradise* (1868), and as early as 1865 Burne-Jones had drawn up a list of twenty-eight episodes for possible wood engravings.[35] When the two pictures were exhibited at the New Gallery, the reviewer of *The Times* noted their symbolic intention: "The action itself is conveyed in a strangely individual way; it is, if one may so express it, not so much action as the spirit of action."[36] The Medusa legend, as Mario Praz has observed, is significant in nineteenth-century cultural history, revealing "the discovery of Horror as a source of delight and beauty" and "the inseparability of pleasure and pain."[37] Burne-Jones's failure to complete the Medusa canvases would be less striking were it not that Georgiana Burne-Jones specifies that "the Medusa part of the legend,

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which attracted him most, he studied deeply: the Andromeda scenes, though they came later in the story, were finished first" (2.60). Burne-Jones was aware of the pain associated with the legend. In August 1876 he had to cease work on the *Perseus* series, having been depressed for five weeks and unable to work. The association of the *Perseus* with pain reveals that the pictures are symptoms in Richard Sennett's sense: "A symptom is a pain which does not explain itself. It requires an act of decoding. Symptoms are the language of repression."[38] Repression in the *Perseus* is indicated by Burne-Jones's determination to avoid as well as to confront the implications of the legend.

One reason for this repression is indicated by *Danaë and the Brazen Tower* (Figure 16), which was exhibited with *The Rock of Doom* and *The Doom Fulfilled* in 1888, although not part of the *Perseus* series. The work deals with Perseus's mother as she was being imprisoned by her father, who feared her offspring would destroy him. Jupiter penetrated the tower, impregnating Danaë in a shower of gold. The pose of Danaë outside the doorway parallels that of Maria Zambaco in the *Venus Epthalamia* (Figure 10), linking that experience to the Danaë/Perseus story. The fact that sexual connection occurs through a shower of gold makes the myth a legend of prostitution. Unlike many artists before him, Burne-Jones refuses to portray this incident.[39] Although a partial reason for this avoidance may be originality, it is also a reaction to sexuality, recalling the parallel case of *The Briar Rose.* Burne-Jones's reaction to Beardsley's *The Fat Woman* (1898) is revelatory:

> "The drawings were as stupid as they could be. Empty of any great quality and detestable. I was looking at some the other day, and they were more lustful than any I've seen . . . she looked like a mere lustful animal. Lust does frighten me, I must say. It looks like such despair—despair of any happiness and search for it in new degradation . . . I don't know why I've such a dread of lust. Whether it is the fear of what might happen to me if I were to lose all fortitude and sanity and strength of mind—let myself rush down hill without any self-restraint." (*BJT* 187–188)

The sexual fear causes Burne-Jones to "degrade" Maria by associating her with a legend involving prostitution. The fear of sexuality explains an element noted by Kurt Löcher as common through the series. While the Medusa story inherently prevents the meeting of the eyes, he notes that this avoidance appears frquently: Perseus shades his eyes at his calling by Athena; he merely glances at Andromeda on sighting her, complicating the "psychological reaction" to the canvases.[40] For Löcher the beheading of Medusa and the subsequent rescue and free-

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ing of Andromeda constitute a myth of salvation similar to the stories of St. George and of the Knights in Malory.[41] While this is plausible, it does not account for the fact that Burne-Jones's preliminary designs include forceful material suppressed in the final eight episodes, further signs of repression. Two dimensions of the series require emphasis: its androgynous figures and the elimination of the episode of *The Birth of Chrysaor* from the corpse of the slain Medusa (impregnated by Poseidon prior to her slaying by Perseus).

Löcher notes that in the *Perseus* "all the figures appear to be of the same sex: slender, delicate, and ageless."[42] This androgyny is partially explained by one of Burne-Jones's earliest recollections:

> "I was stabbed at school . . . the boy who did it was simply furious with me. It may have been my fault for anything I can remember—we hated each other I know . . . It was in the groin, which was in a dangerous place. It didn't hurt much, but I felt something warm from my leg and putting my hand there, I found it was blood."[43]

In some nude studies of Perseus and Chrysaor the genitals are either obscured or eliminated (Figures 17 and 18). While this practice is conventional in sketches of the male nude, this tendency to the androgyne may indicate fear of castration based on this childhood memory. If one links this reminiscence of "danger" to Burne-Jones's fear of lust, it may be punishment in advance for sexuality, not altogether unlikely given his Evangelical background. An uncertain grasp of one's sexuality may be a further consequence. Several nude studies of *The Doom Fulfilled* show the monster cutting through the groin of Perseus to rise like a phallus (Figure 19). Although the sea-monster in Burne-Jones's canvas is of indetermiate sex, the legend specified that it was female.[44] The slaying is the killing of the threatening female, who would otherwise castrate the hero. Praz notes that the androgyne "assumed alarming proportions only in the second part of the century." This study suggests a further basis for repression: the idea of woman as phallus, and the narcissism underlying this concept, exists in the legend of Apollo and Daphne and of Phyllis and Demophoön.[45] The fear of being castrated and androgynous is compensated for by a narcissistic nullifying of the monster-female.

Burne-Jones's delay in finishing *The Death of Medusa* is further associated with his sexual identity. Although *The Death of Medusa* shows Perseus putting her head in his wallet, Burne-Jones did not depict the birth of Chrysaor and Pegasus from her corpse. This episode, however, he did sketch in the canvas now in Southampton, which shows the birth of a castrated Chrysaor from the slain Medusa

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(Figure 20).[46] The pose of Chrysaor is similar to that of the drowned sailor in *The Depths of the Sea,* where the genitals are similarly eliminated, by the mermaid's arm which, like her tail, has affinity with the castrating sea-monster in *The Doom Fulfilled.* Burne-Jones did not so much avoid *The Death of Medusa* as its consequence, *The Birth of Chrysaor.* The reason can only be that it was a double record of his origin, for his mother died six days after his birth (1.10). The death of a mother at a birth may be variously interpreted by her offspring: the child may feel rejected or that he or she killed the mother. Burne-Jones's father could not bear to hold him until he was four (1.1). Burne-Jones avoided the death of Medusa because it represented his killing of his mother, but it also signifies her rejection of him, symbolically represented in the castrated Chrysaor/Burne-Jones, now powerless against the rejecting father. For someone cast as Launcelot, the "psychological rebus" Löcher finds in the *Perseus* is complex. Fear of women is the logical result of feelings of sexual inadequacy. The androgynous figures thus indicate this further example of "strong repressed sexuality" noted by Julian Hartnoll in the canvases of Burne-Jones.[47]

The Andromeda section of the *Perseus* cycle reflects this same fear. The elements of the androgyne and narcissism that appear in the Medusa legend recur in the Andromeda segment. The Danaë episode, with which the Perseus story begins, contains not only a subliminal prostitution but also the idea of "rescue," an element of male fantasy appearing in the nineteenth century, for example, in Browning's *The Ring and the Book* and George Eliot's *Middlemarch.* Rescue is a component of Freud's idea of debasement of a love object. The male conceives his sexual attraction as the rescuing of a suffering woman, as Burne-Jones did Maria Zambaco, debased by her marriage because not virginal. The concept relates to the worship of woman, since it is worship of ideal womanhood that drives the man to the rescue.[48] The male must achieve dominance through rescue before sexual possession. As Launcelot and Christ, Burne-Jones was both the seducer and the rescuer. For Burne-Jones, however, the beloved object had to be transformed into another self after the rescue, a fact suggested by the androgynes in his painting. Löcher notes the prevalence of "the vertical as the governing principle of the composition" in the *Perseus* cycle. This phallic verticality, as in the pose of Nimuë in *The Beguiling of Merlin* or of Phyllis as tree in *Phyllis and Demophoön,* is significant because it is one of the signatures of Burne-Jones's work. If it is a convention, it is one in William Morris's sense: "The real point of the thing . . . is that that convention shall not be so to say, a conventional

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convention. It must be a convention that you have found out for yourself in some way or another."[49] The explanation of this verticality is given by Gérard Genette in his essay "The Narcissus Complex." The image in the water

> is precisely the vertical fall, the fall *into the depth.* The most harmless watery surface conceals an abyss. Transparent, it allows the abyss to be seen opaquely. It offers it all the more dangerously as it conceals it. To be on the surface is to dare the depth; to hesitate, is to risk shipwreck.

"The reflection is a *double* . . . at once both an *other* and the *same.*"[50]

It is this narcissistic conflict of the Other and the Same that informs the final canvas of the *Perseus* cycle, *The Baleful Head.* Philip Burne-Jones recorded that his father

> made a special point of finishing the last of the series . . . lest, as was unfortunately the case, he should never finish all the others, and in order that, whatever happened, the series should be intelligible as a whole and end with its proper conclusion.[51]

The Baleful Head was the key to the remainder (Figure 21). In contrast to the glances exchanged in the earlier canvases, in *The Baleful Head* Perseus gazes at Andromeda as she contemplates the reflection of Medusa in the fountain. Looking into the water, Andromeda sees herself as Medusa. Perseus can now look directly at Andromeda since the "rescue" is in fact the slaying of Andromeda's separate identity to accord with the narcissist's refusal to recognize the Other. The sexual anxiety of the Medusa legend is the immediate cause of the sexual result in the Andromeda myth. Perseus has slain Woman/Medusa (and thereby the reflected Andromeda) so he may possess not Andromeda but an epipsyche that is, as the androgyny indicates, narcissistically himself. The pose of Andromeda in *The Rock of Doom* and *The Doom Fulfilled* echoes that of Maria Zambaco in the *Venus Epithalamia* (Figures 22 and 23). Through the *Perseus* cycle Burne-Jones has slain the feared Medusa/Maria by transforming her into the androgynous, narcissistic epipsyche Andromeda/Maria. This fear of women follows the cultural direction of the nineteenth century, again as expressed by Praz:

> The function of the flame which attracts and burns is exercised, in the first half of the century, by the Fatal Man (the Byronic hero), in the second half by the Fatal Woman; the moth destined for sacrifice is in the first case the woman, in the second the man . . . The obsession for the androgyne type towards the end of the century is a clear indication of a turbid confusion of function and ideal.

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As Elaine Showalter notes, the female body was associated with "presumed afflictions and liabilities."[53] Burne-Jones's narcissism led to androgynous creations that neutralized this fear.

But this attempt could not be successful, for if narcissism in one of its tendencies exhibits megalomania (Perseus as power), in another it displays periodic denigrations of the self. Praz argues that "the male, who at first tends towards sadism, inclines, at the end of the century, towards masochism."[54] With Burne-Jones this assumed the form of recurring depression. Even in 1868, during the affair with Maria Zambaco, he noted:

> About every fifth day I fall into despair as usual. Yesterday it culminated and I walked about like an exposed imposter . . . At present I have evil nights and am most often awake at three, with some four hours of blank time to lie on my back and think over all my days—many and evil they seem. (2.2–3)

While painting *The Rock of Doom, The Doom Fulfilled,* and *Danaë* in 1887, he stated: "This last week I broke down and had to put by everything and deliver myself up to despair" (2.181). One of the worst of these states occurred during 1886 when he was finishing *The Depths of the Sea:* "nigh unto despair" (2.168). The painting with its drowning figure conjoins the feared female and the dead Narcissus. The Leonardo smile of the mermaid contained a sinister meaning, expressed by Walter Pater in *The Renaissance* when he wrote of a *Medusa* in the Uffizi that he thought was by Leonardo:

> The subject has been treated in various ways; Leonardo alone cuts to its center: he alone realizes it as the head of a corpse, exercising its powers through all the circumstances of death. What may be called the fascination of corruption penetrates in every touch . . .[55]

The narcissistic androgyny of the figures in the *Perseus* represents both an attempt to slay the Medusa and its futility: Burne-Jones never finished the Medusa sequence because she could not be slain. Medusa's power does not die because it is psychological, not physical. The feared woman, whose power transcended death, could not be destroyed by transformation into an epipsyche of woman worship. The drowned Narcissus was more true than Launcelot or Chiaro.

The ultimate basis for this failure is contained in a statement made in 1893 by Burne-Jones:

> "It wasn't the multiplicity of life that I was thinking about, it was the duality, which lies further back. I suppose all these antitheses, material

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> and immaterial and so on, really mean ultimately just this, that consciousness itself necessarily implies a duality. There is something . . . which is conscious, and something . . . of which it is conscious . . . Only, when you have safely 'posited' . . . your microcosm and macrocosm, the one meaning you who are conscious and the other the things of which you are conscious, you have to remember that there is no real antithesis between them, sometimes not even a seeming one." (2.251–252)

Burne-Jones conceives of existence in terms of duality, but narcissism compels him to argue there is not a separation. He acknowledged the Self and the Other but had to see them as identical. This duality applied to women, as he remarked in 1897: "There are two kinds of women I like: the very good, and goldenhaired, and the exceedingly mischievous, the sirens with oat-coloured hair" (*BJT* 138). As forms of the Other they could only be dealt with by conversion into the Self as an epipsyche or as the cousin/lovers of the *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine* stories, where separate identity is countered by consanguinity. Androgyny exists in the paintings to avoid the feared Other, expressing a fear of women that was part of nineteenth-century culture. Burne-Jones's paintings are one expression, in a coded language, of this manifestation, for which he was the decipherer in his recollections and his conversations.

This is the meaning of Burne-Jones's portrait of himself as *The Wizard,* an unfinished canvas from 1896 to 1898. Rather than having the woman as sorcerer, he is now the magician, possibly a further sign of narcissism (Figure 24). In his lecture on the subject, Freud, speaking of the aggrandized self-image of narcissists, mentions as a trait "a technique for dealing with the external world—'magic'—which appears to be a logical application of these grandiose premises."[56] Philip Burne-Jones describes the subject of *The Wizard:* "In it a magician is depicted disclosing the vision of a shipwreck in a magic mirror to a girl who stands beside him."[57] Here the artist is the enchanter rather than the wrecked sailor of *The Depths of the Sea.* For Burne-Jones, the mythic method was the "magic," and its value is suggested by Ruskin:

> We are not only to allow, but even to accept gratefully, any kind of strangeness and deliberate difference from merely realistic painting, which may raise the work, not only above vulgarity, but above incredulity.[58]

In *The Beguiling of Merlin, The Depths of the Sea,* and the *Perseus* cycle, myth supplied the encoded mystery expressing the artist's fear of

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women. Burne-Jones was neither Christ nor Launcelot, neither the rescuer nor the worshipper. These myths reflect a stratum of sensibility during the nineteenth century which is compelling since, as Joseph Campbell stresses "at the root of all [myths] as their base and final support, is the psychological."[59] In their essay "Victorian Painting and Classical Myth" Leonée and Richard Ormond note that "Any analysis of nineteenth-century classical subjects would certainly suggest that woman is a devourer, rather than a source of happiness . . . Nineteenth-century sexual fantasies have clearly affected the painter's interpretation of his subject."[60] Such is the nature of the fear expressed in the *Perseus* cycle, which may explain the fact that in 1859, when Simeon Solomon did a pencil drawing of Burne-Jones, he wrote on the back: "Ed Be Js. THE SAVAGE MINDED."[61]

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NOTES

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1. The diversity of these images is summarized in the Introduction to Susan P. Casteras, *The Substance or the Shadow: Images of Victorian Womanhood* (New Haven: Yale Center for British Art, 1982).
2. On nuns, see Susan P. Casteras, "Virgin Vows: The Early Victorian Artists' Portrayal of Nuns and Novices," *Victorian Studies* 24 (Winter 1981), 157–184; on Sandys and Rossetti, see Betty O'Looney Elzea, *Frederick Sandys 1829–1904* (Brighton: Brighton Museum and Art Gallery, 1974), p. 26; see Christopher Wood, *The Pre-Raphaelites* (New York: Viking, 1981), and *Olympian Dreamers* (London: Constable, 1983) on Waterhouse and others at the end of the period.
3. The mental attitudes involved in these two issues are examined in: E. M. Sigsworth and T. J. Wyke, "A Study of Victorian Prostitution and Venereal Disease," in *Suffer and Be Still,* ed. Martha Vicinus (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1972), pp. 77–99; and Rita McWilliams-Tullberg, "Women and Degrees at Cambridge University, 1862–1897," in *A Widening Sphere,* ed. Martha Vicinus (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1977), pp. 117–146. Depictions of one sphere of women's work are studied in T. J. Edelstein,

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"They Sang 'The Song of the Shirt': The Visual Iconology of the Seamstress," *Victorian Studies* 23 (Winter 1980), pp. 183–210.

4. Graham Hough, *The Last Romantics* (London: Methuen, 1961), p. 191.
5. Helene E. Roberts, "Marriage, Redundancy or Sin: The Painter's View of Women in the First Twenty-Five Years of Victoria's Reign," in *Suffer and Be Still,* ed. Vicinus, p. 75.
6. F. G. Stephens, "Edward Burne Jones, A.R.A.," *Portfolio* 16 (November 1885), 220; see also Robin Ironside, "Burne-Jones and Gustave Moreau," *Horizon* 1 (June 1940), 414.
7. Henry James, "The Picture Season in London," in *The Painter's Eye,* ed. John L. Sweeney (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1956), pp. 144, 145.
8. Paul Leprieur, "La Legénde de Persée par M. Burne-Jones," *Gazette des beaux arts* 10 (December 1893), 462; translation mine.
9. James, *The Painter's Eye,* pp. 146–147; of the knight in *Le Chant d'Amour* James noted: "It must be admitted that the young warrior, with his swimming eyes, has a certain perplexing femineity of expression; but Mr. Burne-Jones does not pretend to paint very manly figures," "The Grosvenor Gallery," *ibid.,* pp. 163–164.
10. Justin McCarthy, "The Pre-Raphaelites in England," *The Galaxy* 21 (June 1876), 727.
11. On the tradition of fearful women see Patrick Bade, *Femme Fatale: Images of Evil and Fascinating Women* (New York: Mayflower Books, 1979), *passim.*
12. G[eorgiana] B[urne]-J[ones], *Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones,* 2 vols. (London: Macmillan, 1904), 1.99; subsequent references parenthetical to volume and page number. On Rossetti's reaction to Burne-Jones, see 1.130; also, his letter to Charles Eliot Norton in 1862, included in *Ruskin: Rossetti: Preraphaelitism,* ed. William Michael Rossetti (New York: Dodd, Mead, 1899), p. 305.
13. Edward Burne-Jones, "Essay on *The Newcomes,*" *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine* 1 (January 1856), 60.
14. A recent appraisal of the involvement of the Pre-Raphaelites in this project is Richard L. Stein, "The Pre-Raphaelite Tennyson," *Victorian Studies* 24 (Spring 1981), 279–301.
15. On the Oxford Union project see Penelope Fitzgerald, *Edward Burne-Jones: A Biography* (London: Michael Joseph, 1975), p. 63.
16. John Nicoll, *Dante Gabriel Rossetti* (New York: Macmillan, 1975), p. 119.
17. Dante Gabriel Rossetti, *Hand and Soul, The Germ* 1 (January 1850), 26, 30; on this story see John Dixon Hunt, *The Pre-Raphaelite Imagination, 1848–1900* (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1968), p. 178. On the Pre-Raphaelite Stunners, see Violet Hunt, " 'Stunners,' " *Artwork* 6 (Summer 1930), 77–87.
18. Burne-Jones, *The Cousins* and *A Story of the North,* included in *The Dream Weavers,* ed. John Weeks (Santa Barbara: Woodbridge Press, 1980), pp. 126, 137.
19. *The Sacrifice,* in *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine* 1 (May 1856), 271, 273; on the authorship see H. Buxton Forman, *The Books of William Morris* (1897; New York: Burt Franklin, 1969), p. 30.
20. *Woman, Her Duties, Education and Position,* in *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine* 1 (August 1856), 473; his argument anticipates that of Ruskin in *Of Queens' Gardens* in *Sesame and Lilies* (1865).
21. Burne-Jones, "Essay on *The Newcomes,*" p. 55.

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22. Fitzgerald, p. 114; on the affair with Maria Zambaco, see pp. 112–134. The subject later was used for a frieze; see "The Cupid and Psyche Frieze by Sir Edward Burne-Jones, at No. 1 Palace Green," *The Studio* 15 (October 1898), 3–13.
23. *Burne-Jones Talking,* ed. Mary Lago (Columbia: University of Missouri Press, 1981), p. 11; these are his conversations with his studio assistant Thomas M. Rooke; subsequent references parenthetical to page number, preceded by *BJT.*
24. Rossetti's letter and Cecil's remarks in David Cecil, *Visionary and Dreamer: Samuel Palmer and Edward Burne-Jones* (London: Academy, 1977), p. 81.
25. Fitzgerald, p. 120.
26. Elizabeth Gaskell uses the name Phillis when referring to lovers who separate. In *Sylvia's Lovers* (1863) Philip Hepburn, returning from the Siege of Acre, reads about the Earl of Warwick and his wife Phillis, separated by wars (chapter 41); in *Cousin Phillis* (1863–1864), Phillis Holman loses Edward Holdsworth.
27. Malcolm Bell, *Sir Edward Burne-Jones, A Record and Review* (London: George Bell and Sons, 1898), p. 42. Sandys did a portrait, *Forget-Me-Not* in 1887; see *Frederick Sandys,* p. 37.
28. See *Burne-Jones* (London: Arts Council of Great Britain, 1975), nos. 129 and 130 on the head of Nimuë and *The Beguiling of Merlin.*
29. Françoise Basch, *Relative Creatures: Victorian Women in Society and the Novel* (New York: Schocken, 1974), p. 66. On this subject, also, Carol Christ, "Victorian Masculinity and the Angel in the House," in *A Widening Sphere,* pp. 146–162. On the woman in the garden, see Casteras, *The Substance or The Shadow,* p. 20.
30. Timothy Hilton, *The Pre-Raphaelites* (New York: Praeger, 1970), p. 201; on the idea of drowning and fear of women, see Bade, p. 14, and Casteras, *The Substance or The Shadow,* p. 43.
31. William Waters, *Burne-Jones* (Aylesbury: Shire, 1973), p. 38.
32. Fitzgerald, p. 252. For fictional women, Burne-Jones could feel much compassion; see references to *Anna Karenina* and *Tess of the d'Urbervilles* in *Memorials* 2.163–164.
33. On the subject matter of Victorian narrative painting, see the following: Raymond Lister, *Victorian Narrative Paintings* (New York: Potter 1966); E. D. H. Johnson, "Victorian Artists and the Urban Milieu," in *The Victorian City,* ed. H. J. Dyos and Michael Wolff (London: Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1973), 2.449–474; and the catalogue *Victorian Social Conscience* by Renée Free (Sydney: Art Gallery of New South Wales, 1976).
34. J. Comyns Carr, *Coasting Bohemia* (London: Macmillan, 1914), p. 61, notes that "unprejudiced inspection of the facts of nature . . . he had not the will, he had not the power to make."
35. This list is included in Kurt Löcher's very important *Der Perseus-Zyklus von Edward Burne-Jones* (Stuttgart: Staatsgalerie, 1973), p. 48; subsequent translations from this book are mine. Maurice Berger discusses Maria Zambaco and Medusa/Andromeda in "Edward Burne-Jones' 'Perseus-Cycle': The Vulnerable Medusa," *Arts Magazine* 54 (April 1980), 149–153. Berger's essay predates *Burne-Jones Talking,* and he evades the question of androgyny (p. 150) as well as the concepts of rescue and narcissism. The face of Andromeda in *The Rock of Doom,* which he contends is Maria's (p. 152), is rather that of Laura Tennant *(The Depths of the Sea)* if of anyone. Maria's profile in a canvas is best

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seen in *Night*. On the Perseus legend see Jocelyn M. Woodward, *Perseus: A Study in Greek Art and Legend* (Cambridge: University Press, 1937).

36. *The Times*, 9th May 1888, p. 10.
37. Mario Praz, *The Romantic Agony*, translated by Angus Davidson (1933; New York: World, 1956), pp. 27, 28; particularly important to this study are chapter one "The Beauty of the Medusa" and chapter four "La Belle Dame sans Merci." See also Casteras, *The Substance or the Shadow*, pp. 42–45 and, p. 94, her comments on Sandys' *Medusa* (c. 1875); also the essay by Martha Kingsbury, "The Femme Fatale and Her Sisters," in *Woman as Sex Object: Studies in Erotic Art, Art News Annual* (New York, 1972), pp. 182–205; also Bade, *passim*.
38. Richard Sennett, "Narcissism and Modern Culture," *October* 4 (Fall 1977), 76.
39. On the prostitute in art see Casteras, *The Substance or the Shadow*, pp. 36–38; Sandys also did a *Danaë in the Brazen Chamber* in 1867; see *Frederick Sandys*, p. 36.
40. Löcher, p. 12.
41. The St. George story has received recent study in Paul L. Sawyer, "Ruskin and St. George: The Dragon-Killing Myth in 'Fors Clavigera,' " *Victorian Studies* 23 (Autumn 1979), 5–28.
42. Löcher, p. 12.
43. Martin Harrison and Bill Waters, *Burne-Jones* (London: Barrie and Jenkins, 1977), p. 3; on Maria Zambaco see pp. 96–99; on *Perseus*, p. 120.
44. Robert Graves, *The Greek Myths* (Baltimore: Penguin, 1955), 1.240.
45. Norman O. Brown, "Daphne, or Metamorphosis," in *Myths, Dreams, and Religion*, ed. Joseph Campbell (New York: Dutton, 1970), pp. 91–110; Mario Praz, p. 175.
46. I am grateful to Mrs. Christine Bayliss of the Fulham Public Library for showing me their *Chrysaor;* see the catalogue *Sir Edward Burne-Jones* (London: Borough of Hammersmith, 1967), no. 25.
47. Löcher, p. 19; Julian Hartnoll, "Introduction" to *Burne-Jones et l'influence des Preraphaelites* (London: Hartnoll and Eyre, 1972), p. 16.
48. The idea of "rescue" is particularly strong in Millais because of his attraction to Effie Ruskin and appears in *The Order or Release, 1746* (1853), *The Rescue* (1855), *Escape of a Heretic* (1857), and *The Ransom* (1862). See the catalogue by Mary Bennett, *PRB/Millais/PRA* for the 1967 Liverpool exhibition, nos. 38, 61.
49. William Morris, "The English Pre-Raphaelites," in May Morris, *William Morris: Artist, Writer, Socialist* (1936; New York: Russell and Russell, 1966), 1.301.
50. Gérard Genette, "Complexe de Narcisse," *Figures I* (Paris: Seuil, 1966), pp. 24, 21; translations mine. The narcissism of the *Perseus* is evident since in the first panel, *The Calling of Perseus*, Athena gives him the mirror in which to see Medusa. The series concludes with another narcissistic image, the fountain, in *The Baleful Head*. Beardsley was to use the figure before the mirror frequently, as in the cover for the third volume of *The Yellow Book*.
51. Philip Burne-Jones, "Notes on Some Unfinished Works of Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Bt.," *Magazine of Art* 23 (1900), 162.
52. Mario Praz, p. 206.
53. Elaine Showalter, *A Literature of Their Own: British Women Novelists from Brontë to Lessing* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1977), p. 76.

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54. Mario Praz, p. 206.
55. Walter Pater, *Studies in the History of the Renaissance* (Chicago: Academy, 1977), p. 106.
56. Sigmund Freud, "On Narcissism" in *The Standard Edition of the Complete Psychological Works of Sigmund Freud,* trans. and ed. by James Strachey (London: Hogarth Press, 1953–1974), 14.75.
57. Philip Burne-Jones, p. 161.
58. John Ruskin, "Mythic Schools of Painting," *The Works of Ruskin* (London: Allen, 1903–1912), 14.281.
59. Joseph Campbell, "Mythological Themes in Creative Literature and Art," in *Myths, Dreams, and Religion,* p. 141.
60. Leonée and Richard Ormond, "Victorian Painting and Classical Myth," in *Victorian High Renaissance* (Minneapolis: Minneapolis Institute of Arts, 1978), p. 34. They note the prevalence of the Perseus myth in other artists, e.g., Leighton and the sculptor Alfred Gilbert, during the last two decades of the century, p. 38.
61. See Kenneth Clark, *Ruskin and His Circle* (London: Arts Council, 1964), no. 254. In *Woman and the Demon* (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1982), Nina Auerbach discusses several images, e.g. mermaids, relevant to Burne-Jones's "savagery."

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The Pre-Raphaelite Era 1848–1914 [exhibition catalogue]. Wilmington: Wilmington Society of Fine Arts, 1976: *Figure 1* (plate 2–10, Delaware Art Museum).

John Nicoll, *Rossetti.* New York: Macmillan, 1975: *Figure 2* (plate 60, City Museum and Art Gallery, Birmingham).

Marina Henderson, *D. G. Rossetti.* London: Academy Editions, 1973: *Figure 3* (p. 21, Fitzwilliam Museum).

Penelope Fitzgerald, *Edward Burne-Jones: A Biography.* London: Michael Joseph, 1975: *Figure 4* (p. 48, British Museum).

Burne-Jones [exhibition catalogue]. London: Arts Council, 1975: *Figure 5* (plate 116, Mrs. George Chrystie); *Figure 9* (plate 110, Michael Hasenclever, Munich); *Figure 11* (plate 130, Delaware Art Museum); *Figure 12* (plate 129, Lady Lever Art Gallery); *Figure 13* (plate 112, Michael Hasenclever, Munich); *Figure 15* (plate 155, private collection); *Figure 16* (plate 117, Glasgow Art Gallery).

Martin Harrison and Bill Waters, *Burne-Jones.* London: Barrie and Jenkins, 1973: *Figure 6* (plate 134, private collection); *Figure 7* (plate 137, City Museum and Art Gallery, Birmingham); *Figure 8* (plate 135, private collection); *Figure 10* (plate 133, Fogg Art Museum).

Malcolm Bell, *Sir Edward Burne-Jones.* London: Newnes, 1907: *Figure 14* (plate 24, Michael Hasenclever, Munich); *Figure 24* (plate 45, City Museum and Art Gallery, Birmingham).

Kurt Löcher, *Der Perseus-Zyklus von Edward Burne-Jones.* Stuttgart: Staatsgalerie, 1973: *Figure 17* (plate 29, David Daniels Collection); *Figure 18* (plate 68, Victoria and Albert Museum); *Figure 19* (plate 100, Fitzwilliam Museum); *Figure 20* (plate 66, Southampton Art Gallery); *Figure 21* (plate 14, Staatsgalerie Stuttgart); *Figure 22* (plate 12, Staatsgalerie Stuttgart); *Figure 23* (plate 13, Staatsgalerie Stuttgart).

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Eloise Knapp Hay

Kipling and Forster: A Case for Dual Biography

No one has yet successfully combined criticism and biography for either Rudyard Kipling or E. M. Forster. It seems that their life stories interpose obstacles which positively distort our readings of their works. As Edmund Wilson says of Kipling, he was "the man nobody read" because his personal politics were so outrageous to the critical establishment that they virtually blocked him out. In Forster's case the issue of his homosexuality intruded, blocking his own impulse to square with his readers. His most recent biographer, P. N. Furbank, discussed this matter with him:

> We discussed literary biography and whether a critic has any right to draw on biographical facts. M[organ] said he often felt like wanting readers to know only what he chose to tell them about himself. This was probably just selfishness [Forster said]—it made things socially more comfortable. The question to ask oneself was, how far removed is the author's state of mind, when writing, from what it is normally. If it is very different then what is true of his life will not be true of his writings. . . . You can only define it negatively. Life and writing are interfered with by the same things.[1]

The "interferences" in Forster's life and art were associated with frustrated love and an inability to deal straightforwardly with the subject in fiction. In Kipling's life and art the interferences came from his conflicted feelings about English life and world order during two periods of international collapse. But for both Kipling and Forster, the biographical obstructions presently confuse rather than clarify our critical advance.

The two most recently biographies suggest strong links between the

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two authors. Lord Birkenhead's 1975 life of Kipling followed the much fuller 1955 biography of Kipling by Charles Carrington, but it has the advantage of being what *Parade* magazine calls "unsanitized biography."[2] It reveals important parts of Kipling's life that he and his family wished to delete from the public record, particularly in the case of his strong racial and political prejudices and terrible personal sufferings—in connection with family troubles and his morbid fears of a cancer he never had. By contrast, Furbank's 1977 life of Forster is a detailed record of Forster's homosexual relationships, related posthumously with Forster's explicit approval. The two biographies thus confront us with a paradox: Kipling, the man who had least to hide (since his published work displayed most of the truth) enjoined secrecy concerning his personal papers, and did so consistently with his celebrated code of self-denial in the service of art and public duty. Forster, who had most to hide by conventional standards, was equally consistent. Secrecy was odious to him because it denied the importance of personal passion and individual honesty. He would have considered Kipling's secrecy a shelter for false proprieties and worse. Secrecy, to Forster, implied a disconnection between author and readers, also between the writer's intimate feelings and his art, which Forster thought must be death to both. Although he believed that his fiction about homosexual experience would make everyone uncomfortable if it were published during his lifetime, still he wanted the fiction and its autobiographical associations to become public after his death.

These two biographies—Birkenhead's and Furbank's—show other important points for comparison between the two writers. Kipling, the lifelong conservative, and Forster, the lifelong liberal, did much of their best writing in the same years, responding to many of the same political, social, economic, and scientific events in England between the 1890's and 1930's. Forster as a student, learned that he was both a "Sissy" in school at Tonbridge and a dissenter from Church and State policies, just when Kipling was celebrating the school bullies he remembered at Westward Ho! and writing bracing hymns for a purportedly Christian empire. When Forster was writing his long-contemplated novel, *A Passage to India,* between 1913 and 1924, he repudiated not only Kipling's imperial stance but also the fundamental tenets of Kipling's religious vision.

Taken together, however, the two writers—only thirteen years apart in age—may be seen as complementary rather than antagonistic figures. Each of their biographies seems incomplete without the other, and both our criticism and our biographies of each would profit great-

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ly if we could set them in a single focus. We have notable examples of such dual biographies in the several that have been written, for instance, on Tolstoy and Dostoevsky. In a related genre, we have Plutarch's *Parallel Lives,* contrasting famous pairs of Greeks and Romans, a prototype of the recent dual biography of Carlyle and Emerson by Kenneth M. Harris. As a critical approach to such a biography of Kipling and Forster, we might recall the theory of Friedrich Schlegel, who proposed in the 1790's what he called "Symphilosophie and Sympoesie." By analogy we should arrive at the word "Symbiography," following Schlegel's hint about two German writers when he said, "Wieland and Bürger [together] would make one good poet."[3] Similarly, one might say, Kipling and Forster together would make a good novelist.

Tsvetan Todorov analyzes Schlegel's idea in his *Théories du symbol.*[4] Here Todorov sees Schlegel's concern as part of the Romantic longing for wholeness and the Romantic awareness of any writer's incompleteness alone, no matter how magisterial the writer may be. Anticipating Jung's animus and anima, Schlegel says, "Often one cannot help thinking that two spirits should reunite as two halves that have been separated . . . it is only together that they become all that they can be. . . . All that is lacking in one writer is found in another."[5] If two major writers complement each other in this way, each may contribute a missing "half" to the other's biography. When they are of the same sex but one is homosexual, as with Forster and Kipling (who disparaged homosexuality, praising his school for strong guards against it), one finds the complementarity the more striking. The two English men in this case stand very close to each other, given conditions of education and professional opportunity from which women were excluded in the same period. Thus we may say that it was personal choice, rather than social conditioning, which determined the masculine stress in Kipling's art and the more feminine sensitivities apparent in Forster's. (Jung's differentiation of feminine interests seems applicable here. Speaking of the "anima and animus," Jung says: "Personal relations are as a rule more important and interesting to [the woman] than objective facts and their interconnections. The wide fields of commerce, politics, technology, and science, the whole realm of the applied masculine mind, she relegates to the penumbra of consciousness; while, on the other hand, she develops a minute consciousness of personal relationships, the infinite nuances of which usually escape the man entirely."[6]) If we consider what Schlegel might call a symbiography of Kipling and Forster, we see that each did indeed complement the other—in ideas, in fictional forms, and in their powerful evocations

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of one time and one world seen from opposite points of view. Approaching their work in this way, we would avoid facile conclusions about Kipling's chauvinism and taste for violence; or about Forster's creative timidity and his failure with male characters.

As Schlegel says, any two writers compared must be "of the same height" or magnitude.[7] This and his other specifications are fulfilled in Forster and Kipling once we consider that Kipling's fecundity and Forster's creative block are allied manifestations. Forster was aware of thinking and writing as a dissenter in Kipling's world, dissenting against the uses of English power as much in writing as in politics. Forster's critical readers may have been more sympathetic than Kipling's, but their world favored Kipling. Each author countered the other: while Kipling praised the values of public virtue at the expense of private sensibilities, Forster praised personal feeling at the expense of civic duty. Kipling's female characters are notably deadlier than his males, but both sexes in Kipling's fiction are what we would call movers. Forster's men are aesthetes and talkers rather than doers; it is his women who save the day, as the Schlegel sisters do in *Howards End* or as Mrs. Moore and Adela Quested do in *A Passage to India.*

Yet Forster admired Kipling as if he were indeed his separated other half. Forster compared himself to Kipling's Pagett, the odious and meddlesome Radical member of Parliament, when in 1912 he spoke for opening up the British higher civil service to Indians—a position that was anathema to Kipling.[8] And late in life Forster told Furbank that "Kipling was one of the few people he deeply regretted not having known. He . . . lectured on Kipling, admiringly, in India," and lamented that "his audience . . . hadn't believed a word of it."[9] Though I doubt that Kipling would have repaid the compliment to Forster, it seems fair to say that both as writer and as man Forster represented all that Kipling lacked and that readers like Henry James missed in Kipling, especially the finer sensitivities to social relationships. A good dual biography would show the complementary sides of their mind and art in these and other respects.

My imagined symbiography might begin with showing that both writers modeled their prose on the pure well of English undefiled they found in Jane Austen. They both disliked the non-English arbiters of prose fiction so praised in their time, whether Flaubertian, Jamesian, Conradian, or Joycean. Kipling's story on the "Janeites" and Forster's tribute to Jane Austen in *Abinger Harvest* would here be a starting point. Their narrative point of view, like hers, is knowingly in cahoots with the reader, yet inseparable from their tale. The prose styles of

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Kipling and Forster—for all their differences of tone—are like Austen's in being spare, epigrammatic, deceptively simple, and deceptively relaxed. Both Kipling and Forster have been accused of using shock tactics to cover up a poverty of narrative invention. But then Jane Austen's breadth has also been called in question.

Starting from this point of agreement between Kipling and Forster, one would then have to note the opposing faces presented in their art and their biographies, particularly their attitudes to politics, to war, to heroism, and to mass psychology. Neither of them sympathized with the English mania for sports in their lifetimes, symbolized in "the playing fields of Eton" as builders of character; but Kipling wanted war games to replace cricket and football, as he showed in his story "The Army of a Dream" and his poem "The Islanders." He naively believed that man has a natural instinct for battle, "a desire for slaughter," which he said makes men yearn for their officers to sound the bugle whenever the nation requires defense. Forster never wrote a war story. Indeed he played advocate for pacifism in spirit if not in fact, saying in 1939, "if I had to choose between betraying my country and betraying my friend, I hope I should have the guts to betray my country."[10] Earlier, when the First World War broke out, Forster could "think of nothing but young men killing one another while old men praised them."[11] Kipling at the time was England's chief eulogist for young fighting men, even inspiring his seventeen-year-old son John to join the army, despite disqualifyingly poor vision. When John was killed in France within two years, Kipling's praises for such men remained as strong as ever. He never would have sanctioned Forster's view that "hero worship is a dangerous vice."[12] The symbiographer would note that Forster's fiction is as empty of heroes and heroines as it is empty of battles. Forster gave democracy a cheer because instead of producing great men, it produces "different kinds of small men."[13]

The kinds of "small men" who figure in Forster's life and fiction would also make an instructive comparison with Kipling's characters. Forster's chief characters are often wistful because they are not simpler and poorer. Their education and class consciousness weigh heavily on them. They long to be simply creative, whether in marriage, in discovering a new idea, or in spiritual expansion. And they are as repelled by superiority as Kipling's small people (the children in the Puck stories, for instance) are exhilarated by the roles played in history by great craftsmen, great military men, and kings.

In the field of science, too, Kipling's heroic vision carries over. The invention of the motor car and airplane seemed like time machines to

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Kipling, linking past and future, even linking the living with the dead in the story "They." These machines terrified and depressed Forster, as we see in his story "The Machine Stops." The dual biographer would show in Kipling and Forster the two faces of science fiction in England at the time—the utopian and dystopian. Forster's comment to Goldsworthy Lowes Dickinson sums up his side of the picture when he says of "contemporary civilization," "I . . . have never done more than loaf through it and jump out of its way when it seemed likely to hurt me."[14] Kipling's fiction scorns such votes of no confidence in progress.

A similar antithesis emerges in their opposite views of high social organization in modern life. Kipling never ceased to believe—even when repelled by Russian Communism and German Fascism—that "the strength of the Pack is the Wolf, and the strength of the Wolf is the Pack," as in "The Law of the Jungle." Forster's longing for connectedness failed when it came to the Pack mentality, and all his fiction proclaims it. In "What I Believe" he said, "The more highly public life is organized, the lower does its mentality sink." Mankind has never yet found a way "by which private decencies can be transmitted to public affairs."[15]

Little as the two men resemble each other in these ways, my fancied symbiography would show surprising accord between them in others, revising our view of Kipling's chauvinism and much-derided vulgarity on one side and revising our view of Forster's genial tolerance and sophistication on the other. We should see that Forster held many of the same prejudices as Kipling, suggesting that English blood is stronger than the milk of human kindness. Forster shared Kipling's respect for the superiority of English character, over the Irish for instance. "It isn't nonsense to gas about the Celts," Forster wrote a friend, adding, "one quarter [of me is] Irish, and I'm not used to rely in it."[16] Forster's abiding respect for English character shows everywhere in his fiction, once we discount his hatred of bullies, heroes and the Pack mentality.

His sympathy with Kipling's so-called vulgarity would also come to light in a dual biography—especially in their mutual dislike of Walter Pater and the aestheticist movement. Reading *Marius the Epicurean,* Forster objected to its "absence of vulgarity," which he said is "something like fatal."[17] Kipling saw the intellectual classes as "Purveyors of luxuries . . . utterly dependent on the fabric around them being kept safe. . . . Of War, or its necessity, they knew as little as they did of any life which did not directly touch their own emotions and pretti-

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nesses."[18] Forster, while being in and of his highbrow intellectual world, agreed with Kipling even though dissenting on the "necessity" of war. Forster said "the great defect" of his position as writer was that he "saw people only in their leisured moments," not as a member of the working classes. His dilemma is brilliantly portrayed in *Howards End* through the torment of the displaced clerk Leonard Bast, who is all the more doomed in the business world of Henry Wilcox because he dreams of escaping from it into art.

In view of such parallels and intersecting lines, our understanding of both writers and their work could go deeper. For brevity's sake, let me look closely at two scenes that speak to each other in their writing —the scene Kipling paints in his "Ballad of East and West" and Forster's last scene in *A Passage to India.* In both episodes, a man of the West rides forth into an allegorical Indian landscape with a fellow horseman, a man of the East. Kipling's two warriors, the Afghan chief Kamal and the English Colonel's son, begin as deadly rivals. Forster's two, the Afghan-descended doctor Aziz and the English educator Fielding, ride out together as friends. But in Kipling's episode the Muslim wins the contest and holds the Englishman's life in his hands (as earlier in *A Passage to India* the English held the Muslim's life in their hands). What turns the tide in Kipling's narrative is the Muslim Kamal's recognition of a no-win situation—the blood-for-blood feud that will follow if he kills the Colonel's son. Kamal's admiration for the English youth's unexampled bravery in riding into the Afghan's territory also determines the happy end. In tribute to the Englishman's character, Kamal not only spares his life but sends his own son back with him, to guard him and to stay in the English camp, helping keep peace on the border between their two peoples. "For there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth, / When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come from the ends of the earth!"

In Forster's novel the case is similar but reversed. All the enmities in the novel appear at first more broadly humane: there are no blood feuds or heroics; instead we find social quarreling, sexual misalliances, and cultural misunderstanding. Just before the last scene, all hostilities have been resolved, not through the Muslim's wisdom and generosity (as in Kipling) but through the English Mrs. Moore's despairing insight into the nature of matter and spirit. Communicating this dark knowledge first to the non-religious Adela Quested, Mrs. Moore finally transmits her vision mysteriously to Aziz and the whole Muslim community. Insofar as heroism exists in Forster's novel, it flows only from the English intruders in India, ending with restored legality as

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well as a heightened awareness of political justice and personal honesty. Forster has none of Kipling's exhilarating wonder at Oriental prowess and spiritual superiority (if we remember the lama in *Kim* and the hero in "The Miracle of Purun Baghat"). Forster's equivalent to Kipling's Purun Baghat is the bungling Brahmin Godbole, who turns away from both the cave mysteries and Dr. Aziz in his hour of need. Unlike Kipling's spiritual seekers, both Eastern and Western, Godbole prays to a god who does not come, except in the form of an old English woman (Mrs. Moore) and the wasp she mysteriously loved. For unlike Godbole, Mrs. Moore submitted herself to the alien earth and took the consequences in despair, disorientation and torment. Just before the last scene I wish to consider in Forster's novel, his English visitors and Aziz are reunited—but only momentarily—during a Hindu festival. When their boats accidentally collide, overturning them in ceremonial waters, they feel a resurgence of affection —not through any Kiplingesque testing of their mettles but through passive surrender to ritual immersion into the nature of things. Then comes the last episode I have compared to Kipling's scene. Fielding and the Muslim Aziz go on a long horseback ride to celebrate their reconciliation. They begin to quarrel again; then answering an impulse to confirm their friendship forever, they reach out to embrace each other. But a group of rocks suddenly rears up—similar to those which bring Kipling's men of East and West together. The rocks interrupt their embrace, and Forster ends: "the horses didn't want it, sending up rocks through which the riders must pass single file." All the features of India's life and landscape seem to cry out against the union of East and West—saying "in their hundred voices, 'No, not yet.' " And the sky tells them, "No, not there."

The dual biography I visualize would ask: why is it that Kipling's two men can shake hands finally while Forster's cannot? We must go deeper than the obvious answer that in 1889, when Kipling published the Ballad, there was still hope that England would retain her empire, whereas in 1924, Forster's novel reflected the end of that possibility. In fact, Forster denied that he was writing about the incompatibility of East and West, saying "he was really concerned about the difficulty of living in the universe."[19] Forster's novel makes clear that he was writing about human failure on many levels, including the great unresolved and perhaps unresolvable questions of sexual disorientation. As Furbank's biography suggests, Forster's sexual agony was a continuous preoccupation. Under its stress, he rejected the Judeo-Christian tradition and much else that glued together the social structures of his

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world. For Kipling, whatever pessimism he felt, the earth itself was never alien, as it is in this last of Forster's major scenes. For Kipling, the earth waits, as in Genesis I and Isaiah, to have man's dominion harmoniously established. Kipling's Mowgli grows up very like the little child who will lead the leopard and wolf in Isaiah's peaceable kingdom, though Mowgli must first learn the law of the jungle. The great Kipling hymns, so dear to the English nation (though they frightened liberals like Forster), are squarely in the English tradition of biblical struggle and renewal. By contrast, the earth so powerfully imaged in Forster's fiction, whether in the caves of India or the earthquake at Colonus, is fundamentally alien to mankind and is likely to become increasingly so. There is no original innocence in Forster and therefore no second innocence. Beneath Forster's gentle humanism lies a darkness that looks like despair even beside Kipling's darkest tales. It affected Forster's creative energy, accounting for his few volumes of fiction beside Kipling's prodigal outpourings even in the worst of his troubles. Furbank associates Forster's "writer's block" with Freud's theory on those who are "wrecked by success."[20] But combining Forster's biography with Kipling's, we see that both men had the same early success and the same "superstitious fears" connectcd with it. Forster explicitly connected his blockage with his homosexuality, saying that "writing about marriage and the relations of men and women" bored him after *Howards End* and that he found the homosexual novel just as unsatisfying, given the readership of his time. After writing *A Passage to India,* in 1926 Forster said he felt "like a dummy, from whom real life has been withdrawn."[21]

We can hardly say that Kipling's super-masculinity insured his creative flow if we recall Hemingway and his creative block late in life. But Kipling's late fiction shows a source of energy and optimism that Hemingway and Forster both lacked. Stories like "The Gardener," "The Manner of Men," and "The Church at Antioch" accent the biblical tradition underlying Kipling's art. His original law-givers were Moses and St. Paul, whom Forster explicitly rejected, saying "my lawgivers are Erasmus and Montaigne."[22] After such a statement, we cannot align Forster with "feminine" writers, but we may consider again Jung's theory of the anima as it might apply to an artist in Forster's world.

Not only Forster's two best novels, *Howards End* and *A Passage to India,* but all his best critical works suggest that he identified himself strongly with the non-rational, relational, and intuitive powers of the "soul" that Jung saw embodied in the anima. Jung believed such iden-

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tification to be fairly common among male artists and homosexuals, who identify less than other men with the "animus" in themselves—with the law finding, law making, scientific, and rational impulses that assert themselves in emphatically male artists like Kipling. Jung notes that such an "identity with the anima" as we may find in Forster is too common to be considered "a pathological perversion" and "should not be adjudged negative in all circumstances, in so far as it preserves the archetype of the Original Man, which a one-sided sexual being has, up to a point, lost."[23] In this light one could say that Forster's dissatisfaction with marriage, as with other kinds of union in our modern context, reflected a profound discontent with the dichotomies he saw projected in "normal" life and sexuality. By contrast, Kipling's art thrived on these divisions, both in his early work, where a "one-sided" masculinity runs rampant, and in his late work, where an equally one-sided femininity often has it's day.

Kipling's projections of the Jungian animus in his male-dominated fiction and poetry seem to reflect the "loss of the anima" that Jung says is necessary at one stage of a man's growth. After writing his children's books, however, Kipling focused increasingly on a whole range of women—from the mothering Demeter types found in *Kim's* Kula woman and the more erotic Woman of Shamlegh to the Hecate figures in "Mary Postgate" and "The Gardener," who savagely suffer, possess, and protect their men, even breaking fundamental human and divine laws in the process. Jung might say that Kipling saved himself in late life from that "loss of the anima" which results in "a diminution of vitality, of flexibility, and of humane kindness."[24] Communion with the anima, which Forster would miss through his very identity with it, according to Jung, would involve communion with Medusa no less than with Demeter and Kore.

Forster's pessimistic views of political, scientific, and religious "order" (well summed up in his 1949 essay "Art for Art's Sake") left him convinced, like Mrs. Moore, that no union of races or bodies or even hearts is likely to be achieved ever, on earth ("not there"). *A Passage to India* will not allow that the stone barriers between hearts and spirits are ever to be rolled away, as they are rolled away in both "The Ballad of East and West" and "The Gardener" of Kipling.[25] Which, then, was the more just—Forster's philosophical anarchism or Kipling's religious optimism? Today, when the strong men of East and West do indeed "stand face to face," with the borders between them as adamantine as ever, Forster's pessimism may appear more justified than Kipling's sanguine optimism. At the same time we must not forget how

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well Kipling's art reflected the best of each world. Perhaps we might see our present world more clearly if the "two spirits" of Kipling and Forster could be united—in the way Schlegel's theory suggested they might be. A dual biography would help us to know.

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NOTES

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14. Furbank, vol. 2, p. 46.
15. *What I Believe,* pp. 18–19.
16. Furbank, vol. 1, p. 139.
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19. Furbank, vol. 2, p. 308.
20. Ibid., p. 131.
21. Ibid., p. 133.
22. *What I Believe,* p. 5.
23. Jung, "Concerning the Archetypes and the Anima Concept," in *The Archetypes and the Collective Unconscious,* ed. Herbert Read, et al. (*Col. Works,* vol. 9, Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1968), p. 71.
24. Ibid.
25. When Forster had *A Passage to India* end with the sky saying "not there," he surely intended "there" to mean "on earth" and not merely in India, since the sky is replying to the earth. Kipling, by contrast, clearly indicates in "The Gardener" that the stone blocking Helen Turrell's grave (which is explicitly her own as well as her son's) will be "rolled away" in answer—eventually—to "the gardener's" words, "Come with me," as spoken to this not yet fully aware Magdalene, Helen.

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ROBERT HEUSSLER

Maurice Baring and the Passing of the Victorian Age

When it is asked what attributes and experiences qualify a man to comment on his era in such a way as to make his reflections enlightening to others no two answers are likely to be the same. Nonetheless the value of Maurice Baring's writings has been recognized often and by people of widely varying backgrounds and interests. The practical reasons are readily apparent: he had friends in all walks of life, in his own country and in many others; he took part in signal events; he travelled extensively and had a profound, working knowledge of languages; and he crowded a number of quite different careers into a life whose active years were restricted by illness. Briefly a diplomat, he was a foreign correspondent for London newspapers, a staff officer during the greatest war of all time, a poet, a novelist, critic and essayist. More importantly he was an original, a man who cannot be neatly pigeon-holed by social background, profession, nationality or time period. Steeped in the classics he delved deeply into the literatures, music and art of Europe and Russia. By character and personality moreover he was extraordinarily well tuned to the little nuances and the big perspectives of civilization. His was an unusual combination of scholarly disinterest and passionate esthetic commitment, of strong moral assertion and cultural receptivity and tolerance. Musing on the end of the Victorian time as he had seen it close up and on the turbulent decades that followed, he spoke of human nature, of religion, of government and war, of scholarship, art and literature. Repeatedly he expressed himself on the eternal questions of humanity, its legacy and its fate.

Born in 1874 Baring was one of the seven children of the first Lord

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Revelstoke, head of the prominent financial house of Baring Brothers and a director of the Bank of England. His maternal great-grandfather was Earl Grey. One uncle, Sir Henry Ponsonby, was private secretary to Queen Victoria and another, Lord Cromer, supervised the remaking of Egypt's government at the turn of the century. The family's town house in Berkeley Square was a gathering place of eminent people in finance, politics and the arts, while their Devonshire estate, Membland, was much favored by King Edward VII in later years. Lord Revelstoke's yacht, Waterwitch, was a familiar adornment at Cowes.[1]

Though he was at St. George's School, Ascot, at Eton, at Trinity Cambridge and for a time in Oxford, Baring always felt he had been educated more by people he had met and by his journey through life than by formal instruction. Anything lifted out of the stream of everyday living and institutionalized in some way was likely to baffle him or leave him cold. His French, learned from a much loved governess in the family schoolroom at a tender age, was so good that Parisians took him for one of their own. Yet he had great difficulty passing the foreign service examination in that language and in German, which he knew almost as well, because the testing seemed to him abstract and artificial. When he finally managed to scrape through he was not a success, finding the routine stifling, unreal and comic by turns. After six years he left with relief, entering in 1904 on a decade of journalism, which allowed him to indulge an already well developed taste for wandering about freely and talking with all classes and nationalities. He was attached to the Russian forces fighting the Japanese in Manchuria, after which he covered the Revolution of 1905 in Russia and later the Balkan Wars. From 1914 to 1919 he was in the army, seemingly an even more regimented existence than diplomacy. But great wars have a way of civilianizing armies. Furthermore Baring landed, quite fortuitously, in a position ideally suited to his make-up and talents. He was aide to General Sir Hugh Trenchard, head of the Royal Flying Corps, for whom he interpreted in talks with the French. His tact, his humor, his tireless devotion to everyone he served with, from mechanics and pilots to high brass and visiting statesmen, were so much remarked on that his reputation lingered on in the R.A.F., even after the Second World War. The antithesis of an organization man, he was described by Marshall Foch as the most gifted liaison officer of all time.

For the remaining quarter century of his life he wrote novels and poetry and continued to see a circle of friends and acquaintances that included many of the leading thinkers and writers of the day. When

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Parkinson's disease made it impossible for him to live alone he went to stay with relatives in Scotland, where he died in 1945.[2]

In appearance and manner Baring struck some who did not know him well as a strange combination of clown and saint, of *bon vivant* and philosophic introvert with whom no one was really intimate. Prematurely bald, he looked older than his years. His hands shook and when he moved the various parts of him did not appear to be in any special degree of concert with one another. His speech was so rapid that he was hard to follow and he was apt to burst forth unexpectedly into a long cackling laugh that sounded like a cross between a neigh and a crow. He could be embarrassingly silly at times. An old friend remarked that people meeting him for the first time usually thought him no more than ". . . an amiable fool."[3] The reaction delighted Baring, who went out of his way to encourage it. After lunching with his friend Admiral Sir William Fisher aboard the flagship of the home fleet he deliberately looked the wrong way and stepped into the sea, missing a waiting launch by inches. Yet he was exacting about his dress and the most meticulous of men in anything to do with his writing, his house or his garden, not to mention his friends, for whom no sacrifice was too great. He was in Russia when Hilaire Belloc's wife died, but he immediately set aside his work and returned to England to be with the bereaved widower. Underneath the myriad whimsies and madcap public frolicking was a man of sensitivity, intelligence and compassion. The essayist Vernon Lee, whom he had known since his youth, wrote of his ability to give ". . . in metaphors and lyric flights and pathetic snatches the equivalent of the deepest unspoken feeling."[4] We see this in his spare, ironic treatment of Victorian social reticence, a quality that was characteristic of Baring himself. He ends his novel *Darby and Joan* with an exchange, about a portrait, between a young girl and her grandmother, a lady of profound sensibility, whose tribulations are the central theme of the book.

"That's you, Granny, isn't it? How calm you look . . . the Victorians always look calm. I suppose it's because nothing ever happened to you."

" 'Nothing,' said Joan."[5]

Perhaps the ambivalence of his behavior was an outward sign of his two-sided views on human nature and the human condition. On the one hand he believed that good people could accomplish much that was valuable and he had great respect for those who did: diplomats with whom he served and whom he looked up to despite his own distaste for the work; statesmen like Disraeli who gave up the pleasures of

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private life for the thankless slavery of government; straightforward soldiers of Trenchard's kind; and artistic geniuses from Homer onwards, the singers and recorders of what is noble in life.[6] On the other hand mankind was weak and fallible, the plaything of the fates. Baring deprecated the childish notion of easy achievement, especially when accompanied by self-advertisement and when the results seemed to be nothing more than a gratification of hedonistic urges. There was no wisdom without suffering, he thought, quoting Carlyle's lines:

"Who never ate his bread with sorrow . . .
. . . knows you not, ye heavenly powers."[7]

He had his doubts too about what men could know and about what they could do. They were mere ". . . phantoms and unsubstantial shadows" who had little control over their destinies.[8] Life was hard and justice rare. Experiencing this, man became timid and untrusting. He could not see the plain truth for what it was. Not understanding the value of self-restraint he gave himself to lustful pursuits that ended in disappointment. The illusion of satiety like the illusion of perfectibility was typical of what shallow man fell prey to.

In his youth such notions about mankind's limitations had made Baring something of a fatalist, looking on life much as the Greeks had done, in an accepting, realistic way. Christianity, or at any rate the Anglicanism he had grown up in, seemed no match for the intellectual and humane qualities of the classics, which were far older, more rational and less abstract. The moral and social effects of the Reformation and of Puritanism were lamentable: a decline of faith, a rise in materialism, an over-riding concern with respectability.[9] In any case spirituality was personal, a question of individual awareness and recognition of the immensity of nature. But as time went on he became increasingly conscious not only of the philistinism around him and the superficiality of formal religion as practiced by his own social class but also of a craving in himself for a kind of spiritual nourishment that went beyond the bare-boned practicality of the Ancients. After thinking about it a long time he was received, in 1909, into the Catholic Church. Though he talked a good deal about his new faith—far too much for Vernon Lee and the composer Ethel Smyth, both of whom chided him about it—he never thought it could be explained. All he could say at the time was that he had suddenly discovered in himself ". . . an immortal thing in touch with an eternal spirit."[10] Later however he touched on the specifics by putting his own impulses and responses into the mouths of characters in his novels, which are heav-

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ily autobiographical and invariably provide him with a means of illustrating his interests and venting his ideas and points of view.

"It was after she had (made her General Confession) and received Absolution that Blanche felt what it meant to be a Catholic and how and why it was different from anything else; . . . she was bowing the head under the low and humble porch that opened on to spaces of infinite freedom."[11]

His disenchantment with the quality of late Victorian and Edwardian life, both social and religious, also contributed, as it had in the case of his friend Ronald Knox whose own conversion followed Baring's by eight years.[12] They agreed that Protestantism had too much formality, prudishness and bigotry in it and that it offered little to the soul. Baring was attracted to the universality and agelessness of the Roman Church, the beauty of its cultural heritage, the mysteries that man would never be able to penetrate.

He felt, too, that there had been less moral confusion before, when religion and government were more closely bound together than they came to be after the rise of secularism and industrialization. From the nursery onwards he had been given an example that made him see all life's facets—family, the state, commerce, literature, art, religion—as parts of a unified civilization, subject to a common moral code. Right was right and wrong was wrong, whatever one did. Though the family were in banking, very much in the main stream of business affairs all over the world, this did not cut them off, as it did so many others, from the concerns of cultivated and enlightened people. Lord Revelstoke knew French, German and Spanish, had a passion for English and German poetry and took it for granted that his children would be as much at home in other cultures as he was. His wife, an accomplished musician, taught the children herself and introduced them at early ages to opera and the theatre. While still a child, Baring saw *Aida, As You Like It* and *Pygmalion* and, best of all, Sarah Bernhardt in *Hernani.* The most talented artists in Europe were frequently entertained by his parents, the children being allowed to take part.

Most importantly it was made clear to them that great wealth, though it was not to be apologized for, carried with it a distinct obligation in everything from correct behavior to the automatic assumption of social responsibility, including the care of the less fortunate. But good leadership called for the exercise of thought and judgement, not blind acceptance of whatever was laid down by authority. Baring loathed his preparatory school, where he went at age ten, because the masters seemed to be uninspired martinets and the boys a troop of bar-

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barians who went along mindlessly with the corporate life of the place, conforming and praising and condemning according to the established modes and to herd instinct rather than to decency and sense.

After this Eton was a paradise of personal liberty, esthetic grace and high standards, where gentlemanly conduct, social privilege and scholarly attainment were all of a piece.[13] The headmaster of the time, Edmund Warre, had to battle a certain amount of misbehavior among the boys and occasional outbursts of the unruliness that was common in all public schools. But this was rare. For the most part he won the respect of the school, leading it by example rather than crude discipline and appealing to a sense of responsibility in every boy. In a place that traditionally gave such a high proportion of its graduates to public service the connection between social rank and political power was unmistakable. The school lay in the shadow of Windsor Castle. Queen Victoria came to speak at dedications, and Gladstone, recently retired from the prime ministership, addressed the boys on the importance of classics in the education of future rulers. Beginning in the family schoolroom therefore, where history was the lives of great men, and continuing on through Eton, Baring imbibed assumptions about government that were unaffectedly aristocratic. Some men, he felt, were so constituted by virtue, instinct and breeding to provide leadership, while others, the great majority, would recognize this and play the role of followers. It was true that society was organized into classes, a condition Baring thought natural. Nevertheless gifted young people would make their way to the top no matter where they started. If most leaders came from the ruling classes that was as it should be, for those born to a higher station were habituated and relaxed whereas their fellows from lower down suffered from ". . . an inward gnawing and hankering envy" that would manifest itself in unpleasant ways if they reached positions of power later on.[14] The most important quality in rulers was tolerance, one that ambitious *monteurs* did not usually have but was endemic in people from secure backgrounds.

At nineteen Baring went to Egypt to visit his uncle, Lord Cromer, the de facto ruler of the country. What impressed him was Cromer's aims—a responsible, honest and viable regime—and his determination. When the corrupt and inefficient khedive made trouble Cromer demanded troops, which at first London hesitated to send. "So he said, 'all right, if you won't support me, off I go' . . . upon which Gladstone sent the troops."[15] An even greater hero to him was Count Benckendorff, Russian ambassador in London before the 1914 war, whom he had met during his time in the foreign service. He visited the Bencken-

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dorffs on their estate in Russia, seeing them afterwards in several countries and in all sorts of company. The Russian envoy always stood out—everyone spoke of him as "the first gentleman of Europe"—because of his integrity, erudition and ease of manner, his astonishing grasp of languages and knowledge of societies other than his own. Unlike most Russian noblemen he hated the social passivity that afflicted his country.[16] Common sense he regarded as one of the most admirable of English traits, wishing his own government had more of it. Benckendorff's political vision made an especially strong impression on Baring. More than a decade before the event he told his young friend that when Russia got involved in a major war, which he was sure Germany would provoke, there would be a revolution. He was unimpressed with the Tsar's reforms in 1905, pointing out that the new constitution was mere window dressing, given under duress by a government that was blind to the dangers of continued autocracy and reaction. With true aristocrats everywhere and in all eras he saw that regimes which relied on repression and were unconcerned with the needs of their people were neither worthy nor stable.

Though he thought things were better in western Europe Baring felt that there too the old ruling classes were no longer what they had been. He agreed with H. G. Wells, whom he accompanied to Russia as guide and interpreter, that there had been a steady decline since the seventeenth century when great scientific, artistic and humanitarian achievements had begun to arise out of an atmosphere of freedom and leisure.[17] In those days, when class lines were less rigid, creative men could meet in the country houses of enlightened and prosperous leaders who had inquiring minds and were well read and were also in touch with agricultural and commercial reality. In the nineteenth century on the other hand true independence of mind had become a rarity, being replaced by a narrow materialism. Men thought about hanging onto what they had, not about experimenting with the unfamiliar. The *nouveaux* who supplanted the old ruling class were immature, adhering to rules and fashions which they accepted uncritically rather than to instinct and the lessons of experience as their predecessors had done. As they drifted farther and farther from bedrock reality they and the governments they controlled were increasingly thrown back on fabrications, ruses and elaborate charades. It was the immorality of this and the futility of his work that made Baring so unhappy in government service.

He was particularly disapproving of left-wing intellectuals, many of whom he saw in action when he was a diplomat and later a foreign cor-

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respondent. As a member of the embassy in Paris during the nineties he was embroiled along with everyone else in the passionate disputations about Dreyfus, whose trial convulsed the country and sent reverberations all over the western world. While he came to feel quite soon that Dreyfus was innocent he conceived a distaste for the man's most vociferous defenders. Rabidly doctrinaire, closed-minded, intolerant and full of hatred, most of them seemed to represent personally and in principle the very injustices they were supposedly fighting against. In the highly articulate and often abstract arguments put forward by some of these people, especially the academic ones, he thought he saw a bias against the democratic spirit and in favor of some kind of dictatorial meritocracy.[18] It was the same with Russian and Balkan revolutionaries whom he came to know in his travels. He characterized them in a novel, *Friday's Business,* in which he summed up his impressions of the political turbulence he had observed during the first two decades of the twentieth century. The hypocricy and self-delusion of the reformers appalled him, bringing to mind Dr. Johnson's *mot,* "... your levellers wish to level down as far as themselves, but they cannot bear levelling up to themselves."[19] Even the well-meaning ones tended to demand total virtue in others while forgiving their own human shortcomings. They proved better at destroying admittedly flawed institutions than at creating improvements afterwards. All tyranny was bad but none so bad as that of what Homer called "an usurping crowd."[20] The character who comes off best in *Friday's Business* is a rather blimpish diplomat. In advising the traditional authorities during the revolutionary crisis he makes errors of judgement and shows limitations of imagination and intellect. But he tries to do his job in such a way as to promote stability and freedom in the country he is accreditted to. In Baring's eyes he epitomizes the amateurish patrician who is neither clever nor exciting but who has common sense and good will.

England had too few of such people, he thought. There, as in the backward lands of eastern Europe, he had seen the growth of a single-minded rigidity of outlook among intellectuals and public men. As far back as his undergraduate days at Cambridge he had been talked at by fellow students—Bertrand Russell in particular—on the duty of not going to church, as attending would set a bad example. Right thinking people, said Russell, must lead the world to new and sounder conceptions, abandoning outmoded theologies. Baring did not feel strongly about organized religion at that point. He was sure that Russell and other friends of his were incomparably more quick-witted than he was.

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But were they equally advanced in heeding the promptings of the heart and in giving attention to the spirit and mentality of ordinary people? Later on he was troubled, as was Wells, by the insularity of reformers such as the Fabians, who assumed that social improvement was a matter of providing experts and of restructuring the civil service. The Webbs and their co-workers seemed to overlook the need for translating high abstractions into words and acts that could reach the masses and change their lives for the better.[21] Baring's fellow novelist Arnold Bennett noticed that in a debate on private property Baring and Hilaire Belloc took a down-to-earth line, while the Webbs and G. B. Shaw concentrated on norms and abstrusities.[22] There was intelligence, decency and imagination on both sides. But homely questions of what might work in actual practice appeared to be of smaller concern to the Fabians than idealistic prescriptions.

Occasionally Baring was so put off by such attitudes that he leaned in the opposite direction and found himself defending tradition or the status quo on principle, whatever the circumstances and issues might be. In the early campaigns of women suffragists he opposed them, saying that male responsibility in this sphere was deeply embedded in the country's mores. If it was illogical it should go on nonetheless because a logical innovation in an illogical society would cause more trouble than it was worth. His old Eton master Arthur Benson accused him of talking like a retired colonel in a club and Baring admitted it, later changing his mind.[23] It was a visit to Russia that brought him around, making him more friendly to the notion of social reform than he might have been otherwise.

The most dangerous outgrowth of middle class power, in Baring's view, was a genre of nationalism that became ever more shrill through the years of his youth and down to 1914. It had jarred on his consciousness even in childhood, because the esthetic and cultural values of his family were grounded in civilization as a whole rather than being confined to the culture of any one people. His French governess took him to Paris when he was still a child. After public school he lived with a German family, learning the language and attending lectures at Heidelberg. Later he spent a good deal of time in Italy and Russia and visited Egypt, the Far East and the United States. The friends of his mature years—Vernon Lee, Count Benckendorff, Hilaire Belloc, Sarah Bernhardt—were citizens of the world, people of taste and refinement who shared a love of beauty wherever it was to be found. Though the aristocrats who had governed Europe came from many different lands their ties of blood, marriage, society and outlook

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had to do with class rather than nationality. It came as a shock to the youthful Baring therefore when his German hosts, whom he liked and respected, told him that there was considerable anti-English sentiment in Germany and that this was based on envy and resentment over the supposed arrogance of the English, their attitude of superiority and their indifference to the reactions of others. Would a great and self-respecting people feel this way? In the ensuing months he was troubled too by the metaphysical preoccupations of Germany's academics, the hautiness of her officer class and the corresponding docility of her common people. At dinner in a noble house in Berlin he was surprised that every army officer among the guests was in full uniform something that would not have happened in England. Later, in Paris, when marching in the funeral procession of the French president he ". . . walked behind four huge Germans . . . whom the . . . Emperor, with that extraordinarily delicate tact which he possesses, (had) sent to remind the French of certain unpleasant facts."[24] With the steadying hand of Bismarck removed it seemed that the excessive sentimentality of the Germans was coming to the fore, along with romanticism and intellectual slovenliness. Her leaders, less experienced in government than earlier ones had been, were inclined to truculence in relations with sister nations, imagining that their country's industrial and military strength was irresistable. It was disturbing that these people were not subjected to anything like the vigilance and constant public criticism that English parliamentarians took for granted.

Baring could sympathize with the Germans in their paranoia about England however. As a student he himself had inadvertently lent weight to it. When he sought the help of the honorary British consul in Leipzig, Baron Tauchnitz, in getting a check cashed after hours the consul complained that the English thought they could go anywhere they liked and do whatever they pleased, to which Baring replied that this was true and that it was the duty of consuls to assist. But, as Belloc remarked, this sort of assumption on the part of the English reflected their ingrown character and provinciality, their ignorance of the outside world, and it was quite different from the self-conscious *hauteur* so often displayed by Germans, stemming as that did from deep sensibilities that were the reverse of what showed on the surface.[25] Baring felt the same way. He illustrated the point in a story called "From the Diary of an English Governess Residing in Paris During the French Revolution."[26] The young woman stays in the city for several years at the height of the upheaval without once realizing what is going on, refusing to speak French, looking with disdain on everything around

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her and remaining totally untouched by the experience of being away from her homeland. But Baring thought the English were less intense than the continentals, less self-conscious and defensive, though in England too these were the years of middle class control and of far more jingoism than the Victorians had ever indulged.

Seeing it all close up, in Europe and at home, he was sure a major war was coming. Yet, much as the thought of a great power conflict horrified him, he was not a pacifist as Vernon Lee and Bertrand Russell were. For a long time he had seen war as a natural consequence of man's imperfection. When, at the turn of the century, Anatole France said to him that the Boer War and French colonial expansion were crimes and that all armies were criminal he replied that human nature often left governments in positions where recourse to arms was preferable to acquiescence.[27] In Manchuria with the Russian army in 1904 he was impressed by the courtesy and open-handed generosity of the officers he was billeted with. They invariably gave him the best of whatever they had, even when this meant that they themselves had to go without. Their courage and resourcefulness under fire reminded him of what Plato had called for in ideal commanders and of Tolstoy's Crimean portraits drawn a half century before. The common soldiers he thought more impressive still. Hardy, tireless, cheerful and long-suffering, they took everything as it came, fought bravely and gave their enemies full credit for behaving the same way. In defeat they bore no resentment. It seemed to Baring that war could bring out the best in men and that when things went wrong the fault lay with the system and with higher authority, not with men in the line.

While the rights and wrongs of Russo-Japanese rivalry in the Far East were debatable, Baring had no doubts at all when, in 1914, the great war came at last. He was certain that England was honor-bound to defend civilization from Kaiserism and militarism. It was not a question of being anti-German. At Flying Corps headquarters in St. Omer one day during the war he and one of the pilots toasted the family both of them had stayed with near Hanover in happier days and still remembered with affection.[28] They could do that with complete sincerity and at the same time oppose German force will full hearts and clear heads. Baring felt a similar ambivalence about the war itself, the greatest cataclysm ever to befall humanity and one from which he knew Europe would never recover. Although he did not have first-hand knowledge of combat, it was a powerful reality to him. As aide to the commander of the Flying Corps he was one of those who had to write to the families of pilots lost in action. There were continual visits

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back and forth among officers of field units, aerodromes, hospitals and staff headquarters. In the first months of the fighting he was in a town near the Belgian frontier when British reinforcements arrived. They had marched all night and as they swung uphill through a cheering crowd they were singing "Tipperary." The French threw flowers and handed out cigarettes and fruit. Everyone was smiling. But knowing what awaited these green soldiers when they reached the front Baring had to hide in a shop so that no one would see the tears streaming down his face.

As in Manchuria however the horrors were overshadowed by human qualities that came out in response to them. General Trenchard, his boss for three years, struck Baring as being ". . . one of the few big men of the world," a surprising tribute perhaps, in view of their very different personalities and backgrounds.[29] Of modest social origns and a career soldier, Trenchard had led a pedestrian life compared to Baring's. His education had been minimal and his contacts outside his own profession were few. Tall, powerfully built and possessed of a voice that gave him his nickname—"Boom"—he was the author of an attack strategy that had made it possible for the Allies to keep the initiative in the air for much of the war, despite German numerical superiority. It had also accounted for heavy British losses in pilots and machines; but the vigor, intelligence and suppleness of mind he showed produced more support from the home government than a less determined chief could have got. For all his toughness most of his subordinates considered him a "just beast."[30] Baring's job was to do the donkey work that Trenchard did not have time for, to use diplomatic skills—with other British as well as with the French—that the general lacked and to steer him right when he went wrong or when knowledgeable men did not dare talk up to him. The sight of the two together brought smiles: Trenchard, a forbidding figure, ramrod straight, marching across an airfield with giant strides; and Baring, unmilitary in the extreme, trotting along beside him, desperately taking notes as questions, observations and commands thundered forth. "Make a note of that, Baring" is a cherished saying in the R.A.F. to this day.[31] Baring's unique value to his general and to the war came from his ability to see through the bluster to Trenchard's deepest feelings and insights and to interpret these to others. The close collaboration between the British commander and his French opposite number that was so vital to victory in the air was attributed by both of them to Baring. For his part Baring said that Trenchard was incomparable, a man of character, wit, drive and stamina who repeatedly overcame dif-

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ficulties that would have defeated lesser men. Being near him was an inspiration.

With the pilots he felt even more humble. His closest friend among them was Lord Lucas whom he had known at Oxford and who had been a cabinet minister when the war began. Though he had only one leg he managed to qualify as a flyer and in spite of being overage he edged his way to a fighting command in France. Baring noticed that Lucas was his old athletic undergraduate self again, happier than he had been in years, sure of the rightness of what he was doing and loving it. He turned down a promotion because it would have meant loss of contact with his squadron and less direct involvement in the fighting. When Lucas was killed Baring spoke of the splendor and sacrifice of his death, knowing that his friend had understood the risks full well and accepted them gladly.[32] It was the same with another fellow officer whom he had known for years, Raymond Asquith, son of the prime minister. After Asquith had visited Baring's headquarters in late summer 1916 he returned to the front and died a few days later, leading his men in an attack. People said it was a cruel waste, remembering Asquith's brilliance, his scholarship, his success at the bar. But Baring knew he had loved the army as much as he had hated being a lawyer, that like Lucas's, his military service meant the rebirth of the idealism he had known at Oxford. It was ". . . a second miraculous spring . . . the crown and purpose of his life."[33] In an age of immorality and cynicism the opportunity of taking part in a noble effort was rare. To die for a just cause was therefore a privilege. Baring thought that in this sense war, though ". . . a burden (and) a source of untold suffering . . . (was) yet a glory."[34]

On leaving the army in 1919 he entered the last phase of his life's active work, twenty years of writing, lecturing and seeing his friends, mainly in England. There were journeys abroad as always, but they were shorter and less frequent than before. As physical infirmity increased his regime became more and more sedentary. He was now a literary man full-time, thoughtful, hard-working and prolific. If his reputation among professional writers was not always of the highest, he had a considerable following and it was realized among distinguished people in many callings that he was his own man, not easily categorized or evaluated according to ordinary standards.[35] To many in fact he remained mysterious, a man one could see regularly and correspond with for decades without really knowing. Often he shrank from expressing his feelings, either because he thought the subject ineffable or because it was one on which sensitive people instinctively main-

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tained a discreet silence. Love, that much bandied and overladen word, was used variously by him, and by others in talking of him. There can be no doubt about the deep affection he felt for his family, especially his mother, whom he adored. Yet undiscerning readers might be forgiven for missing it. Speaking of his mother's death he explains that he was called back to Membland from Germany by a telegram. A description of the autumnal weather and the countryside follows, after which there is only this: "I arrived just in time. A specialist came down from London, but there was nothing to be done."[36]

His love for friends, similarly, was so intense that one of them, shortly after Baring died, wrote, "Il se prêtait à ses amis."[37] But he seemed to hold back from spoken, not to mention institutionalized, manifestations. Marriage he could idealize without ever contemplating it for himself.[38] And physical love was treated either jokingly—"I have a woman once a year; I do it for the exercise"—or matter of factly, as a social phenomenon along with sport, work and politics.[39]

It would seem that Baring never "grew up," that is, accepted the jaded conventionalities of adulthood with which that phrase is normally associated, but all his life continued in the ways and ideals of uncorrupted youth, thereby exposing himself to criticism as an eccentric.[40] If this is a matter of opinion, it is certain that he thought the gratification of lust a pitiable thing which would satisfy only the unfeeling and the brutal; and even then would be seen eventually as a trick and a cheat.[41]

However that may be, he devoted himself to his work, showing a remarkable fastidiousness in the preparation of his manuscripts, in everything from devising plots and inventing characters to choosing illustrations and correcting proofs. There was nothing of the self-regarding zealot about him, the burning votary of a school whose philosophy and message are ever at the forefront and who wears the bones of craft and style outside his skin. Rather he expressed his tenets and his point of view discursively, leaving the reader plenty of work to do. Without appearing to try, and because he was himself, he spoke of what mattered to him, of what was worthwhile and lasting. In doing this and exchanging ideas with some of the most gifted litterateurs of the day he called up images of past ages, of the Victorian twilight he had lived through and of the contrasts he saw later. What emerges is a gallery of western sensibilities, sweeping, rich and clear; and always pertinent to the here and now. Much as he was at pains to deny any thoroughgoing competence in Greek and Latin and to deprecate his boyhood learning he returns over and over to the epics, poetry and

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drama of the Ancients. Virgil had been permanently spoiled for him by forced feeding at too young an age, and Ovid, described by one of his classics masters as "that hog," was shoved beneath the surface for many years and only partially revived by a later discovery of Ovid's influence on Shakespeare and Marlowe. But his love of Homer was immense, and his ruminations through all of Europe's literature turned up constant reminders of debts to Aeschylus, Catullus and Horace. Baring could not read Dante without comparing him to Homer and wondering if Shakespeare had been influenced by him, as Chaucer surely was. When he talked of Pushkin, Tolstoy and Turgenev, similarly, he never failed to perceive lights and shadows from elsewhere, especially France. Arnold had been a passionate admirer of Dante; Browning drew on Euripides, Verdi and Rossini, Goethe on Pope, Dostoevsky on Hugo, La Fontaine on Virgil, Proust on George Eliot. Culture belongs to mankind and in every age "the wind bloweth where it listeth."[42]

To Baring all great art had the same essential quality: it was beautiful. Therein lay its prime importance and worth. He and Wells were far apart on this and had many a spirited exchange about it, Wells holding that every work had to serve some recognizable purpose of social utility, as did his novel *Love and Mr. Lewisham,* which examined a case of personal dislocation and readjustment. Wells was scornful of Henry James, thinking his novels polite, inane and motionless and comparing the author to ". . . a rhinoceros looking for a pea."[43] Baring could see that James's turgidity would be a bit much for the impatient Wells who was forever hurrying from one idea to another, ruthlessly tossing artistic and social achievements on the scrapheap of time as soon as he was finished with them. He agreed that concrete accomplishment was vital, citing Goethe's dictum that a man's life is interesting only insofar as it produces results. The concept of art for art's sake was disapproved by both of them. But he thought Wells failed to appreciate James's originality and subtlety in plumbing the depths of human nature.

After beauty came realism, a faithfulness to the authentic and the mundane that Baring thought characteristic of all masterpieces in whatever field. In his youth the poetry of Verlaine and Kipling appealed for this reason, and the powerful novels of Hugo, portraying the down-trodden and the hopeless, describing their plight in the plainest of language and making no effort to mask his own profound pity for them. So too with Sarah Bernhardt's performance in Rostand's *L'Aiglon* which was so convincing that she made the audience do

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whatever she wanted them to, alternatively roaring with patriotic fervor and soaking themselves in cataracts of tears.[44] It was practical experience that enabled some writers to portray everyday life so persuasively, Baring felt. Thucydides was a better historian for having been a general. Cervantes and Gibbon had had military service too. And Milton and Goethe benefited from their work in government offices, Shakespeare and Molière from acting on the stage.[45]

Finally there was the test of time. A work that went on being esteemed generation after generation was thereby identified as unarguably superior. Critics might say otherwise. Max Beerbohm, that master satirist by word and cartoon, could never see anything but vulgarity in Kipling.[46] But Baring, having been spellbound from the first by the new voice from India, had his own taste to consult, and the favorable comments of friends at home and abroad. He noted that Kipling, like Byron, had the distinction of never having been considered a minor poet. He had conquered the world at once and received the applause of more than one age group in his own lifetime. Sometimes, fashions being what they are, a writer would be temporarily forgotten, only to be rediscovered later on, a process that caused Baring to speak of a "whirligig" of time whose human and ideational riders popped up and down periodically as the contraption went round and round.[47] Great writers—those who saw life whole and made it easier for mankind to bear—would never be permanently lost from view. The "concensus of the world" would see to that.[48]

It has been observed that Baring's novels had a pronounced autobiographical stamp, reflecting his wide-ranging experience, his values, his outlook on everything from human nature to particular issues of the day. *C,* published five years after he left the army, tells of a well-born young man who closely resembles Baring, with just enough difference in circumstances to keep it from being an out and out memoir, as *The Puppet Show* was. The familiar enthusiasms and *bêtes* are there in profusion: a celebration of ". . . the mysterious freemasonry which exists all the world over between those who love good verse . . ." a contrasting jab at declining quality in language and the rise of ". . . journalese . . . and cryptic and senseless mystifications in shapeless verse;" Some revealing passages on ". . . the pity and waste of things . . ." as society disintegrates, especially after 1918, and a line or two of lamentation—"the old we knew is crumbling in decay; the new gives pain;" " . . . mortal life is but a derelict ship, Without a sail . . ."[49]

Sometimes he is specific about drawing on what he himself has seen —"It is a true story."[50] At other times readers familiar with his career

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will spot a character clearly modelled on him, as is Troumestre in *Tinker's Leave.* The blasts at ". . . the tigers of Bloomsbury . . ." in *Cat's Cradle*—"the world of the precious is just as foolish as it was in the days of Molière . . ." are as obvious as are the many resemblances between fictional actors and Baring's own friends—"Lapara" for Sarah Bernhardt.[51] Chesterton, Wells and others are often given their own names.[52] A savage Baring is glimpsed in letters occasionally—". . . the damned Puritans (casting) their stinking tarpaulin of respectability over their filthy vices and pretending to be virtuous."[53] In his published work however he is mostly content with gentle swipes, at reviewers and critics for example, whose abstractions he disliked.[54]

He wanted scholarship and education to have their feet on the ground too. As a child he had acquired languages by speaking them with people from the continent. He learned about government from men who were in it and was exposed to music, books and the theatre by his parents and by the cognoscenti with whom they were intimate, breathing it all in with the air around him.[55] By contrast formal education was stultifying, a regime of dons, who seemed to rely on ritual and on the undirected accumulation of facts that students took in by rote. Most teachers had spent all their adult lives within the walls, exchanging theories with colleagues as insulated from the humdrum as they were. Far from advancing knowledge this kind of education actually lessened it, thought Baring, and propelled young minds towards the conceit of partial understanding and the false assurance of untested assumptions. He considered the heaviness and pedantry of Heidelberg professors still worse because it was likely to make more of an impression on their students in the authoritarian atmosphere of nineteenth century Germany than the theoretics of dons might make on the easy-going undergraduates of Oxford and Cambridge. The Germans were determined to find symbolism and hidden meaning in everything from scripture to Shakespeare, following the dictates of their vaunted "higher criticism," according to which, said Baring's friend Ronald Knox, it was possible to prove that *In Memoriam* had been written by Queen Victoria.[56]

Although himself a devout Christian Baring agreed with Wells that it was wrong of the church-dominated English universities to resist the adding of more science to their curriculums, a further indication of their otherworldliness. He questioned the idea of neatly categorized ages and epochs in history as well, remarking that the academics who espoused it usually lacked first-hand knowledge. Having lived through both decades he did not think the 1890s were all that different from

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the 1930s. He abhored the smug intellectualism of professional scholars, feeling that decency was more important than brilliance. "Be good . . . and let who can be clever" expressed his own viewpoint perfectly.[57] He was sure it was better to entrust the fate of the world to broad-minded sensible men, amateurs and all-rounders, than to highly specialized experts with narrow outlooks and little awareness of the ordinary.[58] It was a pity that the Victorian era had seen a decline in learning among statesmen. Previously, the man who wore and sword and wig would have been ashamed to be illiterate. By the turn of the century there was pride in wealth and respectability. When someone intoned a Greek or Latin tag in the House of Commons he was greeted with cries of 'Translate!' To Baring this was a sign of what had happened in formal education. Its spread did not mean that the country was better informed and more knowledgeable but that ". . . more people (were) semi-educated."[59]

In the last years of his life Baring watched a slipping away of much that he and his contemporaries had valued. The strength and assurance of the Victorians, their cosmopolitan interests, their energy and straight-forwardness, were everywhere giving way to doubts and to a moral relativism that opened doors to the unscrupulous and the shoddy. As reality faded into the background there was an increasing demand for psychological vehicles of escape. Under such conditions could there be as much spontaneity and exuberance as before, as much scope for humor and tenderness? He did not deny the shortcomings of the past: the injustices of inequality, a social cosiness among privileged folk that amounted to something like cultural incest at times, a subjectivity that was maddening to outsiders at the same time as it was cramping to those who were guilty of it. In answering the needs of the human spirit however he put the Victorians above their twentieth century successors.

Yet he did not despair of the future. His acute historical consciousness told him that much of the best in life had a stubborn timelessness about it. Good things would come to the surface again and mock the callous indifference and forgetfulness of man. Many times he had known this to happen in England, the most traditional of nations, whose institutions had enjoyed more continuity than those of any other European country. He used the phrase "the dream and the business" to characterize English literature and the mentality that lay behind it.[60] The 'dream' stood for the soaring flights of lyric beauty in Shakespeare and Byron and the 'business' for the earthiness of Scott and Dickens and Kipling. The phrase describes Baring as well, for the

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depth of his sensitivity, the richness of his esthetic appreciation and the breadth of his literary and linguistic enlightenment went hand in hand with an extraordinary practicality in judgement and occupation. If advantages of birth enabled him to indulge the luxury of independence and of favored access to whomever and whatever caught his fancy, that alone would hardly account for the merit that others saw, and still see, in his work.[61] Over and again it is the many-sidedness of the man that has been remarked on; and the futility of trying to fix a label on him.

He was a big man, innocent of the conceit of knowledge, untouched by conventional ambition or the self-consciousness of the professional eccentric. In him there was none of the preciosity of Beerbohm or Marsh, the wearying intensity of Belloc, the bombast of Wells. He utterly lacked Shaw's childlike egotism, Vernon Lee's cocksureness, the tortured narcissism of T. E. Lawrence. Lord Asquith, prime minister for the longest continuous stretch of anyone in the present century and a biting critic of everyone in public life, thought him a genius, possessed of the greatest spontaneous, dynamic intelligence he had ever seen.[62]

He was alive to the contradictions of life, its remorseless hardship and sorrow. Love, he said, was the worst thing that could happen and the only thing worth wanting.[63] His final decade was a nightmare of constant searing pain. Yet he spoke of those years as the happiest of all, for they were spent with beloved relatives at Eilean Aigas, an enchanting house on an island in the River Beauly. There he was in the bosom of an affectionate family, with children to talk to, music to warm his evenings, and the charm of nature all around him.

During his last summer he heard that François Mauriac had said of his work that one got from it a feeling of ". . . the penetration of grace."[64] Baring anxiously inquired whether Mauriac had meant grace in the theological sense. When the answer came back that this was indeed so, he was too moved to speak.

STRAFFORD, VERMONT

NOTES

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1. For most pleasant and enlightening talks about Baring's life and work I am endebted to his niece, Hon. Mrs. Daphne Pollen; his friend Farther Martin D'Arcy; and two scholars: Mr. Julian Jeffs, collector of his letters; and Mr. Paul Horgan, author of *Maurice Baring Restored,* New York, 1970.
2. On the details of Baring's life two autobiographical books are especially useful: *The Puppet Show of Memory,* London, 1922, which stops before 1914, and *R.F.C. HQ. 1914–1918.* London, 1920 (reissued as *Flying Corps Headquarters 1914–1918.* London, 1968). A biography by his friend the composer, Dame Ethel Smyth, *Maurice Baring,* London, 1938, does not go beyond 1914. The introduction in Horgan, noted above, gives a sketch of his life, as does *Maurice Baring A Postscript,* London, 1947, by his kinswoman, Lady Lovat. A chapter on Baring is in Edward Marsh, *A Number of People,* New York, 1939. Among other books that deal with aspects of his life are his own *Around the World in Any Number of Days,* London, 1926; Andrew Boyle's *Trenchard,* London, 1962; and the three-volume autobiography of Lady Diana Cooper, *The Rainbow Comes and Goes,* London, 1958, *The Light of Common Day,* London, 1959, and *Trumpets From the Steep,* London, 1960. Glimpses may be found in many others, including Lovat Dickson, *H. G. Wells and His Turbulent World,* London, 1969; Peter Gunn, *Vernon Lee,* London, 1954 (a biography of the essayist Violet Paget, a close friend of Baring's); Christopher St. John, *Ethel Smyth,* London, 1959; Robert Speaight, *Letters From Hilaire Belloc,* London, 1958; and Evelyn Waugh, *Monsignor Ronald Knox,* Boston, 1959.
3. Father D'Arcy, (Los Angeles, 24 Feb. 1972). I draw also on the comments of Mrs. Pollen, (Henley, 17 Jan. 1972), Baring's favorite niece and the illustrator of several of his books.
4. Smyth, 203.
5. *Darby and Joan,* London, 1936, 247. Baring felt that the dignity, restraint, composure and self-assurance of the Victorians came from self-knowledge, realism and practical experience, all masked by a calm exterior and by self-deprecation.
6. On Disraeli see Baring's commonplace book, *Have You Anything to Declare?,* London, 1936, 155.
7. Ibid, 7. And see *The Cruise of the Nona,* London, 1955, by Baring's friend Hilaire Belloc, with its long dedicatory letter to Baring, especially x and xi.
8. *Have You Anything to Declare?,* 47. Here he is paraphrasing Sophocles.
9. On Puritanism see Baring's letter to Belloc, 9 Nov. 1906, in Lovat, 54–5. Baring was sometimes accused of anti-semitism because of his association with Belloc and G. K. Chesterton whose periodical, *Eyewitness,* had that bias. On the relationship among the three men see R. Las Vergnas, *Chesterton, Belloc, Baring,* Folcroft, Pa., 1975 (first published 1938), and on anti-semitism in particular see H. Montgomery Hyde, *Lord Reading,* New York, 1967, 129–33.
10. To Ethel Smyth, 16 Oct. 1919 (St. John, 130). On Lee's reaction to his obsessive Catholicism see Smyth, 331 and 334.
11. *Cat's Cradle,* London, 1925, 200. He takes issue with the ritualists on p. 202 and refers on p. 203 to the impossibility of explaining faith. See also *Daphne Adeane,* London, 1926; *Robert Peckham,* London, 1930; *Darby and Joan;* and *The Coat Without Seam,* London, 1929.
12. According to Mrs. Pollen Baring was closer to Knox than to Belloc and to other

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Catholic friends with whom his name was usually linked in this regard. On Baring and Knox see Lovat, note 2 above; Ronald Knox, *A Spiritual Aeneid,* London, 1958 (first published 1918); and Waugh, note 2 above.

13. On Eton in Baring's time see *The Puppet Show,* chapter VI; *Lost Lectures,* London, 1932, chapter II; *Memories and Friends,* London, 1924 by one of his favorite Eton masters, A. C. Benson; and Marsh, note 2 above, who was there with Baring. Knox, note 12 above, describes the College a bit later on, as does Lord Ponsonby, Baring's cousin, in *The Decline of Aristocracy,* London, 1912, followed by many others, e.g. Christopher Hollis, *The Seven Ages,* London, 1974; Cyril Connoly, *Enemies of Promise,* London, 1938 (reprinted 1973) and *A Romantic Friendship,* London, 1975; and A. J. Ayer, *Part of My Life,* London, 1977.
14. Letter to Vernon Lee, 14 Oct. 1903 (Lovat, 46). On Baring's views of great men and their qualities see also his letter of 20 Aug. 1899 to Edward Marsh (in the possession of Mr. Julian Jeffs). A useful contrast to Baring's views on class and leadership may be seen in the writings of his friend H. G. Wells, e.g. *Experiment in Autobiography,* London, 1934, 76, 542, 650, 660; and *An Englishman Looks at the World,* London, 1914, 40–1 and 330ff.
15. To Hubert Cornish, son of the vice provost of Eton; from Cairo, 7 Mar. 1893 (Jeffs letters.) Because Lytton Strachey in the Gordon section of *Eminent Victorians* was criticizing Cromer as well as Gordon, Baring wrote to Strachey and defended Cromer, pointing out ". . . one or two errors of fact . . ." (Michael Holroyd, *Lytton Strachey,* New York, 1967, vol. 1, 392.) See also *Flying Corps Headquarters,* 278, where Baring speaks of this again, calling Strachey's estimate of Cromer "fantastic." Nevertheless he salutes *Eminent Victorians* as a great book. He and Strachey agreed on Gilbert and Sullivan, among other subjects (see Baring's *Lost Lectures,* 1932, 316).
16. Baring's outlook on Russia, much influenced by Benckendorff in the early years, is to be seen in a number of his books, notably *What I Saw in Russia,* London, 1927, *With the Russians in Manchuria,* London, 1905, *Landmarks in Russian Literature,* London, 1910, and *Tinker's Leave,* London, 1927, a novel.
17. Among the works in which Wells spells out his ideas on this are *First and Last Things,* London, 1908, and *The World of William Clissold,* London, 1926.
18. See *The Puppet Show,* 256. Baring's views on the French and on academic intellectuals are set out in more detail in *French Literature,* London, 1927, and in *Unreliable History,* London, 1934. See also his *Sarah Bernhardt,* London, 1969 (first published 1939). He makes the same point on Russian intellectuals and liberals, in *Tinkers Leave,* 264.
19. *Anything to Declare,* 239.
20. Ibid, 21.
21. See H. G. Wells, *Experiment in Autobiography,* 205.
22. See Arnold Bennett, *The Journal of Arnold Bennett,* London, 1933, 471.
23. Smyth, 194.
24. To Mrs. Cornish, 4 Mar. 1899 (Lovat, 36). And see the remarks of Baring's friend Edward Marsh, private secretary to Winston Churchill, on the amazement of his German opposite numbers over the easy informality of relations between cabinet members and their secretaries in England: "Not once did I click my heels when Winston came into the room . . . they could hardly believe their eyes" (Marsh, 167).

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25. See Belloc's *The Cruise of the Nona,* 162. Wells also discussed the subject with Baring frequently. For his views on this see *Experiment in Autobiography,* 660, and *An Englishman Looks At the World,* 40–1 and 330ff.
26. *Unreliable History,* 512–16.
27. Baring to Mrs. Cornish, 22 Feb. 1900 (Lovat, 40). In replying, France apologized for the "brutality" of his sentiments.
28. *The Puppet Show,* 173. Feelings of this sort were sometimes reciprocal. The German lady with whose family another young Englishman, Charles Sorley, had stayed early in 1914, wrote to his parents to express her sympathy when he was killed in action. The letter came while the war was still in progress. See T. B. Swan, *The Ungirt Runner Charles Hamilton Sorley Poet of World War I,* Hamden, Conn., 1965, 126. In letters written home from the front Sorley sounds much like Baring when he speaks of the Germans. See *The Letters of Charles Sorley,* Cambridge, 1919, e.g. 283, 291, 295.
29. *Flying Corps Headquarters,* xvi.
30. Boyle, 105. The phrase is Kipling's.
31. *Flying Corps Headquarters,* opposite contents page. I myself first heard it in England during World War II and later from R.A.F. officers in the Middle East, Southeast Asia, Africa and the West Indies. Some additional sidelights on Baring's relationship with Trenchard appear in his *Dear Animated Bust,* Letters to Lady Juliet Duff, France 1915–1918, London, 1981. The general is referred to throughout as "the child." See also Marsh; and the papers of T. E. Lawrence, *T. E. Lawrence Studies,* I, 2, 1981, 3. Lawrence admired some of Baring's poetry, particularly the Lucas elegy. See also Smyth, 337–8.
32. On Lucas ('Bron' Herbert) see Baring's letter of 20 Sept. 1916 to Ethel Smyth (St. John, 263–4). See also *Flying Corps Headquarters,* 193; Edmund Gosse, *Some Diversions of a Man of Letters,* London, 1919, 273–5, where part of Baring's elegiac poem on the death of Lucas appears; and Nicholas Mosley, *Julian Grenfell,* London, 1976, passim.
33. *Flying Corps Headquarters,* 177. Baring said Asquith "deserved" his death, a glorious fate. If he had lived he might well have been a successful politician, which Baring knew he would have considered ignoble. See also St. John, 264.
34. *What I Saw in Russia,* 111.
35. Virginia Woolf said that a page of Baring's was like ". . . a nice white sheet, across which a fly has gently meandered with legs in the ink." (St. John, 128) But she agreed with Lady Salisbury that *The Puppet Show* was an incomparably accurate picture of the period from the 1890s to 1914 (ibid, 218–19). The artist Augustus John thought Baring "a rare spirit" (*Chiaroscuro,* London, 1952, 54), and G. B. Shaw said that the reason Baring's plays did not gain more acceptance was that they were too true to life for audiences that wanted to escape (St. John, 128–9). Some of Baring's verses were published in Marsh's Georgian anthologies and in Horgan. As for later critics, Cyril Connolly was well disposed (see *Enemies of Promise*), but some others have not been, e.g. Martin Green in *Children of the Sun,* London, 1976, and A. J. Ayer, who referred to Baring recently as ". . . a writer not to my taste;" (talk with me, Hanover, N.H., 15 Nov. 1982).
36. *The Puppet Show,* 177.
37. Princess Bibesco (Lovat, 114).
38. See for example *Anything to Declare,* 5. Platonic love he did know, e.g. for Mrs.

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Brewster, the wife of an American friend whom he often saw in Italy (St. John, 40) and see Mosley, N. 32 above on Baring's Love for "Ettie" Grenfell (45).

39. The ditty was quoted to me by Jeffs, who says Baring used to intone it at parties, while proposing a toast, a glass of wine balanced on his head as other guests tried to knock it off by throwing pieces of bread at it. It is interesting that in all my talks with friends of Baring's and with other who know his work—at Eton, in Oxford and Cambridge senior common rooms, London clubs, and country houses, i.e. exactly the places where dark truths and unsavory gossip are likely to surface—I never once heard so much as a whisper about Baring's carnality, or even any surmise on the subject. Literary detectives with a taste for speculation on sexual inclinations might like to glance at some of Baring's poems, notably "We Drift Apart" and "Vale," (Horgan, 326–7).
40. See "The Stimulants," (chapter IV), *Lost Lectures.*
41. This is a principal theme in his novel, *The Lonely Lady of Dulwich,* London, 1934.
42. *Lost Lectures,* 199. See also his *Landmarks in Russian Literature,* New York, 1960 (first published 1910), and *An Outline of Russian Literature,* Westport, Conn., 1971 (first published 1915).
43. Baring was so delighted with this that he cited it in *Anything to Declare,* (191–2).
44. See Baring's *Sarah Bernhardt,* 104ff. Also his *French Literature,* London, 1927. Vernon Lee said it was precisely the qualities of directness and simplicity that made his own poetry so remarkable, carrying ". . . into another world the ghosts of one's living experience . . ." (Gunn, 223).
45. *Anything to Declare,* 145. See also *Lost Lectures,* 23–4.
46. Beerbohm's *A Christmas Garland,* London, 1950, contains a parody of Kipling and another of Baring, which greatly amused him. See also Christopher Hollis, *Oxford in the Twenties,* London, 1976, in which Baring is dismissed by Evelyn Waugh (96).
47. *Anything to Declare,* 21. See also *Lost Lectures,* 100ff.; and 145–8 on Byron, T. S. Eliot, and public taste. The phrase, "whirligig of time" may have been borrowed from Sir Walter Scott. See his *Waverley* (London, Nelson, n.d., 433).
48. *Lost Lectures,* 185. On great writers making life easier for mankind to bear, see *What I Saw in Russia,* 210.
49. ". . . mysterious freemasonry . . ." (*C,* London, 1924, 348–9); ". . . journalese . . ." (ibid, 126); ". . . pity and waste . . ." (ibid, 725); the verses are on pages 738 and 740 respectively. They are taken from his "IMH," which is printed in full in Horgan, 318ff.
50. *Cat's Cradle,* v, where he is speaking to Belloc in a dedicatory letter.
51. ". . . the tigers . . ." (*Cat's Cradle,* vii–viii); "Lapara" (*C,* passim).
52. In *Cat's Cradle* for example, (681 and 691 respectively).
53. To Belloc, 9 Nov. 1906, (Lovat, 55). Baring's obstinancy is mentioned by St. John, 177.
54. See *Cat's Cradle,* v, vi, ix; also *Anything to Declare,* 20, 42, 147, and 295, where he deals with the virtue of simplicity in art, the superiority of experience over theory, and the indispensability of hard work. Morality in art is discussed in *Cat's Cradle,* v–vii.
55. See *Anything to Declare,* 2; and Lovat, 10.
56. *Anything to Declare,* 129. Cf. Robert Graves on the killing of poetry by the "analytic spirit" (*On English Poetry,* New York, 1922, 88).

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57. This is from Charles Kingsley's poem "A Farewell," 1856. Baring quotes it to Belloc in the dedication of *Cat's Cradle,* vi. On ages and epochs and Baring's fatalistic assumptions about change see "The Nineties" in *Lost Lectures,* 91–113; also *Robert Peckham,* 174–5, and *C,* 126.

58. He speaks of the former as "low-brows" and the latter as "highbrows" (*Lost Lectures,* 159ff.).

59. *Punch and Judy and Other Essays,* London, 1924, 145. Baring's uncle, Lord Cromer, said, "Some people's education merely gives a fixed direction to their stupidity." (G. A. Gere and J. Sparrow, eds., *Geoffrey Madan's Notebooks,* London, 1981, 130).

60. *Lost Lectures,* 182. This was the title of a book by Rhoda Broughton (pseud. John Oliver Hobbes), cited by Baring in *Anything to Declare,* 203.

61. A volume of Baring's letters was published in 1981 (note 31 above). Among recent books that refer to his work are Richard Ollard, *An English Education: A Perspective of Eton,* London, 1982; Arthur Marshall, *Whispering in the Rhododendrons: The Splendors and Miseries of the English Prep School,* London, 1982; and Peter Quennell, *Customs and Characters,* London, 1982.

62. See Lovat, 20. The central character in G. K. Chesterton's *The Man Who Knew Too Much,* London, 1922, is based on Baring.

63. *Cat's Cradle,* viii. Baring never married. That society thought him a confirmed bachelor is shown in the attitude of Wilfrid Blunt, who was desperate to find a husband for his daughter and eventually considered ". . . even the eccentric Maurice Baring." (Elizabeth Longford, *A Pilgrimage of Passion,* New York, 1980, 321).

64. Lovat, 4–5.

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EILEEN OVEREND

Attitude, Drama, and Role in Strachey's *Elizabeth and Essex*

Strachey's literary reputation has traditionally rested on *Queen Victoria,* and his popular claim to fame on *Eminent Victorians. Elizabeth and Essex* is less well known, and has tended to be dismissed as the not altogether successful experiment of an aging literary lion.[1] This is unfortunate, since the work is in many respects the culmination of Strachey's career as much as a point of departure. Technically, it is his most accomplished narrative, and thematically it has much in common with the earlier writings. Still, Strachey does depart from previous practice in two major ways: in his adoption of a predominantly psychoanalytical approach to character, and in his unusually sympathetic treatment of his subjects. This latter feature of the work is particularly interesting to the student of biography because the impact of Strachey's point of view on the nature and effectiveness of *Elizabeth and Essex* sheds considerable light on the complex intersection of lives and personalities which occurs when one person writes about another.

Coleridge once said that "When a man is attempting to describe another's character he may be right or he may be wrong—but in one thing he will always succeed, in describing himself."[2] However, the balance between the "life" behind a biography and that other "life" which is its subject varies considerably from one writer to another. In Strachey's case, the reader is at least as conscious of the author as he is of the author's subject. Indeed, his biographies offer such very personal perspectives that "point of view" is best defined as an attitudinal rather than a purely technical term. As Leonard Woolf aptly remarked,

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Strachey's writings come directly from the "very core" of his character.[3] Significantly, Strachey himself once explained why he found the viewpoint of the pastoral "peculiarly difficult to understand" by saying that he could "hardly conceive of any art which is not the expression of an individual mind."[4] What is unusual about *Elizabeth and Essex* is thus not the strength of Strachey's presence, but the generosity of his stance.

After the distancing irony of the Victorian portraits the sheer warmth of *Elizabeth and Essex* tends to come as something of a surprise. Yet C. R. Sanders is right to remind us that "It has been a mistake to assume, as some critics have done, that when Strachey ventured out of the Victorian period he was getting out of his element . . . the Elizabethans were his first love."[5] In fact, two great loves of Strachey's life coalesce in this last work: his love of the Renaissance, and his love of England. He views his Elizabethan subjects as the epitome of qualities he has long cherished in both the age and the country: national pride, abundant vitality, artistic accomplishment, and a subtle ambiguity of spirit.

In the opening pages of the portrait, Strachey glories in the "tremendous work" which "made England a coherent nation, finally independent of the Continent, and produced a state of affairs in which the energies of the country could find free scope."[6] This nationalism is a more persistent force in Strachey's thinking than is sometimes supposed. As early as his 1908 "Shakespeariana" article he described Henry V's "magnificent and stirring speech" before the battle of Agincourt as "perhaps the most splendid piece of patriotic poetry in the English language."[7] He returned to the theme in his 1914 essay on Voltaire and England, praising "the great achievements of the Revolution and splendid triumphs of Marlborough", because they "brought to England freedom, power, wealth, and that source of high exhilaration which springs from victory and self-confidence."[8] The tone and phrasing of the following passage from *Elizabeth and Essex*, in which Strachey applauds Essex's sturdy English spirit of independence, closely parallels the earlier description of Marlborough:

> [Essex] became the focus of the new Elizabethan patriotism . . . that was the manifestation of that enormous daring, that superb self-confidence, that thrilling sense of solidarity, which after so many years of doubt and preparation, had come to the English race when the smoke had rolled away and the storm subsided, and there was revealed the wreck of the Armada. (68)

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Strachey is also drawn to the Elizabethans by pride in the continuity of his English heritage. He enjoys tracing Essex's descent "from all the great houses of mediaeval England" (2–3) because this transference of family characteristics provides evidence of the revitalization of the national character. And when he remarks that for many generations the Russells, Cavendishes and Cecils "*were* England" and that "it is difficult to imagine an England without them even today" (1), Strachey is expressing satisfaction with the staying power of English social institutions. It is doubtful if the vast masses of Rowntree's urban poor would have shared his enthusiasm, but Strachey's own background led him to feel a strong attachment to the England such noble families represented. In the lives of these and the other Elizabethans about whom he writes, Strachey sees the story of his own as well as of his country's past. His attitude is neatly characterized by the comment he makes about the goblet Essex presented to Cambridge University. It serves, he says, "to remind passing generations of Englishmen at once of the tumult of the past and of the placid continuity of their history" (181).

Not surprisingly, another source of Strachey's enthusiasm for his subjects is his admiration for the artistic accomplishments of Renaissance England. He glowingly describes the period after the defeat of the Armada as a time when "the snows of the germinating winter had melted, and the wonderful spring of Elizabethan culture burst into life" (8). The age, he tells us, "was that of Marlowe and Spenser, of the early Shakespeare and the Francis Bacon of the Essays" (8). Among its supreme achievements were "the splendour of *Tamburlaine*", and "the exquisiteness of *Venus and Adonis*" (9). And the queen after whom the age was named was "the supreme phenomenon" of its cultural flowering (10), the "champion" of the Renaissance, "the mistress of six languages besides her own, a student of Greek, a superb calligraphist, an excellent musician . . . a connoisseur of painting and poetry", a fine dancer and a witty conversationalist (17–18).

Of course, Strachey's respect for Elizabeth's intellectual accomplishments is just one facet of his general admiration for the vitality of sixteenth century England. He thinks of the Queen as a "fierce old hen . . . brooding over the English nation whose pullulating energies were coming swiftly to ripeness and unity under her wings" (16). By contrast, he describes her adversary, Philip of Spain, as "the symptom of a dying organism" (16). Throughout the work he counterpoints the pragmatic vigour of English political leadership with the dogmatic rigidity of Spain. For example, having ended Chapter IX with a

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description of the return of the defeated leader of the Third Armada to a king who is "almost unconscious with anxiety and disease" (146), Strachey opens Chapter X ebulliently with the words: "Essex, too, had come back, and had to face a mistress who was by no means dying" (148).

And last, but by no means least, Strachey responds with pleasure to the ambiguity of the Elizabethans. "It is," he says, "the contradictions of the age that baffle our imagination and perplex our intelligence. Human beings, no doubt, would cease to be human beings unless they were inconsistent, but the inconsistency of the Elizabethans exceeds the limits permitted to man" (8–9). Part of the appeal of Essex lies in the fact that "his spirit, wayward, melancholy and splendid belonged to the Renaissance—the English Renaissance, in which the conflicting currents of ambition, learning, religion and lasciviousness were so subtly interwoven" (123). And much of the fascination of Elizabeth lies in what Strachey calls her "baroque" inconsistencies, particularly in the way "every part of her being was permeated by the bewildering discordances of the real and the apparent" (10).

We might be tempted to ascribe Strachey's unusually generous treatment of his subjects solely to his known enthusiasm for Renaissance England were it not for the intensity of the dramatic effects in *Elizabeth and Essex*. Strachey's attitudes may find their most obvious outlet in his role as sympathetic narrator-interpreter, but they are also powerfully expressed in his shaping of the narrative as a "tragic history". Indeed, it is Strachey's essentially tragic vision of the relationship between the Queen and her courtier which gives his study its unity and coherence. Ostensibly the story of both Elizabeth and Essex, the work has in fact only one true hero: Essex. Structured on the classic tragic pattern of exposition, rising action, climax, falling action, catastrophe and dénoument, the formal and emotional centre of the biography is the man whose demise is so carefully anticipated, and whose tragic end completely overshadows the death of his queen.

The first two chapters introduce the protagonist and set the scene. From Chapters III–VIII Strachey's narrative line steadily follows the ascending star of Essex as he moves from being merely the queen's boyish favourite to being "Master of the Horse and Knight of the Garter" (32), and then a privileged member of the queen's inner cabinet who "almost attained the position of an alternative Foreign Secretary" (49). The climax in Essex's career, and in Strachey's narrative, is the Earl's triumphant return from the Cadiz Expedition (108). At this time, comments Strachey, "It was difficult to conceive what could pre-

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vent Essex from becoming before long the real ruler of England" (114). As in Spenser's "Prothalamion," "the prowess and the person of Essex stand forth, lustrous and dazzling before all eyes" (116).

During the rest of Chapter VIII and at the beginning of Chapter IX, Strachey slows the pace for reasons of dramatic suspense, by giving us detailed analyses of the characters of Essex and Bacon (116–131), accounts of Essex's reconciliation with the Queen and departure for Spain (131–4), and a description of King Philip of Spain (135–8). However, this section of the narrative functions as a sort of false plateau. Only a few pages into Chapter X Strachey ringingly marks the downturn of Essex's fortunes and the turning point in his own narrative, by announcing that the tempest which destroyed the Armada "was only an ominous prologue to the tragedy" (139), remarking: "From that moment misfortune steadily deepened upon him" (139).

From this moment, the portrait inexorably charts Essex's plummeting fortunes. Furthermore, Strachey directly attributes this fatal sequence of events to various flaws in Essex's character: his gross error of judgment in attacking San Miguel (145); his unwise struggle with the Cecils over foreign policy (165–6); his unpardonably insulting behaviour towards his sovereign (168–9); the incomplete reconciliation which follows the long breach between himself and Elizabeth as a result of this quarrel (182–5); his reckless candidature for the Lieutenancy of Ireland (186–91), his failure in Ireland (Chapter XII); the ensuing disgrace (Chapter XIII); and finally, the Rebellion (Chapter XIV). Essex's trial and death brings the tragic history to an end (Chapter XV), except for the dénoument of the last two chapters.

Essex's role perfectly matches A. C. Bradley's definition of the Shakespearean tragic hero: "a person of high degree or public importance", whose nature is "exceptional", and "whose error, joining with other causes bring on him ruin."[9] His stature is confirmed by the way Strachey favourably contrasts Essex's magnanimously foolish loyalty to his friends with Francis Bacon's pettily opportunistic defections and Machiavellian schemes. In addition, Essex's faults, though admitted, are passed over in such a way that we agonize over his failures rather than condemn them. His part in the Lopez affair, for example, is excused as being characteristic of an age in which "the wisest and the ablest . . . were utterly unable to perceive that the conclusions which the evidence they had collected seemed to force upon them, were, in reality, simply the result of the machinery they themselves had set in motion" (80). Even the vacillating weakness which follows

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Essex's trial is described as "painful" (254), and Strachey moves swiftly and deliberately to a triumphant death scene which erases the earlier scenes of humiliation from the reader's mind (261–3). The final image of the earl is of a young man standing "tall, splendid, bare-headed, with his fair hair about his shoulders" (263).[10] Despite the fact that the work does not end here, its emotional energy expires with Essex.

Heroic though the figure of Essex is, Strachey never allows him to become simply a lifeless abstraction of his dramatic role. Details of his words and actions impart recognizably human dimensions to the otherwise archetypally tragic quality of the man. Thus, one catches a vivid glimpse of Essex's careless impetuous nature in the description of him giving "his legs and arms to his ordinary servants to button and dress him, with little heed, his head and face to his barber, his eyes to his letters, and ears to his petitioners" (120); something of his unpolitic directness in his hasty words to Burghley as they drive together through London (57–8); a good deal about his hot temper from the quarrels with Elizabeth over Raleigh (30–33) and Knollys (168–9); and much about his passionate nature from his letters to Bacon (110), his mother (122–3), and the Queen (133–4, 149, 150, 202–3, 208–9).

Nor is Essex simply a psychological Theophrastian "character", as one critic has suggested.[11] Neither he nor Elizabeth is truly single-faceted. As the tragic protagonist, Essex is more nearly an archetypal figure than the Queen, but even he does not escape the biographer's dramatic irony altogether. Indeed, whereas Strachey's heavily ironic attitude towards minor figures such as Bacon and Philip of Spain results in caricature, it is his critical attention to Essex's shortcomings which rescues Strachey's hero from the opposite fate of hagiography. The weaknesses at which Strachey pokes fun most often are Essex's lack of subtlety (107), and his intellectual limitations. The earl, he says, "could never distinguish very clearly between a personality and an argument" (251). On occasion Strachey even emphasizes the unpleasantly brash streak in Essex's bravery, as in the following description of the Earl's triumphant" return from Cadiz:[12]

> A shattering blow had been dealt to the hated enemy, and in the popular opinion it was to the young Earl, so daring, so chivalrous, so obviously romantic, that the victory was due. The old Lord Admiral had played no great part in the affair, and the fact that the whole expedition would have been a failure if the advice of Raleigh had not been followed at the critical moment was unknown. (109)

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In any case, even to the extent that Elizabeth and Essex may be considered types, they are formulated less as Theophrastian "characters" than as idealized objects of Strachey's admiration and affection. His dramatic presentation of their lives owes more to his emotional engagement with their story than it does to aesthetic or psychoanalytic theories. This is not to say that Strachey's use of certain theatrical techniques is in itself conclusive proof of such an involvement. His emphasis on moments of confrontation as a means of highlighting key motivations and psychological traits is as typical of *Eminent Victorians* and *Queen Victoria* as it is of *Elizabeth and Essex*. We also know that *Elizabeth and Essex* had its origins in *Essex: A Tragedy,* a blank verse play Strachey wrote in October/November 1909.[13] What does, however, strongly suggest that Strachey's choice of a dramatic approach in *Elizabeth and Essex* was determined as much by attitudinal as by artistic considerations is the fact that he opted uncharacteristically for the tragic rather than the ironic mode. The result, as we have seen, is a narrative centred with remarkable intensity on a heroic figure who is depicted in surprisingly generous terms.

Beyond the evidence of the text itself, Strachey's manuscripts, diaries and letters confirm some almost Baudelairean "correspondances" between certain of the biographer's real life roles and attitudes and major aspects of his interpretive role in *Elizabeth and Essex*. The most notable correlations are between Strachey's lifelong tendency to lionize young macho males and his admiring portrait of Essex, and between his role in the affair with Roger Senhouse and his depiction of Elizabeth's affair with Essex. A comparison of *Essex: A Tragedy* and *Elizabeth and Essex* suggests one further significant correlation: between the marked growth in Strachey's self-confidence in the period 1909 to 1928 and the intensification of his focus on Essex in the later work. Taken as a whole, this biographical and literary material confirms that even though *Elizabeth and Essex* was from the first conceived as a play, it was events in Strachey's life which catalyzed, focussed, and heightened the impetus towards full drama.

Strachey did not lionize all his young male friends,[14] nor were all the objects of his passion macho males. Nevertheless, the hero-worship of vigorous youths is an enduring psychological trait. He first publically celebrated the "Pagan scampers of a boy" in his undergraduate verse,[15] and it was Cambridge which was home to all those "pink and delightful" embryonic Apostles.[16] Through the years there were many handsome young strangers glimpsed from afar, such as the "very nice red-cheeked, black-haired youth of the lower classes" in the

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"heavenly rugby shirt";[17] the "young postman with the fair hair and lovely country complexion";[18] and the "sublime Venetian gondolier."[19] There were also the athletic men of action he admired at somewhat closer quarters: Thoby Steven, "a heroic figure";[20] George Mallory, "six foot high, with the body of an athlete by Praxiteles, and a face—oh incredible—the mystery of Boticelli, the refinement and delicacy of a Chinese print, the youth and piquancy of an unimaginable English boy";[21] and Ralph Partridge, who "seemed born to lead anything from a Polar expedition to an infantry assault."[22]

These virile young men were, however, more often objects of fantasy than actual lovers. In his more intimate affairs Strachey's ideals were tempered by a pragmatic appreciation of realities. A splendid torso may have offered reassuring compensation for his own sense of physical inadequacy, but its owner rarely promised much in the way of intellectual or artistic companionship. Attraction deepened into attachment only when the loved one shared Strachey's interests, as in the case of Duncan Grant, Henry Lamb, Philip Ritchie, and Roger Senhouse. An awareness of the scope and complexity of Strachey's relationships with other men is a salutory reminder that the correspondances between his life and art should not be viewed as either fixed or total. The admiring portrait of the Earl in *Elizabeth and Essex* reflects only one, albeit an important, facet of Strachey's personality: his tendency to idealize handsome young men.

If the history of Strachey's homosexuality limits even as it confirms certain general correspondances between his life and art, the vicissitudes of Strachey's affair with Roger Senhouse point to a particularly close intersection of the lives of Strachey, Elizabeth and Essex in the period betwen October 1925 and May 1928. Like Elizabeth, Strachey was unsuccessfully wooing a reluctant lover. According to Michael Holroyd, who has had access to all Strachey's papers, the biographer saw in the story of the aging queen and courtier "much that reflected back his own tragic history."[23] Holroyd accordingly ascribes Strachey's unconscionably slow progress on the manuscript of *Elizabeth and Essex* to the discomforting overlap between the author's sentiments for Senhouse, and those Elizabeth felt for Essex.[24] Strachey certainly told his sister Dorothy that he was leading "a dog's life between Queen Elizabeth's love affairs and my own."[25] It is interesting that Senhouse apparently shared the belief that "there was a fantasy element" in his relationship with Lytton "that went into and came out of the book."[26]

The depth of Strachey's involvement with his subject in 1928 is further suggested by the intensification of focus on Essex which occurred

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between the completion of *Essex: A Tragedy* in 1909 and the publication of *Elizabeth and Essex* in 1928.[27] In 1909 Essex shared the stage with Elizabeth, and Lord and Lady Nottingham, as well as with Lady Essex, Cecil, Bacon, and minor courtiers. By 1928 he is the structural and emotional centre of the narrative. He also cuts a far more noble figure than in the earlier work. In 1909 his folly and treachery stood in sharp relief to the sagacity and patriotism of Lord Nottingham,[28] and his frigid renunciation of Lady Nottingham contrasted poorly with the lady's steadfast devotion to him.[29] By 1928, Essex's most grievous faults are either downplayed or passed over with pain.

Although it would be misleading to consider the depiction of Essex as nothing more than a projection of Strachey's affair with Senhouse, it is clear that increasing self-confidence liberated a much freer interplay between the drama of Strachey's life and art in 1928 than it did in 1909. By the time he wrote *Elizabeth and Essex,* the erstwhile gauche diarist of Liverpool days had become an accomplished man of letters, feted by society, and comfortably established in the supportive *ménage à trois* at Ham Spray. He had left behind him for good the academic disappointments of Cambridge, and the insecurities and miseries of his years as a London reviewer. Ironically, *Elizabeth and Essex* illustrates the dangers as well as the rewards of that success.[30] Insofar as Essex is presented as a tragic hero, he is the idealized object of Strachey's admiration and affection; the role that in real life Senhouse stubbornly refused to play. Equally, insofar as Essex evades his biographer's idealizing attentions, he emerges in the detached light of Strachey's irony as a flawed but distinctly separate individual in his own right. Thus, the largest question posed by Strachey's point of view in *Elizabeth and Essex* concerns the extent to which Strachey's subjects may be said to be damagingly overshadowed by the author himself.

It is no easy matter for a biographer with well defined opinions to provide the requisite artistic and interpretive control without becoming an unduly obtrusive or dominating presence. And in *Elizabeth and Essex* there is no doubt that Strachey sailed dangerously close to the wind. The intensity with which the lives of biographer and biographee converge produces the formal unity of Strachey's "tragic history", but it also causes the partial stereotyping of his subjects. Strachey is like Donne's lover in "The Good Morrow", whose eyes both see and reflect the world he examines.[31] Not only do the attitudes which shape his role in interpersonal relationships shape his role as a biographer, but by 1928 the drama of his personal life is actually played out in the history he constructs from the lives of Elizabeth and Essex. Attitude,

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drama and role are the psychological constants of a world inhabited simultaneously by Strachey, his friends and his Elizabethan subjects. Nonetheless, despite the tremendous power of Strachey's point of view, the "life" behind the work threatens, but does not succeed in eclipsing the "life" that is its subject.

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NOTES

1. As Strachey's least known work, *Elizabeth and Essex* is not carried by many bookstores. For this reason I have used the 1972 Chatto and Windus reprint of the original (1928) edition, which is readily available in libraries. Although recent full-length studies of Strachey's work are relatively few, readers interested in his contribution to biography may wish to consult the following: Burton Leonard Cooper, *The Cultural Milieu of Lytton Strachey,* Ph.D. Thesis, University of Michigan, 1966; Leon Edel, *Bloomsbury: A House of Lions* (New York: J. B. Lippincott Company, 1979); Lawrence Arnold Garber, *Bloomsbury Biography,* Ph.D. Thesis, University of Toronto, 1973; Michael Holroyd and Paul Levy, eds., *The Shorter Strachey* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1980); Paul Levy, *G. E. Moore and the Cambridge Apostles* (London: Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 1979); Gabriel Merle, *Lytton Strachey,* Université de Lille, 1980; Perry Meisel, "Strachey's Counterplot," *Structuralist Review, 2* (1978), 3–12; George K. Simson, *Lytton Strachey's Use of His Sources in Eminent Victorians,* Ph.D. Thesis, University of Minnesota, 1963.
2. *The Notebooks of Samuel Coleridge,* ed., Kathleen Cobourn (London: Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1957), 1, 74.
3. In a tribute written shortly after Strachey's death, Leonard Woolf said: "I think that the most significant thing about Lytton Strachey both as a person and as a writer is that his writings came so directly from himself, from the very core of his character." Leonard Woolf, "Lytton Strachey," *The Bloomsbury Group: A Collection of Memoirs, Commentary, and Criticism,* ed., S. P. Rosenbaum (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1975), p. 178. (Hereafter cited as Rosenbaum).
4. Lytton Strachey, "The Pastoral," *The Spectator,* 97 (1906), 132.
5. C. R. Sanders, *Lytton Strachey: His Mind and Art* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1957), p. 97.
6. Lytton Strachey, *Elizabeth and Essex* (London: Chatto and Windus, 1928; 1972), p. 7. All subsequent references will be to this edition. For convenience, page numbers will be given in brackets after the quotation.
7. Lytton Strachey, "Shakespeariana," *The Spectator, 100* (1908), 537.
8. Lytton Strachey, "Voltaire and England," *Biographical Essays* (London: Chatto and Windus, 1960), p. 68.
9. A. C. Bradley, *Shakespearean Tragedy* (London: Macmillan, 1904; 1960), pp. 19, 20, 21.
10. Strachey's account contrasts greatly with J. E. Neales much less sympathetic description of Essex's death which, like the rest of his study, emphasizes the

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Earl's culpability. J. E. Neale, *Queen Elizabeth I* (London: Jonathan Cape, 1934; 1958), pp. 374–6. See also Robert Lacey, *Robert, Earl of Essex: An Elizabethan Icarus* (London: Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 1971), pp. 115–20.

11. Lawrence Arnold Garber, "Strachey's *Elizabeth and Essex*," *Dalhousie Review*, Autumn 1976, p. 414.
12. See also Strachey's account of Essex's failure in Ireland (208–10).
13. Michael Holroyd, *Lytton Strachey: A Biography* (Harmondsworth: Penguin Books, 1971), pp. 430–1.
14. Consider, for example, the important roles of various "brother confessors" such as Leonard Woolf, Maynard Keynes, James Strachey, and Dadie Rylands. Holroyd, pp. 142, 244–5, 291, 387, 1038.
15. Lytton Strachey, "Ningamus Serta Rosarum," *Euphrosyne: A Collection of Verse* (Cambridge: Elijah Johnson, 1905), p. 11.
16. Lytton Strachey, Letter to Leonard Woolf, 30 November 1904, quoted by Holroyd, p. 246.
17. Lytton Strachey, Letter to Henry Lamb, 20 February 1914, quoted by Holroyd, p. 555.
18. Lytton Strachey, "Monday June 26th 1916," a paper read to the Memoir Club, reprinted in Rosenbaum, p. 6.
19. Lytton Strachey, Letter to Ralph Partridge, 24 June 1922, quoted by Holroyd, p. 346.
20. Lytton Strachey, Letter to B. W. Swithinbank, 1 July 1905, quoted by Holroyd, p. 140.
21. Lytton Strachey, Letter to Clive and Vanessa Bell, 21 May 1909, quoted by Holroyd, p. 417.
22. Lytton Strachey, Letter to Gerald Brenan, quoted by Holroyd, p. 763.
23. Holroyd, p. 948.
24. Holroyd, pp. 912, 948, 953–5, 962–3.
25. Lytton Strachey, Letter to Dorothy Bussy, 11 June 1927, quoted by Holroyd, p. 867.
26. In a letter to the author (12 January 1977), Michael Holroyd said: "After he read the book, R(oger) S(enhouse) confirmed that there was a fantasy element to their relationship that went into, and came out of, the book."
27. The only copy of *Essex: A Tragedy* is a holograph of Acts I and III held by the Strachey Trust. My thanks go to Paul Levy who kindly allowed me access to the manuscript. All further references are to this text.
28. Lord Nottingham condemns both Essex's conduct in Ireland and his part in the Rebellion. *Essex: A Tragedy,* Act I, Scene 1, lines 55–67, and Act III, lines 55–67, and Act III, 102–117.
29. *Essex: A Tragedy,* Act III, lines 352–364, 397–409.
30. Interestingly, Wilfred Stone recently made a similar point about E. M. Forster in his review of Furbank's biography, when he commented: "Forster's emergence from his own closet by no means meant his liberation as a writer, but in a sense meant the opposite." Wilfred Stone, "Forster Biography," *Biography* 3:3 (Summer 1980), 259.
31. John Donne, "The Good Morrow," line 15: "My face in thine eyes, thine in mine appears".

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A. J. Plotke

Eric Kennington and *Seven Pillars of Wisdom:* A Reassessment

The role of Eric Henri Kennington (1888–1960) in the creation of T. E. Lawrence's *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* has been grossly underestimated in the years since that book's 1926 private publication. Scholars have long regarded *Seven Pillars* as Lawrence's alone; to him only has been ascribed the book's literary, historical, and artistic triumphs and failures. That conceit has been a convenient one but, at least in the artistic sense, it has not been the whole truth. In fact, *Seven Pillars'* production owed much more to Kennington than it did to Lawrence, and Lawrence himself was far from reluctant to admit it. In his 'Introduction' to Kennington's Arab pastel exhibit, Lawrence wrote, 'If anybody likes any of these illustrations he owes thanks to Kennington, who, apart from his creative work, took over the duty of art-editor, and for five years oversaw each proof of every block.'[1]

Why this academic ignorance exists is surely self-evident. Kennington was successful enough in his day, but was never a member of any formal or informal 'school' of art which might have perpetuated his work. As a result, most of what he created has by now generally been forgotten or overshadowed by such contemporary luminaries as Henry Moore and Eric Gill,[2] and Kennington's association with Lawrence has been relegated to footnotes.[3] Yet in the between-war period, Kennington was Lawrence's teacher, and the prime facilitator of Lawrence's artistic dreams for *Seven Pillars.*

Certainly Lawrence's ambitions and intentions for *Seven Pillars* have been exhaustively analysed and ranked. First came his personal

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need to justify both the British presence in Arabia and the concurrent Arabian right to independence. In that sense, *Seven Pillars* was and is a political and military tract. Second came Lawrence's commitment to the historical record, which forced him to record, as honestly as he felt able, and as far as he could ascertain, the bare events of the Arab Revolt, using both personal recollection and other participants' trustworthy memories. Third, but gradually more important to him, was his pursuit of excellence through the crafting of a master-work of English prose after the fashion of C. M. Doughty's *Travels in Arabia Deserta.* Finally, Lawrence also hoped to make his book a marvel of the printer's art. By extending the aesthetic manifesto of William Morris and applying it to *Seven Pillars,* Lawrence hoped to produce a volume as shocking in its contradictions as the war. Thus, the elegance of the typography was to contrast with the brutality of Kennington's desert warriors and with the violence Lawrence detailed so precisely in the text. Yet not all goals were pursued with equal vigor, nor were they conceived simultaneously. Some came to seem more vital to him than others at various times between 1919 and 1926. Certainly Lawrence's early devotion to strict truth became less important as his work on *Seven Pillars* progressed, just as his propagandistic efforts grew less intense after the Cairo Conference of 1922 promised an end to Britain's Middle Eastern adventurism.

Lawrence's ambition for literary success remained dominant long after the other goals lost their immediacy or importance, but by 1922 that too seemed an object not only unattainable but absurd. His physical and emotional fatigue, owing as much to delayed war reaction as to his increasing difficulty in regaining control of his life made all writing a kind of torment both selfish and meaningless, and the autobiographical work nearly intolerable. What remained, oddly enough, was the artistic, or 'creative' facet of the book's production. Of all the work Lawrence devoted to *Seven Pillars* that portion alone represented a group effort, for while he solicited criticism on the text (without necessarily taking it), the selection and creation of illustrations was an area in which he had only the most rudimentary skill and in which he was forced to accept outside advice to carry out his plan. Eric Kennington filled the role of mentor admirably, both in his expertise and in his willingness to share it with Lawrence.

Even so, how could Lawrence, so accustomed to holding absolute control, give way to someone else, particularly on this project? The answer lies partly in Lawrence's personality and partly in circumstances quite beyond his power. One of Lawrence's characteristics was

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his easy manipulation of his fellows, a manipulation that was apparently seldom resented by those on whom it was practised. Lawrence's readiness to take advantage of his friends' skills was most certainly an element of his success, just as his personal charm enabled him to avoid most of the more invidious consequences of that manipulation: but it was quite a different thing to be forced to ask for assistance rather than demand information. The first was normal behaviour for him, while the second, seemingly only a little different, was an entirely new situation. Thus, it was natural that after Lawrence had decided to augment the bare text of *Seven Pillars* with illustrations he would search out artists willing to exercise their skills at his direction and capable of executing designs on command; what came as something of a shock to him was the realisation that he had neither the capacity nor the discernment to make desirable choices. His ability to use others without any particular distress led to the understanding that he was, in this case, incapable of informed decisions, and instead of controlling must relinquish power in order to accomplish what he wanted.

To begin this phase of *Seven Pillars* then, Lawrence had either to educate himself in all aspects of modern art, or find someone with the necessary skill and connexions in London's art world who was willing to take charge, theoretically under Lawrence's overall, but in fact, purely nominal governance. The latter was more easily realised within a shorter period than the former alternative. All that remained for Lawrence was to choose who would carry out the scheme, and in that he had definite ideas. It was necessary that the hypothetical artist be unattached, in order to be available to Lawrence at short notice, be able to share Lawrence's vision as well as could Lawrence himself, have the artistic superiority Lawrence demanded, and as well be able to command the variegated group of artists who would draw for *Seven Pillars*.

It is difficult to say just how intense Lawrence's search was. It is known he sat for numerous artists when he returned to England in late 1918; claiming to be looking for an exterior appraisal of himself, Lawrence believed that artists might provide the desired dispassionless assessment.[4] According to Ronald Storrs, Lawrence believed that 'it seemed . . . that every portrait drawing of a stranger-sitter partook somewhat of the judgement of God.'[5] At the same time Lawrence was trying to enlarge his knowledge of the artists available to fulfill the position he had to offer. Lawrence frequented art shows in the pursuit, and was eventually rewarded by the discovery of Kennington's work at the Leicester Galleries in London.

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Kennington was ideally suited to Lawrence's needs. Born the same year as Lawrence, sharing with him an opposition to 'team-work' in its more puerile sense,[6] an individualist of no mean conviction, Kennington was the son of a minor Academy portraitist, educated at the Hammersmith School and the school of St. Paul's and early on was committed to art as a career. After leaving school he survived on various portrait commissions, one of which took him as far as Russia.[7] Kennington enlisted in 1914 in the Kensingtons and served in France, although never ranked higher than private. Invalided out of the army in 1915, he painted on glass his 'Kensingtons at Lavantie', a work that gained him admiration from his peers as well as recognition from the military establishment. The creation of the 'Official War Artists' program by Lord Beaverbrook (Max Aitken) returned Kennington to the Western Front, this time to record scenes and portraits of the battlefield. His inclusion in the program was at least in part at the instigation of Sir William Rothenstein.[8] The second visit was conducted in considerably more comfort than the first, although Kennington's predilection toward sketching the front lines at the front lines, his awkwardness in obtaining transport and his unfortunate arrests by suspicious members of the British Army made the duty only slightly less hazardous.[9] Among the other British 'Official Artists' were such notables as William Rothenstein, Eric Gill, Paul Nash and William Orpen, as well as with the Canadian forces, Augustus John.[10]

These unusually evocative drawings are among Kennington's best work, reflecting not only the awesomely terrible conditions of trench warfare, but as well, the fatigue and fortitude of the men imprisoned within them. Kennington and Rothenstein were subsequently attached to the Canadian War Records department with Kennington 'making remarkable studies of Canadian soldiers . . . until the end of May 1919.'[11] It was this collection of sketches that Kennington exhibited in London after the war and which were seen by Lawrence.

William Rothenstein's judgement of Kennington's work was admiring, and he had gone to a great deal of trouble to acquire Kennington for the War Artists program.[12] He had known 'nothing of Kennington until going by chance into the Goupil Galleries I saw a large painting on glass of a war scene in the snow *The Kensingtons at Lavantie,* and was at once struck by its power.'[13] Yet as an artist of rather old-fashioned values Rothenstein complained that 'Kennington was content to draw tents and shacks and camp rubbish at Montigny',[14] instead of the more elaborate set pieces Rothenstein preferred. Later he was less than wholehearted in his opinion of the 'form or the make-

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up of [*Seven Pillars*]'.[15] Rothenstein called the art plates 'brutal'[16] prompting Lawrence to assert that *Seven Pillars*, in its use of un-ruled or marginless plates should be regarded 'as a protest against the illustrated book.'[17] That was Lawrence's public stance. In his letter to Kennington of 20 June 1925, Lawrence *had* suggested at great length that some of the plates be bordered; technical difficulties as much as preference changed his mind. Lawrence noticed that the 'collotype grounds . . . [are] not perfectly clean. I expect it isn't possible to clean them. If so, why not carry the "ground" to the edge. I don't like a dead-white margin to a nearly-dead-white background of a black or sanguine drawing.' A month later, on 7 July, Lawrence again suggested a 'coloured border' for a drawing by Henry Lamb, and detailed what sort of borders would be suitable for each plate. It was only after extensive analysis of each plate that Lawrence suddenly asked Kennington 'Why have margins at all? The designs might go right out to the edge in nearly every case, like the Feisal head: little or no margin.' Thus the decision that Rothenstein was to criticise as 'brutal' and Lawrence defend as deliberate, was not prompted by any initial desire to make the illustrations look 'monstrous';[18] rather it was a matter of technical expediency first, and appearance second.

Kennington's war exhibition of June 1919 led to Lawrence's purchase of two drawings, and an invitation to meet, which, coming after Kennington had seen the Lowell Thomas travel talk prepared Kennington to expect a prince of the desert, an encarnate myth from the Arabian Nights.[19] Kennington was no more immune to the Lawrence madness that enthralled London than anyone else; indeed, it can be argued that Kennington was even more susceptible to the event. We have his recollection of that first meeting, prefaced by his account of having come out of the travelogue awed by 'the glorious photography, glamour and oratory. . . . But nobody seemed to know anything about Lawrence of Arabia, and [I] began to forget, till a picture dealer said "There was a Colonel Lawrence in here this morning. He has bought two of your soldiers and left his address." '[20] It was during the subsequent visit that Lawrence broached the question of illustrations;

> ' "I've written a book . . . a poor thing without illustrations to help it through. Do you know any artists who could make portraits from photographs?" I said they would be no good. The artist must see the person. "What a pity. For my sitters are in various parts of Arabia." I asked, Did he wish me to go out and draw them. He giggled: "You cannot have any conception of the difficulties. I should have to be your guide, and it would be expensive. I have no money." How much? I asked; I could

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make some. "Well, six hundred pounds would make life easy for us for . . . would six months be sufficient?" '[21]

Lawrence later claimed he had no way of knowing that an honest artist could possibly come by 'six hundred pounds', but as it happened Kennington had a portrait commission for just that amount.[22] (An extraordinary co-incidence, yet one that was as likely as not.) Kennington's record is the only one we have of the way the plan was hatched, but in six months Kennington was indeed in Arabia, drawing all those whom Lawrence felt it necessary to include in *Seven Pillars*. Kennington's very ingenuousness, in the teeth of his war experience, travel and age tends to guarantee the veracity of his testimony. The meeting was an important one for Kennington; it would be simple to believe he exaggerated the event in some way or another, as did so many other of Lawrence's friends, but more reasonable, in light of Kennington's consistent innocence to understand that he probably did not. Lawrence, who was both especially vulnerable to the myth-makers, and to the over-elaborate recollection of his every word and deed by those around him, did embroider his achievements, and in that way was less than truthful, but it is not his memory in this case which is in question, nor his truthfulness which especially matters. If, as a result of the mores of the time Lawrence's more grandiloquent fancies were accepted as fact, he is less to blame than has been supposed. Concomittantly, he did not choose to ignore the wilder forms of self-generated publicity, but rather seemed to have used the tales for his own purposes instead of spending his time trying to correct them. Lawrence's conviction was that *Seven Pillars* would serve truth well enough since it would only be seen by those who 'mattered.' Until he was ready, therefore, Lawrence would enjoy his nation's attention, turning it toward men in authority so that they would be influenced by his perception of the Arab Revolt and perhaps rectify the faults of British imperial policy. When criticised he would rather claim credit for decisions possibly not his own in order to shield from obloquy those who had more to lose. In asserting for example, that the minor decision on the matter of illustration margins was his alone, he protected Kennington, who had a reputation for artistic precision among his peers from the consequences of any perceived clumsiness. By taking the responsibility for occupying Damascus against orders he protected Faisal, who, had it been shown had acted against the interests of the British paramountcy, had a country to lose.

Lawrence's self-aggrandisement was a shield for his friends and a

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test for the gullible. At most, it was a question of how far he could go before the tales grew too improbable. It was generally these latter stories which have been remembered, and which have been the focus of the hottest disapproval by opponents of the 'Lawrence of Arabia' hagiography. Naturally, they are easy enough *to* disprove. Kennington's straightforward recollections are therefore immensely valuable, reflecting the obverse Lawrence and his motivations. Kennington was able to separate 'tales' from reality; his basis of judgement appears to have been that whatever pertained to the actual artistic and creative construction of *Seven Pillars* is accurately recalled, while his stories of 'Lawrence of Arabia' need to be heavily substantiated. The latter are, ultimately, disposable. The former was, as Kennington knew, much more important to himself and to the Lawrence he admired.

In Kennington, Lawrence found the sort of man he wanted as art editor; well qualified, willing to take an amateur's advice, and yet able to preserve that integrity to his art which made him immune to Lawrence's automatic manipulation. In addition, Kennington not only was willing to join in Lawrence's plans but capable of doing so with hardly any advance notice. The consensus of artistic opinion too, was that Kennington had enormous talent, a consensus that Lawrence gathered from his contacts within the art community in London, and from such discerning art collectors as Ronald Storrs who commented that Kennington was 'a superlative draftsman'[23] with a skill 'acquired with enormous and unremitting labour in youth. . . . [and which] has enabled him to suggest by one swift stroke the modelling, the texture, almost the colouring of a cheek or a chin.'[24] That draftsmanship was invaluable in the spartan conditions of Arabia. The pastels had to be done right the first time, for there was, with most of his subjects, no corrective second chance.[25]

Kennington's return to London with what were subsequently called the 'Arab pastels' came at an especially disquieting time for Lawrence. Still tied to work at the Colonial Office, he was desperate to leave, start over, make a stab at anonymity—in effect finally begin to forget his war. He was at the lowest possible point in both his own self-esteem and in his estimation of the draft *Seven Pillars,* and was on the verge of destroying it. He had already 'lost' at least one draft, had little confidence in another. Kennington's pictures made actual destruction of the manuscript an impossibility. Not only had Lawrence the actual responsibility for the portraits' existence but they suggested a new approach to the dilemma of absolute truthfulness and literary mastery he felt he could not otherwise resolve. They were the source of Law-

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rence's decision to let the artists tell the truth of the Revolt and its participants.[26] It was not illustration in the conventional sense of reflecting incidents elaborated in the text; instead it was the responsibility of the pictures to interpret faithfully the truth at which prose only hinted. Lawrence was aware of the potential for suggestion inherent in the Kennington pictures. In his letter of 27 October 1922 he described the effect the pictures were having on him, particularly the watercolours 'Dysentery', 'Nightmare' and 'Snowstorm';

> 'Your drawings are wonderful. . . . I never imagined my chance of getting such pictures. The tangled thought is only less good than these. . . .
>
> There's a hypnotic suggestiveness about your work, which makes me give in to it, when I stare at it. So I like the dream very much in retrospect.'[27]

Simply, Lawrence tested the effect Kennington's pictures might have on his readers by testing his reactions to them, with the goal being 'a hypnotic suggestiveness', rather than any form of blatant or vulgar representation. The object was to set the various components of the book at odds with each other in order to convey the crashing chaos of the time and place to a reader who could never otherwise comprehend it.

It was only after the delivery of Kennington's 'Arabs' that Lawrence's plans for publication became definite, and only after Kennington's formal assumption of the art editorship that Lawrence began to speak seriously of turning the physical element of *Seven Pillars* into something rather extraordinary. While Lawrence's passion for Kelmscott Press work, and for fine printing generally had been known for some time, his tentative hope that *Seven Pillars* might rival those great volumes did not surface until 1922. Thus, before he had found Kennington's creative expertise, the printing dream was just, and only, that. None of his talk of setting up a private press with his boyhood friend Vyvyan Richards came to anything, primarily because Lawrence had not the skill to be anything but an amateur at printing. It took the professionalism of Kennington to realise that dream.

In a letter to Kennington dated 13 December 1923, Lawrence first outlined the scheme. Along with details of legal responsibility, Lawrence explained just how he wanted the text printed; 'I want it done monotype, in eleven point or fourteen point, of a type approximating to o.f. Caslon, [sic] unleaded: with side-headings in side margins: no top-heading . . .' Lawrence clarified how the work was to be divided;

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'Hogarth will help edit my proofs: you edit my pictures (I hope.) Production to start as soon as £200 has been subscribed: ("starting" means sending four Arab pastels to W.[hittingham] & G.[riggs].' In the letter eventually sent to those wishing to subscribe to the private edition, Lawrence's priorities were made even clearer: 'I much regret the multiplication of the book: but I want my illustrations reproduced and cannot pay the bill of them.[28] *Seven Pillars'* cutting edge and successful reception would depend on the pictures, pictures that Kennington had charge of, rather than on a text that Lawrence regarded as debased.

That shift is one that has been given only the most rudimentary scholarly attention. Yet during the period 1922–1926 most of Lawrence's friends knew that *Seven Pillars* was whole only with its 'picture gallery' intact. Lawrence himself made the crucial distinction between 'complete', that is a copy with all the picture plates, versus 'incomplete' copies, and emphasised the distinction by sending the latter to British participants in the Revolt, and the former to those who had actually subscribed. The first group, he felt, deserved a record of their war, while the second, for whatever reason needed to be influenced in their opinions to achieve the correct solution of Arabia's post-war settlements. These men and women needed the illustrations in order to more fully comprehend the text's meaning, while the Revolt's participants needed only their own memories. The 'completeness' of the work depended, in Lawrence's opinion, not on minor textual variants, but on the illustrations. He opposed however, the creation of that most precious commodity, the 'first edition'. The book had more than enough oddity as an artifact without throwing it open to collector's on that ground; further neither Lawrence nor Kennington intended there should be a second edition. Therefore in the most whimsical way possible Lawrence and Kennington guaranteed there would be no 'first edition' of *Seven Pillars* through the simple expedient of scrambling the picture plates' order. Certainly the illustration indices assert uniformity, but within each volume there is chaos. The best example of their joint effort at obfuscation are the two floating illustrations: Paul Nash's 'Prophet's Tomb', and Kennington's 'Cactus'. They appear and are not indexed, are listed and do not appear; occasionally the Nash is included twice with no index listing and yet *any single volume involved is still a complete one* according to Lawrence. The evidence that Kennington acquiesced in the mild deception was shown in Lawrence's letter to him of 31 August 1926. In the final paragraph he wrote:

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'I want to vary the copies: can do that by shuffling the blocks, & by varying the buffer-drawings between them. Will you send me your final idea how they go best? Because then I've got to work out the list of illustrations for Pike: who can "title" the plates, meanwhile.'

Kennington's implicit assistance in Lawrence's harmless decision reflected a far more important level of co-operation than advising how best to scramble the blocks. It was Kennington's independent responsibility to ensure the perfection of design and of quality; only after he was satisfied did proofs of the illustrations become final. In the same letter, Lawrence declared 'You must do what you think best . . .', for Lawrence advised only, playing a subordinate role in the actual work of assembling the volume. While it is true that it was Lawrence's decision to alter chapter headings to enable the use of all of Edward Wadsworth's specially commissioned alphabet,[29] and as well to alter the text to avoid 'white space' on the page,[30] both of those decisions fell under the category of achieving an effective typography for *Seven Pillars,* rather than in any way pre-empting Kennington's artistic duties.

In essence then Kennington's part was this: the discovery and approval of artists subsequently commissioned by Lawrence to produce illustrations of incidents implied by the text; the selection or rejection of those artists' efforts; the actual plan of illustration in consultation with Lawrence; the selection of printers and lithographers; the setting up of an effectively private art press run by Manning Pike; the oversight of all art reproduction, and finally, the supervision of each of the unique bindings. In addition to all these activities which covered every step between conception and final delivery of the subscribers' edition, Kennington served as Lawrence's guide to the artistic subculture of London in much the same way (but to a far greater extent) as had Robert Graves to British literary society.

Additionally, Kennington found time to marry and continue his own career. The work he produced after 1926 clearly profitted from his work of the previous six years, albeit that period had alienated him even more from his peers in terms of contemporary artistic interests and trends. Kennington for example, had no part and apparently less interest, in the brief English Vorticist movement, although he and Lawrence had asked its founder, Percy Wyndham Lewis to contribute to *Seven Pillars.*[31] Lawrence had even paid for some drawings which were never received, although there does exist a pencil-sketch head of Lawrence purportedly drawn by Wyndham Lewis sometime in the late 1920s.[32] But Kennington never involved himself in any 'Modern' school, preferring to continue along the quite different lines of portrai-

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ture and later, sculpture on a monumental scale. His portraits were not of the society kind. He preferred drawing children to politicians,[33] and the common men who represented Kennington's ideal of 'Englishman'. His simplicity was often misunderstood; he was 'too intelligible —as easily understood by the public as the V Symphony. . . . [his] pastels cause[d] yet further distress to the person of taste by being incurably representational.'[34] Equally well, the sculpture was both enormous and simple, as witnessed by the war memorials at Soissons and Battersea Park, which assault the viewer with their eloquence, or the elegant design of the façade of the rebuilt Stratford Theatre. It would be wrong however to claim the inspiration for these sculptures was anything except sheer patriotic fervour; there was little sentimentality behind them, while there was a great deal of pride and honour expressed in the gallantry of the English soldiers he genuinely regarded as his superiors. According to Storrs, 'all his work—including the Arabian burst—has had patriotism as its driving force: passionate appreciation of the British Race and a burning desire to further its virtue and strength.'[35]

Kennington's single-minded intensity toward his profession and his belief that he was the recipient of a signal honour in being called to the service of Lawrence suited Lawrence's plans as much as it did his own. Kennington not only trained Lawrence but served as a buffer between the annoyances of art reproduction and a Lawrence who felt increasingly harried by the public, the military and his own past. The calmness that Kennington projected acted as a balm. Even more, Kennington's professionalism was a guarantee that Lawrence's goal of *Seven Pillars'* artistic perfection could be achieved. It was this attribute that Lawrence most coveted, and that he least believed he alone could ever obtain; his admiration for 'creative work' was as keen as his disappointment in being unable to become an artist himself. Through Kennington Lawrence found himself at least a little involved in that activity 'which partook somewhat of the judgement of God.'[36] Kennington's contribution to *Seven Pillars* and to Lawrence should be restored to its proper place; Lawrence's assessment that 'everything you attempt becomes about the best of its sort'[37] still has its meaning.

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NOTES

1. Eric Kennington, *Drawing the RAF: A Book of Portraits,* introduction by Sir Ronald Scott, Oxford University Press, 1942, p. 18.

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2. David Thomson, *England in the Twentieth Century, 1914–1963,* Penguin Books, Baltimore, 1965, p. 185.
3. Desmond Stewart, *T. E. Lawrence,* Harper & Row, New York, 1977, p. 297.
4. A. W. Lawrence (ed), *T. E. Lawrence By His Friends,* Jonathan Cape, London, 1937, p. 218. Also see, T. E. Lawrence, *Letters of T. E. Lawrence,* edited by David Garnett, Spring Books, London, 1964, letter dated 15 February 1927 to Kennington for Lawrence's comments on Kennington's sculpture-bust.
5. *Drawing the RAF,* p. 13.
6. *Ibid.* p. 20.
7. E. T. Williams and Helen M. Palmer (eds), *Dictionary of National Biography 1951–1960,* Oxford University Press, London, 1971, p. 574.
8. Sir William Rothenstein, *Men & Memories: Recollections of William Rothenstein, 1900–1922,* Coward-McCann, Inc. New York, 1932 pps. 308–9.
9. *Ibid.* p. 309.
10. *Ibid.* p. 310.
11. *Ibid.* p. 361.
12. *Ibid.* p. 308.
13. *Ibid.*
14. *Ibid.* p. 328.
15. Sir William Rothenstein, *Since Fifty: Men & Memories, 1922–1938 Recollections of William Rothenstein,* Faber & Faber Ltd, London, 1939, p. 69.
16. *Ibid.*
17. *Ibid.* p. 70.
18. *Ibid.*
19. A. W. Lawrence (ed) *T. E. Lawrence By His Friends,* Jonathan Cape, London, 1937, p. 229.
20. *Ibid.*
21. *Ibid.*
22. *Ibid.*
23. *Drawing the RAF,* p. 11.
24. *Ibid.* p. 29.
25. *Ibid.* pps. 15–17.
26. *Ibid.* p. 13.
27. *Letters,* p. 372.
28. *Letters,* p. 234.
29. Jeffrey Meyers, *The Wounded Spirit; A Study of Seven Pillars of Wisdom,* Martin Brian & O'Keefe, London, 1973 pps. 64–65.
30. *Ibid.* pps. 64–5.
31. *Letters,* p. 374.
32. See the unpublished letter from Lawrence to Kennington of late 1924: 'Others missing are the two Spencers (any idea of their addresses? . . . . .and the Wyndham Lewis. He has had the book a long time. . . . .dead silence. Probably that means he can't get on with it, & won't do one.' In the letter of 20 June 1925 Lawrence noted that 'Wyndham Lewis asks whether what he does may go together at the back of the book. . . . i.e. either before or after the coloured section. What shall I say? "Yes", is the temptation. I like his stuff.' By 7 July communication had lapsed to the point where Lawrence could say 'Dead silence thence since the last letter. Don't count on anything: but if he coughs

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up before the end of the book we will consider him on his merits.' A false alarm comes on 18 July, when Lawrence claims 'W. Lewis has done some drawings, to be on view in a few days', but by 1 October says 'Wyndham Lewis preserves a dark silence'. On 28 June 1926 Lawrence asks 'did Wyndham Lewis ever roll you up his drawings?' Lawrence Collection, Humanities Research Center, University of Texas, Austin. The pencil head is held by the Iconography Collection, University of Texas.

33. *RAF*, p. 30.
34. *Ibid.*
35. *Ibid.* p. 21.
36. *Ibid.* p. 13.
37. Unpublished letter, T. E. Lawrence to Eric Kennington, 16 June 1927, Humanities Research Center, University of Texas, Austin.

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Reviews

J. C. FURNAS, *Fanny Kemble: Leading Lady of the Nineteenth-Century Stage.* New York: The Dial Press, 1982. xiv. 494 pp. $19.95.

Men shouted and boys went wild the evening Fanny Kemble was launched out of the wings at Covent Garden for her premier performance as Shakespeare's Juliet. The roar that greeted her from the pit was so overwhelming that later she could not even recall having played the scene. Her talent, a contemporary journalist reported, was nothing less than astounding: "Every spectator was electrified by the influence of new-tried genius . . . her eyes are full of a gifted soul." Yet regardless of her arresting countenance her spirit was not altogether particular to the moment, for Fanny was a Kemble in every way, and for almost half a century the Kembles had presided as the "first family of the English theatre." The role carefully chosen for Fanny's debut fell squarely within that tradition. Juliet's lines had been memorialized years before by her Aunt Sarah (Kemble) Siddons. Once the youthful, zesty "Melpomene" as the prime of her niece's, she blossomed opposite David Garrick, and declined into "a solemn female figure in black." She was not in attendance at Fanny's opening. But more to the quick, had it not been for the predominance of his fifty-two years, Charles Kemble (Fanny's revered father) might have stepped back into his most famed role as Romeo. On this occasion he had the good sense to reconcile himself to Mercutio's part, although his wife sacrificed her retirement to play Lady Capulet. The performance aired on 5 October 1829. The Kembles, as it turned out, were drawn together on the same platform for reasons of financial urgency: Charles' bad man-

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agement had left Covent Garden in desperate straits, its creditors coming close to demanding a formal closing and sellout. However, the Kembles masked their personal exigency behind the footlights—an accomplishment in itself, one perhaps to be reasonably expected given the depths of their professionalism and experience. Most importantly, *Romeo and Juliet* was such a masterstroke that it cleared £13,000 in thirty-one successive alternate-evening performances, with the result that the creditors backed down. To be sure, Covent Garden would go on—the Kembles at the forefront—and Fanny was spared from fulfilling her previous offer to turn governess in support of her father's dying establishment. For her abilities she was presented instead with a future of sizeable livings and countless admirers. Still, she was thrust onto the stage initially for the benefit of her family's time-honoured reputation, devoid of self-preferment. On this precarious night the Kembles had put forth their last hope and, most fortunately, the audience had acclaimed her.

Born in 1809, and dying in 1893 "so tired of life" (her maid's words), Frances Anne Kemble spanned the century, one she embraced in unusual ways. Reduced to a leading lady by traditional opinion, her image actually resonates in a much larger context. She was unlike any woman of her epoch, or of ours. Although a vulnerability to applauds circumscribed her existence, her motions (not actions) dictate her importance as a person to be actively studied. Then, as now, people tended to be judged not solely by who they were, but by where they had been and who they knew. So much of that framework—the lady and her wanderings—is clear. Fanny began on Oxford Road, London and later entered a Parisian school on Rue d'Angoulême, Champs Elysées. After three years she returned to England to live with her mother who preferred a tiny cottage on the rambling outskirts of Weybridge, Hertfordshire, to the claustrophobic fog and noise surrounding the townhouse on Soho Square. In the country, Fanny exchanged girlhood secrets with Harriet St. Leger who would prove a steadfast friend and confidante for over fifty years. Near 1827, though, the Kembles reconsolidated in the City, at St. James Street, Westminster; and Fanny wrote her first play, *Francis the First.* The drama was set against the background of the French resistance to Italian tributaries, recounting the downfall of the ruthless Francis and his mother in their attempts to escape Charles of Spain—an unusual interest for a girl of seventeen. Still, it reflected Shakespearean spirit and a careful sensitivity to current taste. Its publication, five years later, met with incredible success.

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Following her initial years at Covent Garden, Fanny toured the provinces and Scotland until it became apparent that an American tour was the next logical step. "Exiled to America" as she thought, her new public refused to allow her solitude. Civilization and home were in England, but theatregoers in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and Boston flocked to her performances. She treated them with superb roles from *Hamlet, The Taming of the Shrew,* and *Romeo and Juliet.* Andrew Jackson entertained her at the White House. Her circle of friends gradually came to include Daniel Webster, Oliver Wendell Holmes, William Cullen Bryant, and Washington Irving. Not least of all, in 1834 she met and married Pierce Butler, a wealthy cavalier of the Old South living in Philadelphia society, a man who tried to exact uncompromising obedience from his high-mettled wife. The match was terrible. Against Butler's wishes, she published her journal; inveighed against slave-holding (and the practices on her husband's newly-inherited Georgia plantation); made, in resolved hysteria, a trip to England without him. Alternately, he accused her of misconstruing marriage as an equal partnership, abandoning the children, deserting her proper station. Their eleven years together would have made Mrs. Rochester's exile to the attic seem like a garden party.

Fanny's efforts to bring about reconciliation with her husband failed. She decided to repatriate herself and found that she was less attached to her homeland that she supposed. Soon thereafter she was off to Italy to visit friends, the better part of which is recorded in *A Year of Consolation,* her second book. But with the acquisition of personal misfortune always came increased fame. For her income she relied upon sporadic reappearance tours and Shakespeare readings. At one point, she defied the extreme limitations of family history, costarring in a play with William Charles Macready—a friend of her recalcitrant husband and an ancient enemy of her father's. She and Macready shared a growing dislike for the theatre, but still, her career with him was short lived. By 1847 she had vowed to leave the stage, in its formal setting, for good. The divorce tangles continued until the end of November, 1849, when she was forced to sail to America for the trial. A series of Atlantic crossings ensued, mainly for the sake of her children and friends. However, she arrived too late in 1859 to see her former husband's slaves, 429 in number, sold at public auction in Savannah to pay his debts of over £100,000 incurred by dabbling in bad investments. Circumstances for Butler worsened, and he was arrested in 1861 for treason, accused of "acting as an agent for the South"; released, in a month, upon pledge not to interfere with the government.

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His wife's *Journal of a Residence on a Georgian Plantation* resurfaced and was published in 1863, at the prime moment to be a powerful anti-slavery statement and to damage further his own reputation. He never recovered it. Fanny, conversely, was on the upswing. Her last twenty-five years were filled with trips to America and the Continent, reading tours, friends such as Henry James. She saw the publication of her *Plays* (1863), *Notes Upon Some of Shakespeare's Plays* (1882), and reprints of many formerly-published essays and poems.

To be certain, Fanny's story is not comprised completely of mainstream events. There were the odd moments, memorable in their eccentricity. An aunt who went lame for unknown causes, found out her husband was a bigamist, and took up a shady living, sustained herself by giving titillating lectures on sex problems at a "Temple of Health" in London. Eventually she reappeared in the public press by getting shot in the face with a pistol, the result of a quarrel with a disorderly "customer." She spent the rest of her days writing hack novels under the pseudonym "Ann of Swansea," but using the Kemble connection in advertising. According to a phrenological profile of Butler done in 1840, he scored "Large" on eroticism, concentration, and self-esteem; "Rather Large" on persistence and destruction; "Very Large" on benevolence! (So much condemns the international reputation of the doctor.) During 1833, on a trip up the Hudson River, Fanny became fond of Edward John Trelawny, a handsome man with a background in exotic adventure: he had taken charge of Shelley's drowned body recovered from the Gulf of Spezia; he was responsible for burning it on the beach and snatching the heart from among the coals at the last possible second. The narrative account of Fanny's persecution by Butler, prepared by her for legal purposes and incorporating intimate letters exchanged by the quarreling spouses, was circulated verbatim in the newspapers during the divorce trial. Lastly, on a visit to Stratford-on-Avon Fanny sought permission to spend a night in front of Shakespeare's tomb. Notwithstanding these, other ghosts loomed larger throughout her near-century of trials.

So sweeping was Fanny's early popularity that the twelve biographies printed since her death in 1893 have overlooked the subtler implications dictated by the conditions of her fame; or her continuing public has commemorated her as the starlet-turned-social-critic, sometimes within a nationalistic context ("the American Kemble"). They have labelled her "feminist" and "expatriate." Nonetheless, her initial triumph was essentially her idealistic last. If anywhere an allegorical pattern emerged—which is, as some biographers argue, necessary to

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define the great life—it came from Fanny's tendency to rehearse, over and again, a traditional destiny. Be it the failing middle-aged actress or the cast-off wife, the conditions she chose for herself were those from which living mythologies were wrought, so much so that she came to both interpret and manipulate her existence according to theatrical ritual. (A typical example from a note to her ailing husband concludes with a staged exit: "I cannot write anymore. I am blinded with crying" (p. 241)). Realistically speaking, she exchanged one Victorian stereotype for another. After receiving the classic French education due any fashionable young lady, she flirted as the beaming celebrity, threw over her acting career for true love and straight-laced motherhood, soured into the discontented wife, shared the verve of abolishionist sentiment, left home to re-join the stage (her only lasting love), travelled (among stylish places, to Italy), and died in the bosom of literary friends. All which does little to explain the circumstances and attitudes that continue to magnetize her followers.

It is in the balance of motivations which previous biographers interpreted all too superficially that J. C. Furnas succeeds, for he uncovers admirably Fanny's overriding commitment to personal creation and recreation, and that tendency is perhaps the most important facet of our attraction. The particular and recognizable—all social patronage, fine feathers, and late hours—occasion merely the initial allure of the woman who stood up as professional maid of honor for the Kemble name, just as the vagrant lifestyle she cultivated only serves, finally, to mediate the truth of contemporary criticism. By her own proclamation she was "the female Byron," a woman whose intense love of riding horseback prompted her to fancy an early death by breaking her neck "at a full gallop on a fine day," and, more widely, to prefer the security of personal freedom to the trickery of human subservience (putting, as it were, the *carte-blanche* before the horse). Yet, the conflict of striking internal contrasts—the depth of her self-knowledge challenged by the pressure of social taboo—defined her temperament as truly distinctive. The stage cannot escape being a schizophrenic business: Fanny masked her identity and then exposed herself to thousands of people. As an ornament of the theatre, she reluctantly became her audience's toy, continually frustrated by the veneer of a glamourous life that would never really be hers. In reaction, she brushed up against concurrence and complacency, disguised forms of villeinage that ultimately served to renew her distress and exertion. Her struggle was on behalf not of aimless independence, but of the need for self-revelation. Until now, biographers have unfortunately misjudged the force and direc-

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tion of her will, and, along with that, their own unique limitations. They can aspire to no greater involvement than collaboration with their subject. Shrewdly, in fact, Fanny helped to pre-write her own biography, consciously forging one level of the plot for a history which, ironically, didn't serve her in the end.

Thus, the biographer cum theatre historian goes beyond himself in order to become a co-creator, in a different sense than he would if his subject was not so much a product of, and panderer for public acclaim. The idea of analysis acquires a fresh and jointly-defined meaning. It no longer refers to the explicit act in which the biographer processes material according to self-determined standards and methodologies. Fanny's biographer is responsible for the difficult task of orchestrating consonance between her intended aims and her partial accomplishment, attempting concurrently to see behind the theatrical mystique in which she became trapped. Yet, Furnas has supplied us with an interpretation and a clarity of understanding that endears. Which is, I surmise, the reason that he—and his reader—feel the overwhelming need to intrude so much more near the end of her life. On stage and off, Fanny was an actress in an actor's theatre, sure of her lines because she knew thoroughly her instincts; rightly, she maintained, with a vengeance, her freedom to exercise them. It made her both the audience's success, and her own. Years hence, the late nineteenth-century theatre would be remembered primarily for its dynamic actors and actresses. And somehow all of Victorian London knew it, for they applauded just the right ones.

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PETER PETSCHAUER

Father, Son and Uncertain Solutions: Conversations and Reflections About National Socialist Germany

It was in the early 1970's; one evening, my father, two uncles, two aunts, one cousin, my wife and I sat in the living room of our house in the Blue Ridge mountains. It had been a beautiful day, and we had just returned from a walk. As it became cooler and darker outside, the fire in our nearly completed fireplace provided warmth and gave soft light. Only the crackling of the fire, the occasional clinking of a glass, and our hushed conversation disturbed the quiet. Although ours was a large living room, its spaciousness emphasized by its cathedral ceiling, we experienced a special sense of well-being and closeness.

Each of us understood the significance of the occasion. My father was on his first and only trip to the United States. This was also one of those rare times when many members of my extended family were assembled under one roof.

During the day, our conversations had touched every conceiveable topic. As we now settled into our chairs, our thoughts returned to our common background. We talked about ancestral villages in a small German region of pre-World War II Yugoslavia; we reminisced about the thirties and forties, both in Europe and in the United States; we planned strategies for the future. As on similar occasions before, the past held us with a greater sense of urgency than the present, and soon we homed in on the National Socialist experience in Germany. While this concern with the past may seem onesided to some, for most in the room the thirties and forties contained the most significant and exhilarating events in their lives. My father and his brother had served the

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Prince Bishop Johannes Geisler and Erich Petschauer, taken in Brixen about 1940 or 1941.

Third Reich, and everyone else in the room had been deeply affected by it. Since my father was the most articulate in the group, and since he was my father, I was more receptive to what he had to say, and recall his near monologues more clearly than the points of others.

For the first time, at least as far as I could recall, my father explained to himself aloud a principal reason Germany lost the Second World War. Over and over, he returned to the immense size and immeasureable resources of the United States. "I cannot understand how Hitler could have miscalculated so grossly! Surely, nobody told him about the vast human and natural resources," he pointed outside, "or maybe he did not listen to what he was told."

As often as he and I had spoken about the National Socialist period in Germany, and his role in it, the sheer size of the United States triggered reflections which he had evaded previously. Almost thirty years after the defeat of Germany, he was still struggling to find a resolution to some of the problems connected with that country's twelve year excursion into purgatory.

While everyone in our living room on that early summer evening had participated in their particular fashion in the Nazi excursion, just then it seemed that my father began reaching a pinnacle of insight. As his son, a born German and as a historian, I had always wondered why he had become associated with the National Socialist German state. Of

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Dr. Erich Petschauer, late 1930's.

all the men I knew and know, he seemed, after all, the least aggressive, the most caring and humane. Had his involvement been the result of a young man's enthusiasm? Had it been the mistake of someone who had since learned the lessons of his short span in history? Had he made a mistake at all? Did he just not understand? Or did he understand and continue as if the NS State were as he thought a state out to be? Did he leave anything to teach me (us)? Quite apparently, his being in a different country enabled him to begin revealing what he had withheld for three decades.

As the conversation in our living room continued into the evening, the others also told their related tales. As always in such conversations, everyone relived the early years of the Reich and tried to explain in his/her fashion the beginning of the twelve-year disaster. Surely, for the hundredth time, the treaties of Versailles were discussed and, as so often before, the same insights expounded. If only the Allies had shown some wisdom! But how can one expect such wisdom from the English and the French? If only the U.S. had understood! But it was led by Woodrow Wilson; he understood neither the real issues of the war nor the realities of Central Europe. If only he had forced France and England into a less oppressive peace treaty in 1918–1919! But he was too idealistic and unrealistic.

Surely also for the hundredth time, we discussed the beginnings of

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World War I and the relative merits of each country's explanation for entering the war. Since everyone in the room was German and only one—namely I—a trained historian, it was discovered once more that Germany was not near as guilty as the Allies had decided after the war. Although everyone admitted that William II was not one of the country's greater emperors, events were remanipulated to accuse England and France of outright aggression. Imperialism, militarism, the alliance system, and any of the other traditional causes were not discussed. When I dared mention Austria-Hungary's role in the outset of the war, I, being a junior member in the group and less aware than they, was cut short. "Were you there?" No, I had not been there! Years later, I realized that almost everyone in the room had been born into the fading years of that empire. How could any of them, even from a distance, accuse Francis Joseph, paternal and limited, but descendant of their favorite Maria Theresa, of having had anything to do with the unleashing of the war?

When my father took the floor again, he spoke of the time and the reasons for joining the government of the Reich. After receiving his Ph.D. in journalism at Leibzig (in 1937) and being unable to remain in Germany in part because he was still a Yugoslav citizen during a time when relations between Germany and Yugoslavia were difficult, he went first to Austria and joined a newspaper in Cilli (in Styria). He did not say then that he had attended elementary school and gymnasium in the then Lichtenbach and Gottschee and subsequently joined the Yugoslav army, and that, before going to Germany to continue his education, he had risen to second lieutenant. At another time he wrote to me that the success as editor of the paper in Cilli "went to [his] head," and he had allowed himself to be persuaded to play the role of a "moderate revolutionary" within his German/Yugoslav folkgroup, the Gottscheers. He failed mainly because he could not be both a revolutionary for Germany and a loyal citizen to Yugoslavia.[1] His efforts, idealistically conceived and probably well-executed, were hampered by other difficulties. The later 1930's saw many factions and rivalries pitted against each other in Yugoslavia, most of them not even being subdued during the terrible strain of the German occupation of the 1940's. He saw the dilemma and his impossible position early on and was glad to return to Germany and to join the independent VDA ("Verein für das deutsche Volkstum im Ausland"—Society for German Nationality Abroad). For about one year and one half in the late thirties, he was assigned to Dessau in order to help the struggling community of Gottscheers to trade in Germany.

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Aside from the overall perspectives he told in his book,[2] he recounted for us one particular incident that evening. After an evening rally, Yugoslav strongmen waited for him outside the meeting hall and threatened to beat him up if he continued his efforts.[3] Being pro-German, he did not realize, I feel, that their threat was as much anti-German as it was anti-Nazi. But rather than make him reflect, it pushed him further toward the NS regime in Germany. I doubt that this occured because of a reaction to violence. Since he had not yet seen NS violence, he recoiled from the violence of the Yugoslavs—the Gottscheers' supposed traditional enemy—and moved toward what seemed the more civilized Germans.

Until the late 1930's, he had lived in ambivalence. On the one hand, he admired Germany, its traditions, its opportunities, its cities, its size; he was a German who was not yet a German citizen because he was not born within the confines of the Reich.[4] But he wanted to be a German, both in the linguistic and the political sense. Like most Germans, he had learned that the Versailles Treaty was a mistake of the Socialists and Communists, both groups being accused of Jewish infiltration, and that the depression was a by-product of international capitalism, supposedly also Jewish inspired. He believed that Germany would overcome these territorial and economic problems; after all, the founder of geopolitics, Professor Karl Ernst Haushofer, had lectured at Leibzig on the advantages and disadvantages of Germany's territorial position.[5]

On the other hand, he felt like an outsider who initially could not eke out his livelihood in the very same Germany in which he had received his advanced education. As he remembered in other conversations, the abject poverty of his student days continued all too long, and thus he felt very fortunate to find a financially comfortable wife and a job with the VDA. If nothing else, his ambivalence about Germany was being resolved in those late 1930's.

It was the next step in his new career that caused the underlying mental anguish of his later life. However he explained joining the Party and the S.S. that evening, he did so originally for few of the reasons he elaborated. He said that he did so because he was an unemployed journalist in search of a job and a conservative folkgerman ("volksdeutscher") in search of the realization of an ideal.[6] In reality he had become a member of the German government in 1939 when the VDA was integrated into the offices of the RKF (Heinrich Himmler was the "Reichskommissar für die Festigung deutschen Volkstums"—"Imperial Commissar for the Strengthening of German Na-

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tionality") and a member of the NS party and the SS in June of 1941 with the reorganization of the RKF.[7] The Hitlerian successes of those years made the earlier decision to go to Germany. Even after the disappointments with Hitler and his minions set in, he had a difficult time ever saying anything negative about this decision.

It is necessary to interrupt at this point with an observation. Conversations in a family are unusual in that they contain many assumed denominators and in that participants repeat arguments in order to shore up points of view, especially if they or connected decisions do not readily fit an individual's perception of himself or herself in the family setting. A young member of a family may thus never become fully initiated into the unspokens. Now that my father is dead, I realize how this conversation enlightened and veiled, making it difficult to penetrate deeper into the reasons that he accepted commitments which seem completely out of character with the man I knew and love. But it was also this initial conversation which freed him for others with me, others in which he was much more forthright. Nevertheless, if it had not been for his desperate need to achieve inner peace, he probably would have continued with his earlier explanations. He touched on the progression from disappointment, to disillusionment and disgust with the NSDAP only in the later ones.

He discussed the disappointment in one of the many walks we took around our neighborhood in the days subsequent to the opening conversation. This time, he took me back to 1941. He had already been transferred to Northern Italy as functionary of the RKF and was trying to persuade South Tyrolians to leave their ancestral homelands in order to settle in areas which had recently become, or were about to become, parts of Germany.

He did persuade many to opt for Germany; he did not persuade many individuals to leave their homes. It may have been because he felt a certain reluctance to exercise pressure in an area which was under Italian sovereignty. It may have been because some of the leading figures in the region, like Luis Tenker, fought expatriation in their own subtle but effective way.[8] It may have been because some South Tyrolians comprehended the threat emanating from the totalitarian state to the North. Because of that threat, some of them became freedom fighters, linking themselves ideologically to Andreas Hofer, the Tyrolian who unsuccessfully fought Napoleon Bonaparte and died heroically at Mantua. (Today the song "Zu Mantua in Banden der treue Hofer stand" is still sung by the Montanara choir.) The freedom fighters posed a particularly acute threat to the German policy in

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South Tyrol; quite obviously, they were Germans and patriots, but they were not Germans, patriots, and Nazis. In his own particular way—maybe because of the affinity which he felt for their common Austro-Hungarian heritage, including the 1809 battle at Innsbruck—my father felt a certain sympathy with these men.[9]

He discussed the disillusionment in another of our walks. It came at about the same time at a meeting presided by Heinrich Himmler. The head of the S.S. arbitrarily decided that those South Tyrolean freedom fighters who could be caught would automatically be sent to concentration camps. As my father reflected more than thirty years later on the meeting in Munich, he noted that he did not fully realize the implications of Himmler's command. His superior was about to send men to jail—that is what my father understood concentration camps to be then—without the benefit of the customary trial.

One might all too readily accuse him of having been naive all along about Himmler. I suspect that he was deceived in part by the compartmentalization of activities with which the National Socialist government confused and distorted, and in part by initial enthusiasm and coincidental and continued need for employment which encouraged him to ignore internal S.S. reports. Although numerous other insiders and outsiders had known and suspected long before 1941 that parts of the German government were violating established legal traditions, this was the first time my father could not avoid concrete evidence of specific violations. As he put it: he had assumed that the National Socialist state and the S.S. behaved in the *rechtsstaatliche* pattern by which Germany had operated before 1933. Here then was a personal confrontation with the illegality of the state within the state. Here, at age thirty-four, he awoke to the brutal reality of his government.

I can imagine him, having returned to his office in Brixen/Bressanone, smoking incessantly and saying to himself: "Das kann doch nicht wahr sein!" But it was true! Like Captain Axel Freiherr von dem Bussche in Russia somewhat later and under much more intense circumstances, initially he felt reflective; but unlike Bussche, he could not persuade himself to give up through protest what he had gained so recently: a job and a steady income.[10] His adult life had just begun; how could he spoil it so soon?

But the causes for his hesitation may have gone much deeper than the job, income, even wife and child. As I listen to him again in my mind, I hear him talk repeatedly about the positive qualities he assumed the NS leadership to have had. I sense that he projected onto them aspirations and qualities we know they lacked. Seeing Himmler

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in such an uncomplimentary pose at Munich thus reflected not only on Himmler but also on my father. Indeed, having lost his own father at age seventeen long before he went to Germany, he could readily have projected on Germany (the *Vaterland*) and its leadership (the *Väter*) many of the qualities and values he presumed his father to have had. Himmler was thus speaking for both the *Vaterland* and the *Väter*, and what he said disagreed with my father's conception of both.[11]

How did he cope with this inner turmoil? He ignored it.[12] He rationalized, just as I would have at about age thirty about job, wife and child; simultaneously, though, his unconscious was struggling to cope with the misdeeds of the "fathers." Even later, when he could no longer ignore their evil ways, he took resolute action only within the approved framework of the S.S. As he could not have brought himself to rebel against his father, he did not really bring himself to rebel against his fatherland and its perverse leadership. As a matter of fact, the more it did not fulfill his ideal, the more he tried to overcome his doubts by rooting for the fatherland's armies.

No doubt, the conversation a decade ago was as significant a turning point in my father's life as the meeting and subsequent reflections in 1941. As we walked through our manicured neighborhood over the next few days, he brought up several other issues. It was as if he had reached the point at which he could discuss the greatest commitment and the deepest tragedy of his life. It must be added that conversations between two individuals who trust each other also reflect the personality behind the spoken word, both in what is said and in the sequence in which it is said.

After the conversations about 1941, my father's thoughts seemed sidetracked by an old shirt, utterly worn out by then and since discarded, but a souvenir from him all the same. My mother altered it after the war to fit me, having told me that it was one of my father's uniform shirts.[13] I wore it with pride. I knew almost nothing as a nine- to ten-year-old about the Nazis (e.g., after a comparison in an elementary school class near Brixen of Nero and Hitler, I thought the German to be a "Roman" dictator also) and had not yet seen my father after the war and my parents' divorce in 1947. Still naive about this memento all these years later, I asked if he had worn it on an obviously significant occasion which I knew from several photographs. One scene showed Prince Bishop Geissler and my father greeting children.[14] "Yes, I remember," he smiled, "but I do not remember the shirt."

He continued about Brixen, a place I know well also. I grew up nearby after the war; for a time in 1945 my mother lived there under

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house arrest and then continued a restrained existence. In his mind, he walked once more through the small city with its Medieval and Renaissance character; he reflected upon the many people he had met, and he spoke of the majesty of the Dolomites surrounding the town. He did not praise himself as the chief of the small regional office which he headed for several years. As if to contradict completely his last point, I received only two years ago from my stepmother a beautifully hand decorated and clothbound book of black and white photographs which his staff had given to him in 1940 in appreciation of the quality of his supervision.

In subsequent conversations, the year 1943 struck my father as particularly important for Germany's war effort. Although many people then did not understand the implications of the German defeats at Stalingrad and in Northern Africa, he recognized the beginning of the end.

> "I don't know," he said in a monologue, "how anyone could have ignored the signs! All one had to do was to look at a map of our part of the world. If we did not defeat Russia and the Allies in the first years, we would have had to fight a defensive war. How could we fight a defensive war in Russia and Africa? Napoleon Bonaparte never preceded Erwin Rommel into Western Africa, but he had already made our other mistakes."

As little mercy as he had for Nazi extremes and mistakes as much enthusiasm he had for Germany's effort to win the war. He was genuinely perturbed by the military news of 1943; it seems as if he wanted the German armies to win in order to atone the abuses of Germany's leadership. More, by that time, the resettlement policy in South Tyrol had been stopped and he had become a *Reichsredner* (a speaker for the *Reich*). As speaker, he defended the policies of the empire in spite of himself and sometimes in opposition to the men he addressed.[15]

Although one may accuse my father of hindsight about 1943, his analysis was independently corroborated by my mother. His awareness had begun to express itself in the accumulation of essentials for his family's survival after the war. He and my mother began to hoard everything from tobacco to linen. He never quite forgave my mother for giving away most of these carefully stored items when defeated German troops streamed back toward Germany through northern Italy at the outset of 1945.

Late in 1943, the first bombers flew over the Alps toward Germany. As we talked, I remembered them. My father, his head slightly

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inclined toward me, listened to my recollections and then spoke of a different aspect of NS Germany.

This time, the activities of Germany's leadership and the war effort were linked. He related the most profound shock in his life and the greatest disappointment with the NSDAP and the Reich. They came in 1944. Even thirty years later, he had difficulty expressing the total horror of seeing Dachau. An S.S. friend, himself utterly distraught, took him to this place of extermination almost as if to make sure that he had seen correctly. With Dachau my father reached total disgust with the Hitlerian government and realized the need to do something himself. "But what was I to do?" he asked again.

Here I was, walking next to a man who for years had been a member of the dreaded S.S.; here was my father sharing his best-kept secret. Before 1944, he had not allowed himself to believe, or—as he said—had actually not known that the "final solution" meant the destruction of those groups and persons who were perceived to undermine and/or resist the German state and people. On this peaceful day together, so far removed in space and time, his utter disbelief, untold horror, and absolute condemnation seemed as immediate as they must have been thirty years earlier.

As soon as my father had returned to his office in that fateful year, he wrote Himmler requesting a transfer to the Eastern Front.[16] Almost certain death in the confrontation with Russia seemed better than living with the knowledge of the real hell Hitler and his people had created. Himmler wrote back a terse note: my father was to stay at his post or suffer the consequences. Since the fleets of English and American bombers were already crossing the Alps, what seemed day-in and day-out, he decided to obey. Even if the "father" is perceived to be wrong, the "son" obeys. But my father also knew that the war could not go on much longer. As we walked along in the warm southern summer sun—he complained a great deal about his special glasses' inability to shield him from the brightness—he agonized once more about the distorted and extreme thinking which did not allow Germany's leadership to retract its troops and negotiate or to avoid in any other way the impending catastrophe. "The Berlin madman had to go down in flames before peace could be restored."

My father did not clothe his aversion to extremism in modern terms; he did not know of the F-scale or open- and close-mindedness. His was a revulsion against the results of extremism, like the concentration camps and the continued war effort, and a gradual acceptance of the negative in human nature.[17] He thought extremism came from

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both the political right and left and from any other political and non-political quarter that disregards what he called the better traditions of humankind. He connected extremism with destructive forms of behavior. "How else could it be? Have you ever seen extremists who do not disregard the rights of others? Things were the same in Rome as they were in Germany; they are still the same today!" As one might expect, Konrad Lorenz's *The Eight Deadly Sins of Civilized Humankind* became one of his favorite books.[18]

Having grown up in South Tyrol, I heard of the death camps several years after the war and understood the implications for every member of our species only years after that when I first met Jews in the New York of the early sixties. Jews were not part of our world; when one of the women with whom I grew up read *The Diary of Anne Frank,* the Dutch/Jewish world seemed to her, and to the younger members of the household, hundreds of years removed. Before I moved to the U.S., my father had never spoken about Jews, and even later he rarely mentioned their being singled out for exterminations. At the time, the connection between his general emphasis, versus the Jewish emphasis on the holocaust, did not seem to fit his usual humanist thinking. He preferred to characterize the extermination camps as final places for all men and women who were in the way of the Nazi regime. I realized much later that emphasizing the holocaust might have appeared to him equivalent to ignoring the full implications of this horror for every group of human beings. At some point he must have come to the conclusion that extreme behavior does not restrict itself to any tribal, national, political, social, or economic group; it does not discriminate. In part, his own recognition stemmed from an early unawareness, a later inability to recognize a common human threat, and a final recognition of that threat. In part it also went back to a partial understanding and an acute aversion to violence; he felt the NS leadership to be even worse than he thought he could be himself. And if his erstwhile (parent) heroes were such beasts, what about the rest of humankind? What about himself? His was the tragedy of joining up with a regime about which he felt first enthusiasm, then ambivalence and finally abhorrence, and for which—if only by association—was tried and he spent three years in prison.

When my father left our southern mountain town, we had come closer than ever before. The tales of an earlier age, including the Nazi involvement and the agonies of coping with its aftermath, had formed our friendship. In the months that followed, he decided to write a rather unorthodox social history of the small flock of Germans from

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which we descended. This effort gave meaning to his later years and allowed him to continue with dignity a life that had been enthusiasm, obedience, guilt, remonstrances, and remorse. As his inner being adjusted and he found some peace with himself, his outer world fell into darkness; very gradually he grew blind. He never saw his completed book, but that was not important to him; he had finished his part of it. His had been more than an effort to come to grips with our past. The book was also the process of hearing the unconscious and defining a road back to the drama of ordinary life.

At least another year passed before we saw each other again; by then, he was deeply involved with the book, and he hardly spoke of the Nazi years again. When he did speak of them, it was usually in connection with the book.

He did go back to the 1940's once more; it was when both of us were fully aware of his imminent death. He needed to sum up his life and teach me essentials. This time, the setting was in Bavaria where we spent several pleasant days. The year was 1977.

He was amused by the overlapping ironies of our lives. He, too, had wanted to be associated with a university, but because of the depression and the Nazis, he never attained that goal. As his son, somewhat older than he had been when he joined the S.S., I was a reminder of what he wanted to be and might have been.

Today I suspect that his "failure" and my "success" may have been a reason that our friendship took so long to develop. More important only after resolving his inner turmoil could he talk with me about hopes that I fulfilled in his stead.[19]

More immediately amusing to him were our connections to the "Americans." Most of his generation's family members had emigrated, and when he was an American prisoner of war he was visited by an American family member of my generation. The same America, the same Americans, had him bunk for weeks in several inches of water and contributed greatly to the deterioration of his health. Much later, they refused to give him a civilian work permit without an address outside of prison; but without a work permit he could not establish an address outside of prison. He was being punished by America because he had the misfortune of being caught in uniform and because he was an official in a regime that had become an abhorrrence to him. But even after three years of prison, there was no hostility in him toward America, only some hostility toward some Americans. He made few complimentary remarks about his guards, especially those at Langwasser, but even in his displeasure showed through the recognition that

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guards are the same everywhere; it is better not to fall into their hands, whatever their nationality or persuasion.

In the evenings, in the years that followed, I have often returned to the image of this blind and yet happy man. I have tried to evoke every conversation of the seventies and have pushed back into earlier years when we hardly knew each other except through correspondence. Just as the historian must always be cautious with generalizations, so too dealing with the biography of one's parent teaches truths beyond fact. Those few who reach power in the political and other arenas often tend not to uphold humankind's better traditions; therefore, carefully designed legal and institutional settings can help restrain their behavior.[20] In a violence-prone age like ours, filled with all too many individuals in pursuit of the expression of their egos and slogans, that insight may be his most significant spoken legacy. Oddly enough, he did not recognize clearly the narrow path between individual expression and institutional restraint. He saw hope in the middle road, but he could recall from the past only constant swinging from one end of the political spectrum to the other. As he put it, whenever humans grew confident of their freedom, their descendants swung to an extreme that inhibited it; when individuals were crushed by excessive communalization, they searched for the tiniest corner in their souls and minds for the locus of autonomy.

But other questions remain for the historian. Dr. Erich Petschauer learned to write the history of his people and aspired to leave his greatest insights to his son. Why did he choose these approaches to find inner peace? The answer seems to be connected to the earlier implication that one may gain the greatest insight not from what is said but from what is left unsaid. I think this observation holds true for my father also. For example, he never mentioned his post-NS adjustment in his several hundred letters to me from 1956 to 1975 and touched upon his trial in Nürnberg only once in passing during our conversations. I suppose that the impact of coping with the NS experiment and its after-effects must have been so overwhelming that he could not share either except in person, that is, "unter vier Augen." The historian describing him by "facts" alone would thus miss completely this man's essence. His three or four negative comments about the Third Reich in the letters could at best misinform about the struggles in his mind and soul.

In case of the trial, one must say that although his was a minor case, the impact on him must have been crushing if for no other reason than that he could not fully face himself again for thirty years. I suspect that

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there are not many things as disconcerting to a human being as being accused of belonging to something—in his case of being an SS officer and a member of the NSDAP—which he is glad to see buried. Some early conversations and decisions point to his way of handling the dilemma that emerged for him at Nuremberg. Although in 1945 he knew quite well that he had made a serious mistake by associating with the Nazi regime, he rejected the accusation of having made a mistake and constructed appropriate explanations. He projected guilt and anger like other Germans, seeing the Allies as villains and joining in the sixties the National Party of Germany (NPD) to help bring about a stronger Germany that would never again suffer the fate of 1918 and 1945. It was only after he faced himself that he reached beyond anger and projection to some of the underlying issues.

His initial breakthrough must have come when he had to retire from the NPD because of his failing eyes. As his illness forced him to turn inward, he could choose to face himself. Interestingly enough, our first serious conversations took place shortly after his retirement. Although his solution for the misspent early life remained selective—that is, he wrote history and taught his son as he went along—he learned to forgive himself. He may even have realized that teaching about one's life may not undo its mistakes, but it may at least contribute to the ability of others to avoid similar failures. The intensity of many of his late monologues explains itself in his frantic search to leave as many of his insights as possible.

I suppose there is a certain irony even in his effort to teach. For example, we talked about his wanting to come to America as a young man and how this wish related to the realization of his dream in my immigration to the U.S. This observation led to a discussion of the broad philosophical differences between the Old and New Worlds. He noted that Europe had to cope with communality carried to its anti-individualistic extremes, and the U.S. had to channel individualism into greater commitment to community. The Europeans, we concluded at one point, in working out the Nazi-lockstep excesses, grasped for individual freedom; the Americans, in despairing over destructive exercises in self-realization, sought more community as redemption.[21]

But we said nothing about the meaning of the interrelationship of his life and the course of the Third Reich, except that he wanted me to stay out of politics;[22] I must admit that I continued to avoid such reflections until recently. Whether I like it or not as a son, I must not escape the conclusion as a historian that my father made his own pecu-

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liar contribution to the success of the NS regime. His implicit lesson now emerges rather clearly, especially in view of his late concerns with the positive and negative of the human brain. In 1938, he took a job which several years later was swallowed up by the expanding Nazi bureaucracy. His need for employment was apparently as urgent in 1940 and 1941, even in 1944, as it had been when he graduated. The joining of the regime also fulfilled wishes to be part of a successful enterprise. Although it continues to be important to discuss the reasons that men like him did not give up working for the regime after the discovery of its monstrosity, the insights of such discussions pale before the personal agony which the discovery brought to many and the import of what they had learned.

There must have been in some an overwhelming sense of loss of control not just over their lives but also over their most cherished beliefs. My father's repeated explanations about the reasons for associating with the Nazis indicate that he knew that there was little he would have done differently in the late thirties, maybe even in the mid-forties. He had made good decisions which trapped him. As a matter of fact, the carefully weighed decisions of many ordinary individuals had made Hitler possible, then kept him and his regime in power and thus enchained them. Much more importantly, my father's explanations could not cover up the loss of his moral essence. The inability and impossibility of ordinary men to abort their commitment to the NS robbed them of their freedom; ultimately the tyrant thus penetrated to the innermost corners of their being.

But let it be remembered that no one had taught them how to cope with such a fate and that few had the capacity to rise above the needs of survival and the conveniences of comfort of the late thirties and early forties in Germany. The overpowering urge first to continue the good life and then to prolong life thus played directly into the equally well-developed needs of the regime to perpetuate itself. Unfailingly, they contributed with their hopes and expectations to their own and their society's destruction.

Maybe my father's warning is this: since few of our young are taught more than a few platitudes about freedom, they will contribute their expectations and abilities with as much vigor as he to a despicable purpose. Such a lesson is already significant as some of humanity daily prepares for nuclear holocaust. In a different context, we are for the most part as gingerly unaware of our fate and our immorality as my father. We pursue our careers and our good lives with as little concern for their contribution to the destruction of human life. As a matter of

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fact, we continue our normal lives as if nothing unusual were happening. It is unfortunate that the greater subtlety of today's threat does not encourage greater efforts at resisting humanity's ultimate immorality. But that subtlety should not excuse us. The acceptance of the "final solution" in the forties should alert us to the monstrosity of accepting the final solution of the eighties.

APPALACHIAN STATE UNIVERSITY

NOTES

1. Erich Peterschauer to Peter Petschauer, 8 July 1962, pp. 2–4.
2. Erich Petschauer, *Das Jahrhundertbuch der Gottscheer* (Wien: Wilhelm Braumüller, 1980), pp. 121–22.
3. Indefiniteness is agonizing to historians; but however consciously one may try to pinpoint some discussions, incidents or occurrences, sometimes they will continue to elude us. Since this story was told in similar fashion on other occasions, I tend to accept its essence.
4. He became a German citizen on 17 August 1939.
5. Haushofer was mentioned in several conversations over the years.
6. This version had surfaced four years earlier in the letter cited in n. 1.
7. Compare Helmut Krausnick, Hans Buchheim, Martin Broszat, Hans-Adolf Jacobsen, *Anatomy of the SS State,* trans. by Richard Barry, Marian Jackson, Dorothy Long (New York: Walker and Co., 1968), pp. 274–91.
8. Trenker's resistance was also connected to his marriage with a Jewess from Leipzig; 82,681 were resettled from South Tyrol. See V. O. Lumans, "The Military Obligations of the Ethnic Germans in Eastern Europe towards the Third Reich" (Unpublished paper, 1980, brought to my attention by Silvia Forgus, a colleague), p. 17.
9. My mother said in a conversation on 30 August 1981 that he had a definite affinity; an affinity, she thought, that was reinforced by his ability to speak the difficult local dialect and which later enhanced his turn against Nazi policy in South Tyrol and in Yugoslavia. See also Petschauer, *Jahrhundertbuch,* p. 122.
10. Peter Hoffmann, *Widerstand, Staatsstreich, Attentat; Der Kampfder Opposition gegen Hitler* (München: R. Piper and Co., 1969), pp. 380–83.
11. He expressed this thought in somewhat different terms in Erich Petschauer to Peter Petschauer, 25 March 1967, p. 3.
12. That is as much my own as my mother's opinion. She recalled in the conversation noted in 7 above that he indicated to her several times that he could not continue to read the internal SS reports. They seemed unbelievable.
13. The color and the cut of the shirt lead me to believe that it was an SS dress shirt.
14. It is a photograph on the occasion of the celebration of the bishop's opting to leave Brixen for Germany, "to be with his flock," as he put it. (Interviews with several Brixners in the period from February to May, 1983.)
15. My mother recalls that he seriously considered joining the Waffen-SS at that point also.
16. The direct correspondence between my father and Himmler explains itself from

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Himmler's direct responsibility for SS *Reichsredner.*

17. Erich Petschauer to Peter Petschauer, 30 January 1962, p. 2.
18. Konrad Lorenz, *Die acht Todsünden der zivilisierten Menschheit* (München: R. Piper and Co., 1973).
19. Erich Petschauer to Peter Petschauer, 21 December 1962, p. 5.
20. Erich Petschauer to Peter Petschauer, 1 June 1972, p. 1.
21. In part, such insights were based on opinions similar to those in Bruno Bettelheim, *The Informed Heart* (New York: Free Press, 1960) and Viktor Frankl, *Man's Search for Meaning* (New York: Pocket Books, 1963). Christopher Lasch, *the Culture of Narcissism* (New York, W. W. Norton, 1979) picked up on this theme most pointedly. Compare the earlier comments by Alexis de Tocqueville, *Democracy in America,* ed. Phillips Bradley, 2 vols. (New York: Vintage Books, 1945), vol. 1, pp. 201–40, 264–80, 281–97.
22. Erich Petschauer to Peter Petschauer, 30 January 1962, p. 1.

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PETER HEIDTMANN

Locating Loren Eiseley

In an effort to find some order amid the swirl of their past and passing lives, many people have turned to writing in the first person. The collective result of this endeavor—regardless of whatever clarification specific individuals may have achieved—has been the creation of a bewildering welter of secondary worlds. Any worker in the field of autobiographical studies must therefore be grateful to those who have previously sought to chart pathways through all the lifewriting our culture has produced since the age of Augustine. Among these is William C. Spengemann who, in *The Forms of Autobiography,* discusses three basic modes of autobiographical literature: historical, philosophic, and poetic.

The paradigm for each of these, Spengemann argues, was devised by our earliest autobiographer, whose *Confessions* contains three different approaches to self-knowledge.[1] Looking back over his past from the fixed vantage point of his conversion, Augustine first engaged in "historical self-recollection." Then, with his conversion well behind him, he turned to "philosophical self-exploration" in his meditations on memory, time, and the Creation. Having been unable to find certainty through all of this questioning, however, Augustine finally substituted "faith in the existence of unknowable answers for the answers themselves," and in the concluding section of his book practiced "poetic self-expression." Understood in this way, *The Confessions* is a momentous accomplishment. Not only does it provide the three forms "from which every subsequent autobiographer would select the one

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most appropriate to his own situation," but it also presents them in a sequence that rehearses "the entire development of the genre from the Middle Ages to the modern era."

Objections could doubtless be raised to aspects of Spengemann's analysis of this and other individual works. In addition one might balk at considering *Grace Abounding, The Prelude,* and *The Scarlet Letter* all as manifestations of a single *genre.* Nevertheless his approach is illuminating. By its light one should be able to locate many different autobiographers in a satisfying way, but in this essay I wish to consider just one of them—Loren Eiseley.

The effort to pin Eiseley down is not easy because so many texts must be considered. *All the Strange Hours* (1975), his purported autobiography, was published two years before he died. Yet three collections of personal essays—*The Immense Journey* (1957), *The Unexpected Universe* (1969), and *The Night Country* (1971)—had already been published, and one more—*The Star Thrower* (1978)—came out after his death. All these short pieces, as the author himself observed during an interview with Heywood Hale Broun, constitute a kind of "continuing autobiography."[2] Eiseley the writer—to be distinguished from the professional scientist—in fact looked upon himself chiefly as a personal essayist, and by his own admission even *All the Strange Hours* is not "a consistent narrative."[3]

His choice of this form is significant in itself. Because the personal essay does not permit extended narration, it reflects Eiseley's temperamental unsuitability for the historical mode. As Spengemann points out, the historical autobiography, such as Benjamin Franklin's, explains "the relation of an individual life to the shared beliefs of its stipulated audience, selecting events from the writer's own past life and arranging them in retrospect into a narrative pattern which simultaneously illustrates the writer's opinions and shows how he came to hold them."[4] In the modern world this has become increasingly difficult because of the rampant collapse of shared beliefs. And the attempt to do so by men like Gibbon and Bertrand Russell really results not in an autobiography but in a "chronicle bedevilled by personality."[5]

So it is not to the self-recollecting Augustine that we must look for the earliest model of Eiseley's brand of autobiography; instead we need to consider his other approaches to self-knowledge. Jean Jacques Rousseau, a contemporary of Franklin's, is the writer who gave the non-historical autobiography its peculiarly modern cast, and Eiseley (as much as he might have winced in ways at the connection) is clearly one of his descendants. An autobiographer of this sort, as Spengemann indicates,

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is not so much concerned with society and consensual values as he is with personal, inner truth. "Rousseau's followers . . . shun the foregone conclusions of retrospective selected and arranged self-biography to prospect for the self through the organic formulations of philosophic inquiry and poetic expression."[6] It is thus appropriate not merely in terms of his profession as an anthropologist/archaeologist that Eiseley should have given *All the Strange Hours* the subtitle "The Excavation of a Life."

I do not mean to suggest that Eiseley does not reveal a social conscience in his books. Certainly he does, especially in regard to the role of science in contemporary society. Nevertheless, insofar as he is an autobiographer, a writer concerned with the self, the social side of his being (in contrast to that of Franklin, for instance) is negligible. Eiseley himself acknowledges as much in the interview with Broun when, in discussing his childhood, he distinguishes between the public life of the boy in the streets with his playmates and the solitary, inner side of his life at home. The first of these later manifested itself in his "playing the rough little games of science" (as he puts it). Yet the latter also continued into his adulthood, and it is this aspect of himself that he explores in his personal essays.

Fortunately Eiseley has left us an account of what goes on in a writer's mind, which he compares to an "unseen artist's loft." He elaborates on the analogy in this fashion:

> There are pictures that hang askew, pictures with outlines barely chalked in, pictures torn, pictures the artist has striven unsuccessfully to erase, pictures that only emerge and glow in a certain light. They have all been teleported, stolen, as it were, out of time. They represent no longer the sequential flow of ordinary memory. . . . The writer sees back to these transports alone, bare, perhaps few in number, but endowed with a symbolic life. He cannot obliterate them. He can only drag them about, magnify or reduce them as his artistic sense dictates, or juxtapose them in order to enhance a pattern.[7]

This passage makes Eiseley's autobiographical heritage clear. He here follows in the footsteps of the meditative Augustine who saw memory as a labyrinth of caverns that he could explore in order to bring what he wished to light. Still more obvious perhaps are his romantic affiliations. Eiseley's emphasis on symbolic, non-sequential images connects him with Rousseau and his prized moments of heightened feeling, as well as with Wordsworth and his "spots of time." A writer who works in the manner Eiseley describes is espe-

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cially qualified to be the kind of "philosophic-poetic" autobiographer heralded by Carlyle in *Sartor Resartus.*

One extended example will serve here to illustrate both Eiseley's method and the nature of the self reflected through it. I refer to the first chapter of *The Night Country* in which he recalls his "first great venture into the outer wilderness."[8] It occurred when he was a boy and had become fascinated by the golden wheels on the wagon of an itinerant tea-seller. "When the horse broke into a spanking trot," he writes, "those wheels spun and glittered in the equally golden air of autumn with an irresistible attraction." One day he ran away upon them, sitting on the little step attached to the rear of the wagon, and he remembers it as a "marvelous ride" into the open countryside through "the kind of eternal light which exists only in the minds of the very young."

The driver's destination was the bishop's house, a formidable structure that stood behind a black iron fence. To the boy's mind there was a different, "somewhat supernatural world" within the enclosure. By the time they arrived a storm had caught up with them, and the young Eiseley leaped off his perch to hide in a hedge beside the entrance. "The thunder from the clouds mingled with the hollow rolling of the wheels and the crash of the closing gates before me echoed through my frightened head with a kind of dreadful finality."

Once hidden, he realized that he was not alone. Hundreds of brown birds, having sought protection from the storm, sat immovable, "immersed in a kind of waiting silence so secret and immense that I was much too overawed to disturb them." After the storm was over and the tea wagon nowhere to be seen, Eiseley crept out of hiding to begin the long walk back the way he had come, feeling in the process "some obscure sense of loss."

This brief tale has intrinsic value, but it clearly also has emblematic significance. The key themes are flight, exclusion, and yearning, themes which crop up repeatedly in the adult autobiographer's explorations.

In the Foreword to *The Night Country,* for example, Eiseley explicitly declares that he is a fugitive. As a child he wanted to get away from an oppressive home life, but the habit of flight remained with him all his life. This can be seen in his early years as a bone-hunter—recorded in *The Immense Journey* and elsewhere—through his seeking out of remote areas. But the external fleeing to the wilderness reflects an inner condition as well, for "it is in the mind that flight commences."[9] Even in his later years when he assumed the public roles of

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teacher and administrator at the University of Pennsylvania, he remained within himself a running man.

Granted, near the end of *All the Strange Hours* he invites us to consider him as a gambler and scholar as well,[10] but here too the fugitive emerges as his essential self. This becomes evident because of the emphasis he places on the story of a prison break that occurred when he was a five-year-old boy. He first obscurely alludes to the event in the third chapter, then treats it in more detail in the middle of the book, where he recalls his father saying, "Someday you will know more about people out in the cold."[11] It is not until the next-to-last chapter, however, that he provides his fullest account of the escape of the three prisoners who were hunted down in the darkness of a Nebraska winter. And across the distance of sixty years, extraordinarily enough, he identifies himself both in this chapter and on the very last page of the book with Tom Murry, one of the doomed fugitives.

What was Eiseley fleeing from? The daylight world, I'd answer in part, and all it apparently signified for the figurative outcast: convention, triviality, collective meaninglessness. In the disjointed modern world, he might say, there is no chance of finding one's true self (whatever that may be) in society. The only hope, therefore, is to turn inward.

But the inner region is itself a dark place where one can never be at home. He conveys a haunting sense of this through his meditations on the mystery of time, a subject Augustine confines to just one section of his *Confessions* (Book XI), but which Eiseley broods upon throughout his works. Nor is his clock the domesticated mechanism that might rest upon a living room mantel. Instead it is to be found in the depths of a cave or on a cliff-face, where it measures not minutes and hours but eons. And as we live among the signs of a past almost unimaginably remote, so too (the evolutionist believes) are we headed toward an incalculably prolonged, inscrutable future.

Consequently, Eiseley says, human beings suffer from "the wound of time," which he defines as "the ability of mind to extend itself across a duration greater than the capacity of mortal flesh to endure."[12] The wound goes deep and can produce a terror equivalent to that felt by Pascal in his contemplation of infinite space. At the very least it produces in Eiseley a sense of alienation, of homelessness, of being a stranger in a world not built to human scale.

Yet along with this peculiarly human feeling of exclusion—not shared by the birds in the bishop's hedge—there persists a yearning, a forlorn desire to belong. Flight inevitably stresses the idea of move-

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ment away from, yet it also implies movement toward. Toward what? Eiseley's answer to this is a traditional one, one that must be intuited rather than scientifically demonstrated. "Ironically," he writes, "I who profess no religion find the whole of my life a religious pilgimage. The origins of this hunger are as mysterious as the reasons why we, who are last year's dust and rain, have risen from that dust to look about with the devised crystal of a raindrop before we subside once more into snow and whirling vapor."[13] Harking all the way back to Augustine, but especially akin to his nineteenth-century favorites, Emerson and Thoreau, Eiseley thus retains an inextinguishable longing for a transcendent reality beyond this contingent world—a reality symbolized by the area inside the fence at the bishop's house and above all by the dazzling golden wheels.

By now it should be clear that Eiseley is philosophic in his probing of perennial questions about human life. Yet he is most noteworthy not for any original insights into the nature of the problems themselves but because of the evocative way in which he deals with them. It is his way of seeing, his vision, that is ultimately most memorable, and in this sense he functions as a poet.

Finally, because of his returning again and again to the same concerns in his essays, Eiseley suggests that his fundamental endeavor is not to seek meaning *through* his inquiries, but to enact and re-enact by means of expressive language the relentless questing of the fugitive. It is primarily in this manner that he seeks self-definition, and the sympathetic reader comes to share both in the process and in the state of being achieved. As Spengemann observes, the effect of autobiographical writing of this sort is "not to inform the reader but to transform him."[14]

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NOTES

1. William C. Spengemann, *The Forms of Autobiography* (New Haven, 1980), devotes his first chapter to St. Augustine. Specific quotations in my paragraph are taken from pp. 4 and 32.
2. Heywood Hale Broun, Interview with Loren Eiseley concerning *All the Strange Hours*. Jeffrey Norton Publishers, Inc., Cassette #40128. New York, 1975.
3. Loren Eiseley, *All the Strange Hours* (New York, 1975), p. 234.
4. Spengemann, *op. cit.*, p. 73.
5. The phrase is taken from Michael G. Cooke, "The Hero in Autobiography," *Yale Review*, LXV (Autumn '75–Summer '76), 587.
6. Spengemann, *op. cit.*, p. 73.

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7. Eiseley, *All the Strange Hours,* p. 156.
8. All quotations in this and the following two paragraphs are from Eiseley, *The Night Country* (New York, 1971), pp. 7–10.
9. *Ibid.,* p. 5.
10. Eiseley, *All the Strange Hours,* p. 255.
11. *Ibid.,* p. 174.
12. Eiseley, *The Night Country,* p. 221.
13. Eiseley, *All the Strange Hours,* p. 146.
14. Spengemann, *op. cit.,* p. 113.

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Alfred F. Goessl and
Roland A. Champagne

Clara Malraux's *Le Bruit de nos pas:* Biography and the Question of Women in the "Case of Malraux"

> "Sa mythomanie est un moyen de nier la vie, n'est-ce pas, de nier et non pas d'oublier. Méfie-toi de la logique en ces matières." ["His mythomania is a way of denying life, well, of denying and not forgetting it. Be suspicious of logic in these matters."]
>
> *La Condition humaine/Man's Fate*

The "case of Malraux,"[1] the myth of André Malraux as the heroic "new man" of action, evolved during the period between the two World Wars. It was a time when Clara Malraux (née Goldschmidt) and then Josette Clotis were his companions. Whereas Clara often accompanied André from 1920 to the mid-1930's, she was reduced to a void by not being mentioned in André's *Antimemoirs* (1976) whereby Malraux asserted that biography didn't interest him because chronological order couldn't capture his essence.[2] Now she has given us her own autobiography as a story of her relationship with André, documented by six volumes (published from 1963 to 1979) of her memoirs collectively entitled *Le Bruit de nos pas*[3] ("The Sounds of our Footsteps"). Josette Clotis met André in 1932 and lived with him from about 1935 until her death in 1944. Suzanne Chantal's reconstitution of Josette Clotis' diary,[4] in addition to Clara Malraux's memoirs, make a case for the women in the history of Malraux and give us occasion to review the importance of biography and the role of women in demythologizing the "case of Malraux." During those years a "myth" developed about what André did or did not do in his pursuit of the incarnation of

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the "new man". Clara Maraux's reflections, when tempered with verifications and/or refutations from other contemporaries and complemented by the presence of Josette Clotis, can assist us in distinguishing the myth from the man André Malraux.

It was Drieu La Rochelle who reviewed André's *Les Conquêrants* (1928) and *La Voie royale* (1930) in 1930 with the epithet "Malraux, the new man, offers us the new man."[5] With Malraux, there was the promise for a new humanism that would rally together a scattered and lost generation, financially and morally bankrupt at the beginning of the 1930's. Later, Arthur Koestler, a member of a displaced generation of intellectuals who were magnetically attracted to Paris during the 1930's,[6] looked back on that time and identified Malraux as a "poseur" or "affected individual"[7] who became the intellectual charlatan within that generation that also included the company of André Gide, André Breton, Louis Argon, and Elsa Triolet among others. Koestler's concern was expressed in reaction to Malraux's apparently contradictory role in deGaulle's cabinet. The degree of André's affectation is once again a question in light of Clara's testimony. She would have history understand him thus: "[He was] the result of myth, the lulling to sleep of non-reality, so much greater than truth. As for me, I was only truth itself. . ."[8] André Malraux was indeed a great writer of fiction. Clara's memoirs accuse him of extending the realm of his fiction into his personal life, thus effectively erasing the distinctions between history and fiction. She therefore set out with her memoirs to portray the mythomania of André:

> Given the force that, for him, animated what did not exist, why should I have been surprised that my presence seemed to be a burden to him? It confined him. I leave to others the concern of judging whether this was beneficial or detrimental to his work. Nevertheless, this preference for the fictional was an integral part of his creative power. Certainly I was also wrong when he realized this preference in his day-to-day activities, and I hassled him to stop exceeding certain limits of credibility. At the time, he was André Malraux [the writer] and he had not yet become [André Malraux the myth]: his legend that he propagated from time to time sometimes produced an ironic smile that worried me. And when [the smile] obliterated me altogether, I fell apart. I didn't understand then that [the smile] was one of the consequences of his genius. I caught glimpses of it now and then, but I would not and could not admit it.[9]

This last sentence reveals that "her truth" had been influenced by a certain will to escape his myth. Thus, her testimony must be corroborated or tempered by other accounts in order to obtain a biographi-

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cal record. André revealed to Clara, after his separation from her and during his liaison with Josette Clotis, that "there is no story [also "history"] between you and me."[10] The word "histoire" can be both "story" and "history" in French. The ambivalence is functional here because the story between Clara and André,[11] interrupted by the arrival of Josette, leads us to the history of the "case of Malraux." Indeed, it was André Malraux the writer whose novels set the scene for the myth of the "new man" of action. That "new man" represented, after the desolation of the first World War, humanistic concern in a heroism that fostered human solidarity, adventure, discipline, conquest, pragmatism, and even a certain elitism within the individual hero.

From 1920 to 1948, the period of their official marriage, Clara and André lived through the incarnation of André himself into that "new man" of his novels. His marriage to Clara when he was 19 and she 23 is a curious match of a young, rather inexperienced man and an upper middle-class Franco-German Jewess who had already received several marriage proposals, experienced the First World War as the responsible person of a household, and shared in the inheritance of her family's commercial interests. Claire Goll—a bilingual poet (French and German) and wife of the Alsatian poet and dramatist, Ivan Goll, she published her memoirs about the intellectual and artistic community of Europe during the 1920's and '30's, concentrating on those figures with considerable reputation, e.g., James Joyce, Jean Cocteau, Marc Chagall, André Breton, etc.—had been, along with Simone Kahn (the first wife of André Breton), a colleague of Clara Goldschmidt when she met André Malraux in 1920. Although the young Malraux was thought to be a "good catch" for an Aryan[12] in that he was the son of a minor banker,[13] Goll portrayed him as not being at all concerned with the economic issues that pervaded dinner conversations at the Goldschmidt household in Paris.[14] And yet André, reacting to his financial predicament, knew that he needed economic security to launch his career as a writer. That Clara's dowry had attracted him was proven when Clara looked back upon the late '20's and early 30's to say that "he wanted me to be one in him: faced with economic disaster, that's what I was, totally responsible."[15] But that fiscal responsibility or liability had a price. At the very onset of their marriage, Clara recalls[16] and is corroborated by Suzanne Chantal,[17] that André predicted their divorce six months later. Although they did remain formally married until after the Second World War, his prediction expressed his discomfort with the financial stability promised by his marriage to Clara.

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André Vandegans documents Clara's financial involvement in André's early literary career by pointing out that, in 1922, it was Clara who helped to keep the literary journal *Action,* with which André was associated, in the black by her donations to preclude its financial ruin.[18] Clara claims that, in order to obtain financial independence, André stole statues from a temple in Cambodia in 1923 and planned to trade them to New York art brokers.[19] This is certainly a different André than the adventurous esthete conveyed to us by well-documented Malraux scholarship.[20] Nevertheless, André was haunted by his financial debt to Clara, such that on the occasion of his formal separation from Clara in the late 1930's, he used fiscal terms to express why they could no longer continue going together: "People can't spend their lives repaying their debts."[21]

The bourgeois ethic, linking personal gain or loss with finances, had conditioned André to seek financial power and to avoid debts. Claire Goll corroborates Clara's portrait of André as a man who deliberately avoided working for a living, who did not want to enter the bourgeois social system.[22] Instead, André traveled considerably. Between 1920 and 1923, he became an adventurer to Germany, Italy, Greece, and Czechoslovakia with practically monthly air departures from France. In 1923, he left with Louis Chevasson and Clara for Indochina, where the following year André received considerable notoriety and was described in a French newspaper as an "individual . . . wealthy in marriage . . . [who] attentively visited the Stock Market."[23] He squandered her fortune and demonstrated a certain resistance to earning a living, as both Claire Goll and Clara bear witness to his refusal to work. By spending her dowry on traveling and on high-risk investments on the stock market, André avoided being indebted to Clara for his possessions. Instead, he attempted to dispel the threat of being totally absorbed by Clara's financial dominance during his early years.

Nevertheless, the bourgeois ethic by which Clara's family earned its financial power did influence André's personal life. His own concerns with debt pervaded the two marriages during his lifetime: the one to Clara in 1920 and the other to Madeleine Lioux in 1948. Whereas many observers of Malraux remark upon his Leftist affiliations prior to his ties with the deGaulle governments, we understand that Malraux's marriages corroborate Cadwallader's insight that "Malraux has not gone beyond 'bourgeois thought'; he remains a prisoner within its frontiers . . ."[24] Financial debt led to historical, personal, and intellectual debts by André to Clara. His later marriage to Madeleine Lioux, the widow of his half-brother Roland, was also part of André's debt.

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Roland had legitimized the name of André and Josette's first child Pierre Gauthier in 1941.[25] Prior to this, Clara had a problem in retaining André's attraction to her as his spouse. Perhaps Micheline Herz was correct to observe that "since the married woman's lot is to be prolific and faithful [in André's literary world], she will not appeal to the secret weakness in man."[26] And yet Clara often accompanied André during his travels in the early 1920's.

The significant mutual adventure between Clara and André was their first visit to Indochina. Not only were the funding and the publicity of this visit links between Clara and André, but also their imprisonment during this visit led to a personal debt that André could never repay to Clara. Clara feigned an illness and was released from prison. She returned from Pnom Penh to France and helped to obtain political support in France for André from many of the leading French intellectuals in 1924. These intellectuals supported Malraux the adventurer and convinced the French government that it did not have jurisdiction to convict Malraux who had taken two or three Khmer sculptures from a temple not far from Pnom Penh. It was Clara who had been a companion of Simone Kahn—André Breton's wife—and who rallied Breton to Malraux's cause. In addition, Clara raised funds for André's defense in Pnom Penh. André would always remember Clara's help while he was in prison. When they were finally reunited in France, Clara admitted having an affair with Charles G. during André's imprisonment. Clara claims that André sat on the edge of their bed and cried: "If you had not saved my life, I would leave you."[27]

Temporarily, they stayed together. André was haunted by his debt to Clara even until his separation from her, as we have already remarked. Once again, they returned to Indochina in 1925. Despite Clara's "undoubtedly romanticized memoirs"[28] that account for the adventurous wanderlust they shared, Clara does bring a sobering voice to André's own glorification of his second trip to Indochina. Whereas Clara asserts that André did not go to China until 1931,[29] many readers of *Les Conquérants* (1928) assumed that André had been there during the 1925 uprising that sets the scene for that novel. André even wrote to Edmund Wilson on 2 October 1933 telling him: "I went to Asia at twenty-three years old [1924] in charge of an archeological mission. I abandoned archeology, organized the Jeune Annam movement, and then became Kuomintang commissar in Indochina and later in Canton."[30] The latter part of this statement would have him be in China prior to the publication of *Les Conquérants*. There is much confusion about this event. Hewitt places André there in 1929.[31] And

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Clara insists that it happened after the publication of *La Voie royale* (1930). Clara's memoirs make a case for the literary myth-making powers of the writer overwhelming the man. In 1924, in supporting Malraux imprisoned in Pnom Penh, André Breton described the adventurer André in words that help us understand André Malraux the man rather than the myth: "I have heard that literary failure and resentment have transformed André Malraux into an adventurer."[32] Breton's observation, coupled with some of Clara's remarks, could help us see André Malraux himself becoming a conqueror through his identity as an adventurer.

In order to understand André as a conqueror, his relationships to the major women in his life become increasingly important. Robert Hewitt has introduced the concept of *érotisme,* by contradistinction to eroticism, that is helpful to understanding André's relationships to Clara and Josette. *Érotisme* is demonstrated by a person who "celebrates and calculates with a goal of manipulating—and thereby controlling—a sexual relationship."[33] Both Clara and Josette bear witness to a very calculating and manipulating man in André Malraux. For example, Josette was disappointed that André didn't like surprises and that he had to know about special events in advance.[34] Prior to Josette, Clara portrayed André to be a very efficient man. This portrait is corroborated by those who say Malraux as the "new man" of the 1930's, an incarnation of what Manès Sperber called the "Mythos von der Effizienz."[35]

Rather than merely traveling with Clara, André became concerned with concomitantly manipulating his own destiny, including the people and events around him. 1930 was a crucial year for him because Drieu hailed him as the model for the "new man." André, in respect to Julien Benda's treatise *La Trahison des clercs* in 1927, became the "modern clerk" who could not endure a symbiotic relationship with another. Instead, André began to live a manipulative life as Clara's partner. Although Clara was his secretary and interpreter for German refugees and other intellectuals who visited them at their apartment on the Rue du Bac in Paris, he repudiated her as the incarnation of the threat of absorption into a world not his own. Clara reveals to us in her memoirs that women in general threatened André. As a result, André invented the myth of noble fraternity that vindictively inspired in Clara, "somewhat of an annoyance when faced with the hierarchy implied by this excess of noble virilities"[36] that are curiously reminiscent of the Fascist "new man" of the 1930's who was the incarnation of male athletic and sexual bravura. However, Clara portrays André's

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myth of a virile hierarchy as a defense mechanism for what he introduced to her as "a feminine interdependence that was unknown to me and that made me suspect a masculine interdependence equally unknown to me."[37] Hewitt's insight of *érotisme,* gleaned from André's own review of D. H. Lawrence's *Lady Chatterly's Lover,* is appropriately recalled here because André used the term to explain how to deal with Lawrence's "first enemy [which] is the eternal feminine."[38] This concept of "the eternal feminine," derived from Hinduism, corroborates Clara's recollection about André's sexist views. Of course, we must realize that Clara's feminism during the last twenty years or so is conveniently supported by these episodes in her relationship with André. Hence, Clara's selective memory does work toward justifying her own political position. Nevertheless, her comments give us insights into André as an efficient planner, a genius with the intellectual means for overcoming his financial inferiority to Clara's family by substituting a system with a built-in hierarchy.

Nino Frank encountered André in 1935 and observed a man "on the brink of being transformed [also "transforming himself"] into an 'opera fabuleux.' "[39] This "opera fabuleux" is presented by Clara as a much more calculated effect than has been usually attributed to André. After reading *La Condition humaine* (1932), Clara claims to have been suddenly awakened from a dream to realize what André's "fraternal love" really meant: "And it was there that I discovered, almost in horror, that this masculine love can imply a subtle negation of woman since an embrace is enough to devaluate her."[40] In fact, André began to develop a system of values associated with "fraternal love" and "man of action" that progressively alienated Clara or relegated her to a static position of inferiority. Although many intellectuals perceived Clara and André as an ideal couple, similar to Aragon and Triolet, Clara qualifies what happened thus: "It seemed to me that in many areas we had overcome barriers but that André liked to place, here and there, signs of the limits that were convenient for him."[41] Some of those signs included comparisons of himself to Clara such that he would appear obviously superior to her. She admits to feeding his ego in this regard because it was part of her expectations that her lover would have to be so: "My companion [André] was so much more brilliant than I was. No, the word is not appropriate. It's not a question of being brilliant at all: it's rather an obvious superiority, what I expected from the man whom I would love."[42] But, by feeding his ego, she set up his mid-life crisis by which he rejected her in favor of the young beauty Josette Clotis. In retrospect, Clara remembers that, at 30 years old (1931),

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André asserted that "I am in a better way as a man than you are as a woman."[43] She attributes much of this to his misogyny. However, we must remember that she was also four years older than he was. And that since "the very idea that a woman could judge him revolted my companion [André]," [44] he nonetheless could not bear the superiority of her maturity that in effect he transformed into a liability at a certain time in their relationship. Hence, in 1931, he enjoyed the superiority of what he perceived to be his virile beauty within which he could enjoy an imaginative advantage, as Clara remarked: "his fictional world, his embellishment of the real world, always worked for his gain and attributed to himself—as children do for themselves—a role in the marvelous."[45] And within that realm of the "marvelous," André became the "new man" heralded by all as the ideal of the 1930's. In 1934, André left with André Gide to Berlin where they both appealed to the Nazi government for the release of Dimitrov, an intellectual imprisoned for his apparent threat to Fascism. Amidst all the hoopla of press coverage, André Malraux claimed to have been given an audience with Goebbels, the propaganda minister for Hitler. Clara, verified by Lottman,[46] asserts that he simply did not see Goebbels.[47] Once again, André was propelling himself into the "marvelous" "new man" who was breaking ideological barriers for the sake of a world-wide fraternity, or "virility" as Clara would have it.

Clara could sense André slipping away from her. In 1933, she gave birth to their child Florence. Claire Goll tells us that "he [André] knew that she [Clara] had wanted this child in order to hang on to him."[48] Goll was there when, after the birth of Flo, André came to visit Clara. Claire tells us that André, in an almost too efficient response to the woman whose dowry had given him adventurous beginnings, simply asks Clara: "Do you need any money?"[49] Later, he and Clara discussed "Flo" 's future. He hoped that she would be a "conqueror."[50] But Clara recalls André the conqueror and notes that "the qualities that characterize conquerors also characterize tyrants."[51] The tyranny was the control that André manifested over his women. Josette Clotis and Louise de Vilmorin entered into his life during the early 1930's. In 1933, Clara, showing her independence, went on a separate voyage to Palestine to explore her Jewish heritage before the child would be born.

Meanwhile, Josette Clotis arrived in Paris because of some promise as a writer of novels. Twenty years old in 1930, she was a striking beauty with her Greek ancestry. Whereas she capitalized on Clara's voyage to Palestine in 1933 to begin a relationship with André, her

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description of Clara was on the short side of generous: "a large nose, a grey appearance, masculine traits, small and hunch-backed with some coy traits nevertheless: curls on both sides of her face, a kind of snickering liveliness, a total lack of beauty that is commonly called among women 'an intelligent bearing.' "[52] While the physical contrast between the two women was obvious, Josette acknowledged that Clara was probably more capable of intelligent conversation with André. In 1935, at an anti-Fascist convention in Madrid, many intellectuals flocked to Clara for her ideas. Josette, who knew that André would return to her own hotel after the convention, was jealous even though she appealed to André as Clara no longer did. It was then that Manès Sperber understood André to be "the Saint-Just of anti-Fascism"[53] while Clara defends André as being constantly anti-Fascist during the 1930's when "the threat of Fascism . . . was not mythical."[54] However, Josette was at the same time developing an appreciation for Drieu La Rochelle,[55] more than for any of André's other friends. That appreciation led to Drieu's becoming the godfather for Josette's second son by André, Vincent, in 1943. These rapprochements between Josette and Drieu occurred at a time when André himself was the example for the "new man" to both the political Left and Right wings in France. On the one hand, the Left admired André's activism and apparent ties to the populace. On the other hand, Drieu, as one of the leading French Fascists of the 1930's, admired the virility, moralism and leadership that André projected through the heroes of his novels and the apparent heroism of his personal experiences in China and in the Spanish Civil War.

Curiously enough, André's novel of that latter experience, *L'Espoir* (1937), does not offer any significant women among its characters. During the period of the Spanish Civil War, André was juggling his fidelity between Clara and Josette. Interestingly enough, neither of them could, however, retain André's constant attention. Whereas Clara believed in their common fight against Fascism in Spain, André skipped away to New York with Josette in 1937 to request American financial support for ambulances in the Spanish Civil War. Chantal claims that Clara thought André not "serious" about Josette, i.e., "only bothered by a mid-life crisis."[56] Yet as André began spending more time with Josette, Clara became determined to retain him with "Flo." This proved to be in vain. Yet curiously enough, Josette did the same thing in 1940. Concerned that André was too fascinated by Clara's child and even by pictures of "Flo," Josette "decides that she can also have children whose portraits will be endowed with moving

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him [André]."[57] Neither woman could control him either inside or outside of marriage. Although Josette knew the joy of attracting André away from Clara at times, the bottom line was drawn by Josette in 1940 when she noted her inability to communicate with André, despite living with him for many years:

> I am dying because of this dead man, because of this man too superior, because of his aggravations, because of his silences, without speaking of his cruelties . . . in the beginning, I went my own way, I brought him along somewhat, but he very quickly backed off, he re-entered the world of cruelty, pride, and apparently, intelligence.[58]

But most of André's readers, colleagues, and contemporaries believed that his lack of communication about his personal life was an attribute of his genius to be more committed to fraternity, political action, and revolution for the populace. However, the effect of his lack of communication was to perpetuate the myth that the imaginary world of his fiction was his own. André fascinated Clara and Josette with his extraordinary intelligence. Likewise, he fascinated his contemporaries in the same manner so that he could manipulate them, thus controlling the "case of Malraux" and in fact guiding its development. One critic, Claude-Edmonde Magny, said it well when he portrayed André as the "fascinator" thus: "But there is no doubt that the fascination of his art blinded readers and critics while dazzling them to the point of precluding both clearly understanding the essence of his message and judging it."[59] It was this spellbinding effect both as author and as man that characterized André when the Occupation began in France.

Even when he was separated from Clara, André influenced Clara's fate by the sheer impact of his legendary personality. Clara's separation from André during the 1930's suddenly left her as a single parent of a young daughter in ill-health. This daughter's future became clouded because, as Clara tells us, "a Jewish mother is a heavy burden" and she states further that divorce was not acceptable at that time.[60] These two parts of Clara's identity—as a separated single parent and a Jewess—subjected her and her daughter "Flo" to oppression that transcended either a French or a German ideology, but that reflected a controlling political presence common to both. On the one hand, Clara's Jewish ancestry was the primary reason for her being in Toulouse, a French city outside the Occupied Zone. No longer was Clara's Jewishness protected by her marriage to André: "at that time, Christians married Jewesses only to protect them from the racial

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laws."[61] As a single woman, she was "unprotected" and in fact was responsible for protecting her child. Within the Jewish community of Toulouse, Clara made friends with Communist and Resistance leaders. But soon, these friends were victimized by oppression from Collaborators. Clara's security was threatened. She soon developed a self-concept of "the true female refugees we had become."[62] She took her daughter to Marseilles and Lyons and thereby re-adopted "the ancestral wandering"[63] of her Jewish roots. However, this wandering was a continuous escape from oppression rather than a search for a Promised Land. Indeed, Clara would have us understand this "wandering" as a realization of her freedom. Yet the French wielded the ultimate repression on Clara's daughter "Flo" when in order to hide her own Jewishness, Clara enrolled "Flo" in Christian catechism classes. "Flo" was taught that the Jews had killed God. That lesson then caused the young daughter to innocently accuse her mother's Biblical ancestors of that crime. Clara herself had already absorbed a certain racial guilt from her own Catholic education at Sainte Clothilde's private school in Paris. That guilt obsessed Clara, especially after "Flo" was baptized as a Christian.

On the other hand, Clara's dissolved marriage to André also haunted her expressed freedom. He had been irritated by her promiscuity. André promoted revolt, politically, philosophically, and even aesthetically, but he could not endure the revolt of his partner in marriage from the sexual fidelity that he demanded.[64] And yet his own affairs with Josette or with Louise de Vilmorin were not subject to the same moral code. André's sexual dominance was reinforced by the values of France, which like Germany, was one of the "keepers of clearly phallocentric cultures."[65] Henri Amouroux, in a study of the politics of the Occupation, noted that the nationalistic values of Collaboration further substantiated this phallocentrism through the systematic integration of force, order, and virility.[66] Drieu and Brasillach had spoken in France about the ideal of the "homo fascista," a "new man" who could embody the ideals of the Classical slogan "mens sana in corpore sano." This Fascistic "new man" was to provide physical discipline to resist the decadence brought about by sexual and alcoholic abuse in society. Drieu and Malraux remained friends from the 1930's until Drieu's suicide in 1945. They were in constant communication, and Drieu even traveled south to meet André in the "Zone Libre" during the War. Grover and Lacouture document that André visited Drieu in 1943 in Paris.[67] Drieu was to respect André so much that Drieu's will stipulated that André was to be the only man to attend his funeral.

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And André would remember Drieu as "one of the most noble people I have ever met."[68]

By contrast, Clara was abandoned by André prior to the Nazi Occupation in France. André's former colleagues ignored Clara and left her without help. André Gide, who upon Clara's referrals in Paris during the '30's had assisted German Jews emigrated from Germany, specifically refused to give Clara any assistance, either financially or otherwise. Clara's past as a Malraux began to haunt her. She had been a writer in her own right prior to her separation from her husband André. Hence, she had to retain her husband's name in order to maintain her professional integrity with her past: "under his family name, I had realized my social identity by having published five translations and three of my own books."[69]

In addition, André's cult of heroism was a dominant notion that haunted Clara's life without him. André's artistic concern for painters who "touch up" ("retoucher") their paintings was extended into his personal alliances, as Clara remarks: ". . . he imposed his dreams on others to the point where they became reality."[70] She was involved in many of André's dreams, and her memoirs reveal what Cecil Jenkins calls André's "early 'mythomania' or propensity for telling tall stories about his own activities, at rather painful length."[71] Likewise, Clara was so influenced by his self-proclaimed heroism that she was also indoctrinated about the necessity of being a "conqueror"[72] within her own lifetime. Whereas Clara was concerned with pursuing her own "freedom," she also realized that the military mind, so obsessed with discipline, also bred the need for victory by dominant individuals. Nevertheless, her constant subjugation to Fascistic values made her realize that "victory rewards him [sic] who looks forward to combat."[73] In contrast to the dominant forces bred by such an attitude in society, Clara offers the lesson of the stubbornly free in the face of "the conqueror": "defeat only signifies the triumph of force; and . . . weakness is not a sin, and can even be a virtue."[74] That alternative of the "virtue of weakness" contrasts vividly with André's own behavior.

Although Clara does insist that André was anti-Fascist throughout, Malraux was well-known to be pragmatic, e.g., at the International Writers' Conference for the Defense of Culture in 1935, André was willing to compromise his principles by overlooking the persecutions in the Russian gulags. Indeed, Clara's memoirs reveal the necessity of what one journalist has called the "aktive Anpassung"[75] or "active adjustment" between the French and the Germans during the Occupation. Beneath the veneer of André as "Colonel Berger" the heroic

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Resistance fighter, there loomed a man who could not realize that compromise did not always mean annihilation. On 14 January 1942, when Clara and Malraux met, a resigned André spoke about the Resistance and said: "I'm sick and tired of defending lost causes."[76]

Similarly, André did not defend his marriage to Clara because she was no longer easily conquered by him. He was an elitist vis-à-vis the women in his life; and he believed in the contrasting feminine and masculine principles, whereby misogyny could be philosophically explained as part of a universal elitist order. Having been raised by his mother and grandmother, André nurtured an irrational hatred of women to which Clara's memoirs have borne witness and thereby revealed the masked bases for their marriage and for the very nature of André's understanding of truth during the period of Collaboration and Resistance. Clara noted in earlier volumes of her memoirs that André's fundamental misogyny would be a problem in their relationship. Her own individualism, even though it was a counterpart to André's commitment to political action, became a threat to André who resented his dependence upon a woman who translated German works for him, who was instrumental in generating the support in France that led to his release from a Cambodian prison in the 1920's, who acted as his interpreter for such German intellectuals as Gustav Regler, Manès Sperber, Alfred Kantorovicz, and others at their Rue du Bac salon during the 1930's, and whose dowry allowed him to travel extensively and to live luxuriously during the early years of marriage. Clara thought herself to be unique among the women André had known before: "after all, until he met me it had seemed to him doubtful whether women could be said to have an individual existence."[77] She even insisted upon her own independence, after the marriage to André which "could not have the same meaning for both of us."[78] And so the ambivalence of reality for André would be revealed to Clara who thus gained insight into one of the chief generators of mythomania during the 1930's and '40's.

As Clara embarked on her marriage to André, she acknowledged doing her best "to accept that truth should wear different faces for him and for me."[79] André's talent as a fiction-writer was so all-encompassing that dream and reality, inaccuracy and exactitude, and even lies and facts were intermingled. After their separation, André erased Clara from his life, and she became a void in his version of "biography." Her memoirs demand that she be re-inserted into history and that his mythomania be revealed as such. Clara's memoirs can thus help to complement the mythmaking powers of André about himself

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and his milieu to help us understand André's need for victory. His assertion of the masculine principle's dominance is revealed in all its nakedness by Clara's own "weakness" expressed with a disarming sincerity.

Clara's memoirs reveal a man, her "companion" as she calls him, behind the "case of Malraux." Their "companionship" was based upon two very different needs. On the one hand, Clara, as Jean Lacouture portrays her in his biography of André, well admits her inferiority to André who dazzled all those around him.[80] She admired and still admires his genius in her memoirs. She learned to appreciate her own individualism through him. On the other hand, André entered a relationship of indebtedness to Clara. Although he insisted that their marriage at first was a concession to bourgeois appearances and that it would not change their relationsip, we recall his admission after returning from Indochina that he could not leave her, in spite of her infidelity, because she had saved his life. She claims that he had a sense of guilt for previous favors. That temperament remained even after his separation from Clara as is reflected in his dialogue with his friend Corniglion-Molinier: André asked him what dowry Molinier's wife brought to her fiancé; upon Molinier's answer "debts," André quipped "you lucky bastard."[81] Indeed, André admired a man able to avoid being absorbed, i.e. indebted, to what he revealed to Clara to be the feminine community.

By contrast, André promoted an aesthetic of a "virile fraternity." Within this aesthetic, André could explain philosophically his ruthless pursuit of elitist individuality at the expense of others, including Clara. André's brother Roland once asked Clara rhetorically: "Haven't you yet realized that he [André] is utterly inhuman?"[82] At that time, André was renowned as the *"homme engagé"*, and hence those words puzzled Clara. And yet those words also help to reveal why André never joined the Communist Party and why he was not a Marxist. The virile concerns in much of André's writing find their logical incarnation in the man whose Nietzschean thrust forms the basis for his personal and political associations. He sought to implement a social elitism that was sometimes ruthlessly anti-humanitarian. For example, Clara documents his resentment of her association with his mother during his Indochina years as well as his refusal to attend her mother's funeral. In addition, Manès Sperber and Ernst Erich Noth corroborate[83] the efficiency with which André sought to justify his political actions, as extensions of the *érotisme* of his personal life.

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Clara noted that André once said to her: "I love it when people dislike me."[84] He did not want to be likened to the masses. Instead, he was a leader of those masses and an incarnation of those physical and intellectual attributes possessed by the *homo fascista* of Drieu and Brasillach. André's pursuit of individuality entailed the misogyny recorded by Clara. She dissociated herself from the heartless, Nietzschean motivation of André's individuality. Indeed, André must have felt threatened by his woman companion who thought that a Leftist must be open to *all human* struggles, not just those that sponsor a hierarchy of some kind.

Clara discovered Marxism as an alternative to the elitism that André believed was the way to lead the masses to political commitment. That elitism led to the creation of heroes who transcended reality in order to fashion better human institutions. Clara insisted upon working in this reality and "actively adjusting" with her Franco-German, Jewish, and maternal identities in the Occupied France of the 1940's. Her destiny was to roam and to document her odyssey with and without André in order to reveal how their biography was crucial to revealing the mythological elements in the "case of Malraux."

Clara's memoirs thus help to de-confuse some of the "case of Malraux." André's personal relationship to her reveals his constant concern with winning such that his superiority could be acknowledged as such. Clara portrays the human side of André who was threatened by financial and personal debts. Whereas "the Malraux legend"[85] has so overwhelmed historians as to mask the documentation of many facts in his life, Clara reminds us of his humanity, of his presence in history, and that his factual biography, free from the mythical mask, remains to be written. She tells us that indeed he was "human, in fact too human, which we often seem to forget."[86] He was a man whose vulnerability was masked by his need to escape history. John Russell remarked well that André "can't bear to be shut up in his own culture, his own century, or his own skin."[87] And yet it is history that now gives us the context for that genius who hoisted himself on a tower above women and the rest of society. Josette looked up at him in 1940 and wrote in her diary: "he doesn't like it when someone uses the familiar pronoun 'tu' in talking to him."[88] She and Clara provided us with the means to build a ladder to climb that tower and thus to distinguish the man from the myth of André Malraux.

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NOTES

1. Albert Béguin (in "Interrogation á Malraux," *Esprit,* October 1948, pp. 449 ff.) coined the term "le cas Malraux" as he investigated the bizarre popularity of Malraux, about whom very little historical data was known. Having been confused with the heroes of the aesthetic world of his novels, Malraux did little to discourage this association and often controlled interviews about his identity by his nervous, quick conversational ability. This tendency to control public opinion about who he was, led Béguin to identify Malraux as "le seul authentique fasciste français" (p. 451). Although this judgment is too severe, there are, ironically, many rapprochements between Malraux's disciplined fabrication of himself as the "new man" of action and the Fascist "new man" of the 1930's. Barrie Cadwallader in his *Crisis of the European Mind: A Study of André Malraux and Drieu La Rochelle* (Cardiff: University of Wales Press, 1981) p. xii, suggests a similar rapprochment: "Malraux's attempt to establish new co-ordinates of life to replace those which Europe had lost did lead him to portray a new kind of man who, in retrospect, seems uninvitingly Fascist." Denis Boak (*André Malraux,* London, Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1968, p. 5) is equally suspect of André's reluctance to correct misinformation about his life, thus: "He must be regarded as at least negatively responsible for his legend."
2. "En Marge des *Antimémoires:* André Malraux Parle avec Pierre de Boisdeffre," Recording (Paris: Adés, 1967). Likewise, André is reported to have told André Brissaud (cited by Pierre de Boisdeffre, *Métamorphose de la littérature,* Paris, Alsatia, 1963, p. 438): "Je n'ai pas de souvenirs, je n'ai pas de biographie." ["I have no memories, I have no biography."] We have translated all extensive quotations in languages other than English, unless we indicate another translator.
3. Clara's memoirs were published by Grasset in Paris with the following sub-titles: volume I: *Apprendre à vivre* (1963); volume II: *Nos vingts ans* (1966); volume III: *Les Combats et Les Jeux* (1969); volume IV: *Voici que vient l'été* (1973); volume V: *La Fin et Le Commencement* (1976); volume VI: *Et pourtant j'étais libre . . .* (1979). We will refer to these memoirs by volume number in this study.
4. Suzanne Chantal, *Le Coeur Battant* (Paris: Grasset and Fasquelle, 1976). Josette gave her diary and correspondence with André Malraux to Chantal as part of her last will and testament so that Chantal could re-compose in writing the Clotis-Malraux relationship.
5. Pierre Drieu La Rochelle, "Malraux L'Homme Nouveau," *La Nouvelle Revue française,* No. 207 (December 1930), p. 879: "Malraux, homme nouveau, pose l'homme nouveau."
6. The intellectuals were largely composed of expatriated Leftists (many of them fleeing Hitler's anti-Semitic rule) who formed a community of political expedience in Paris during the 1930's. Some were *heimatlose* intellectuals. Besides Koestler, these intellectuals included Ivan Goll, Claire Goll, Nino Frank, Ilya Ehrenburg, Gustav Regler, Ignazio Silone, Manès Sperber, Ernst Erich Noth, and Hannah Arendt (although she was not directly associated with the Malraux, she shared similar anxieties of those writers uncomfortable by Hitler's rise to power).
7. Arthur Koestler, *Review of Antimemoirs, The* (London) *Observer,* 22 September

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1968, p. 30. He refers to "the dualism of prophet and poseur" in Malraux, perhaps due to Malraux's idolatry for T. E. Lawrence.

8. Clara, volume IV, p. 149: "Force du mythe, berceur de l'irréel, tellement plus grande que celle de la vérité. Moi, je n'étais que la vérité . . ."

9. Ibid., p. 55: "étant donné la force avec laquelle s'animait pour lui ce qui n'existait pas, comment s'étonner que ma présence lui sembla lourde? Elle le limitait. Je laisse à d'autres le soin de juger si cette limitation fut bénéfique ou maléfique à son oeuvre. Quoi qu'il en soit, ce goût du fictif faisait partie intégrante de son pouvour créateur, aussi ai-je certainement du tort, quand il satisfaisait ce goût dans le quotidien, de le harceler pour qu'il cessât de dépasser certaines limites de crédibilité? À l'époque, il était André Malraux et il ne l'était pas encore: sa légende qu'il essayait sur les uns et sur les autres, amenait parfois un sourire ironique qui me chagrinait. Et quand elle me niait totalement, j'en crevais. Je ne comprenais pas alors qu'elle était une des nécessités de son génie. Je l'entrevoyais parfois mais ne voulais pas, ne pouvais pas l'admettre."

10. Clara, volume V, p. 145: "il n'y a pas d'histoire entre Josette et moi, il y a une histoire entre vous et moi."

11. See Denis Boak's view that "the notion of ambivalence is the key to *Le Bruit de nos pas* in his "Clara Malraux: 'la difficulté d'être,' " *Essays in French Literature,* 16 November 1979, pp. 102 ff.

12. Clara, volume II, p. 51: one of her uncles commented after her marriage to André: "Tu as dégoté un grand Aryan blond" ("You have caught yourself quite a big blond Aryan.")

13. As corroborated by George Virebeau in Henri Coston, "La Droite et le Fascisme," *Lectures françaises,* No. 43 (December 1960), p. 294.

14. Claire Goll, *La Poursuite du vent* (Paris: Olivier Orban, 1976), p. 118.

15. As cited in Pierre Galante, *Malraux* (Paris: Plon, 1971), p. 35: "il voulait que je fusse lui: devant notre désastre économique, je le fus, solidaire totalement."

16. Clara, volume II, p. 21.

17. Chantal, p. 96.

18. André Vandegans, *La Jeunesse littéraire d'André Malraux* (Paris: Jean-Jacques Pauvert, 1964), p. 32, n. 1.

19. Clara, volume II, p. 112.

20. See for example Walter Langlois, *André Malraux: The Indochina Adventure* (New York: Praeger, 1966), pp. 9 ff.

21. Clara, volume v, p. 168: "On ne peut pas passer sa vie à payer ses dettes."

22. Goll, p. 119: "Je n'ai pas l'intention de travailler, déclara-t-il un jour à Clara. Il entendait par là qu 'il n'entendait pas se lier, qu'il refusait d'entrer dans le système, décidé à contourner les obligations sociales par le jeu."

23. *L'Eclair,* 3 August 1924, as cited by Vandegans, p. 37, n. 1.: "cet individu richement marié . . . [qui] fréquentait assidûment la Bourse."

24. Cadwallader, p. 247.

25. Chantal, pp. 243 ff.

26. Micheline Herz, "Woman's Fate," *Yale French Studies,* No. 18 (1965), p. 8.

27. Clara, volume ll, p. 268: "Si vous ne m'aviez pas sauvé la vie, je partirais."

28. James R. Hewitt, *André Malraux* (New York: Frederick Ungar Publishing Co., 1978), p. 12.

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29. Clara, volume IV, p. 139.
30. Cited in Edmund Wilson, *A Literary Chronicle, 1920–1950* (New York: Doubleday, 1950), p. 177: "Je suis allé en Asie à 23 ans [1924], comme chargé de mission archéologique; j'ai alors abandonné l'archéologie, organisé le mouvement Jeune-Annam, puis suis devenu commissaire du Kuomintang en Indochine et enfin à Canton."
31. Hewitt, p. 38.
32. André Breton, "Pour André Malraux, *Les Nouvelles littéraires,* 16 August 1924, p. 1: "On a dit que l'insuccès littéraire et le dépit avaient fait d'André Malraux un aventurier."
33. Hewitt, pp. 58 ff.
34. Chantal, p. 105.
35. Manès Sperber, "André Malraux und die Politik," *Merkur,* Vol IV (April 1968), p. 338.
36. Clara, volume V, p. 119: "une sorte d'agacement devant la hierarchie qu'impliquait cet excès de nobles virilités."
37. Clara, volume I, p. 275: "une solidarité féminine qui m'était inconnue mais qui me fit soupçonner une solidarité masculine également inconnue de moi."
38. André Malraux, "D. H. Lawrence et L'Erotisme," *La Nouvelle revue française,* No. 220 (January 1932), p. 138: "premier ennemi [qui] est l'éternel féminin."
39. Nino Frank, *Mémoire Brisée* (Paris: Callmann-Lévy, 1967), p. 279: "près de se transformer en 'opera fabuleux.' "
40. Clara, volume II, p. 270: "Aussi est-ce là que j'ai découvert, avec presque de l'horreur, ce que l'amour masculin peut impliquer de subtile négation de la femme puisqu'il suffit d'une étreinte pour la dévaloriser."
41. Clara, volume IV, p. 159: "Il me semblait qu'en bien des domaines, nous avions franchi les bornes mais qu'André se plaisait à planter de-ci de-là des limites qui lui convenaient."
42. Clara, volume II, p. 65: "Lui, mon compagnon, est tellement plus brillant que moi. Non, le mot est injuste, ce n'est point de brillant qu'il s'agit, s'est d'une supériorité évidente, celle même que j'attendais de l'homme que j'aimerais."
43. *Ibid.,* p. 101: "je suis mieux comme homme que vous comme femme."
44. *Ibid.,* p. 103: "la seule idée qu'une femme pût le juger révoltait mon compagnon."
45. *Ibid.,* p. 173: "son monde de fiction, son embellissement du réel jouait toujours conventionnellement à son profit, lui accordait un rôle—celui-là même que s'accordent les enfants—merveilleux."
46. Herbert Lottman, *The Left Bank* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1982), p. 26.
47. Clara, volume IV, p. 215.
48. Goll, p. 199: "il [André] savait qu'elle [Clara] avait voulu cet enfant pour le retenir."
49. *Ibid.:* "Vous avez besoin d'argent?"
50. Clara, volume V, p. 59.
51. *Ibid,* p. 75: "les qualités qui font les vainqueurs font aussi les tyrans."
52. Chantal, p. 38: "un grand nez, un teint gris, des traits virils, petite et voûtée, avec pourtant des coquetteries: par exemple, les cheveux en étoupe des deux côtés des joues, une sorte de vivacité ricanante, l'absence de joliesse qui constitue ce qu'il est convenu d'appeler chez les femmes 'un air intelligent.' "

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53. Cited by Lottmann, p. 24.
54. Clara, volume V, p. 10: "la menace du fascisme [. . .] n'était pas mythique."
55. Lottman, pp. 135 ff.
56. Chantal, p. 97: "seulement agacé par ses retards."
57. *Ibid.*, p. 156: "décide qu'elle aussi peut faire des enfants dont les portraits auront le don de l'émouvoir."
58. *Ibid.*, p. 149: "je meurs de cet homme mort, de cet homme trop supérieur, de ses exaspérations, de ses silences, sans parler de ses duretés . . . au début, j'ai tiré dans mon sens, je l'ai un peu entraîné, mais bien vite il a reculé, il est retourné dans le monde de la dureté, de l'orgueil et, parâit-il, de l'intelligence."
59. Claude-Edmonde Magny, "Malraux le Fascinateur," *Esprit,* XVI, No. 149 (October 1948), 513: "mais sans doute la fascination de son art a-t-elle aveuglé en les éblouissant lecteurs et critiques, au point de les empêcher à la fois de comprendre clairement l'essence de son message et de le juger."
60. Clara, volume VI, pp. 45 and 49.
61. *Ibid.*, p. 37: "à l'époque, des chrétiens [sic] épousaient des juives [sic] à seule fin de les protéger contre les lois raciales."
62. *Ibid.*, p. 56: "les vraies réfugiées que nous étions devenues."
63. *Ibid.*, p. 157: "l'errance ancestrale."
64. Clara, volume IV, pp. 158 and 272–274. See also Lottmann, p. 66, for events documenting André's sensitivity to Clara's jokes about her own promiscuity.
65. Clara, volume VI, p. 93: "pays détenteurs des cultures nettement phallocentriques."
66. Henri Amouroux, *Les Beaux Jours des Collabos* (Paris: Robert Laffont, 1978) pp. 206 ff.
67. Jean Lacouture, *André Malraux,* trans. Alan Sheridan (London: Deutsch, 1975), p. 303. See also Frédéric Grover, "Malraux et Drieu La Rochelle," *Revue des Lettres modernes* (Nov. 1972), pp. 151 ff.
68. Grover, p. 160: "un des êtres les plus nobles que j'aie rencontrés."
69. Clara, volume VI, p. 48: "j'avais [sic] sous ce nom, devenu depuis des annés ma raison sociale, fait paraître cinq traductions et trois livres dont j'étais l'auteur."
70. *Ibid.*, p. 157: ". . . il [André] imposait ses fantasmes aux autres au point qu'ils devenaient réalité."
71. Cecil Jenkins, *André Malraux* (New York: Twayne, 1972), p. 15.
72. Clara, volume VI, p. 227.
73. Clara, volume VI, p. 92: "la victoire récompense celui qui aspire au combat."
74. *Ibid.:* "la défaite ne signifie que le triomphe de la force, que la faiblesse n'est pas un péché, et peut même être une vertu."
75. Jürg Altwegg, "Der Mythos der Résistance bröckelt," *Die Zeit,* 27 May 1981, p. 3.
76. Lottmann, p. 205.
77. Clara, O'Brian translation of volumes I and II, p. 179.
78. *Ibid,* p. 178.
79. *Ibid,* p. 194.
80. Lacouture, pp. 47 ff.
81. *Ibid.*, p. 47, n. 13.
82. O'Brian, p. 229.
83. Manès Sperber, "Malraux and Politics," in Martine de Courcel's ed. of *Malraux:*

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Life and Work (London: Weidenfeld and Nicholson, 1976), pp. 166 ff. Ernst Erich Noth, *Errinnerungen eines Deutschen* (Hamburg and Düsseldorf: Claassen, 1971), pp. 301 ff.

84. O'Brian, p. 296.
85. David Wilkinson, *Malraux—An Essay on Political Criticism* Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1967), p. 2.
86. Clara Malraux, "Jeune Homme et Homme Jeune," *La Nouvelle Revue,* 1977, p. 342: "humain, trop humain en somme: ce que souvent on semble oublier."
87. John Russell, "The Malraux Show," *The New York Review of Books,* XXIII, No. 3 (4 March 1976), 13.
88. Chantal, p. 155: "il n'aime pas qu'on le tutoie."

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William A. Smith

Of Sonia's Doll, Grandfather's Fiddle, and the Changeling: The Fantasy Childhood of Leopold Stokowski

Robert Gomberg, violinist with Stokowski's Philadelphia Orchestra for ten years, wrote his recollections of the *maestro* following the conductor's death in 1977. Gomberg had played with Stokowski hundreds of times; proud of his own role in the Philadelphia story and fascinated by both the conductor's music making and his strange personality. While Stokowski could be arrogant to the point of cruelty, he also involved his musicians, more than any other conductor in Gomberg's experience, in the shared excitement of realizing a musical vision with each performance. We were like "soldiers in Napoleon's army." He made us feel that we were responsible for the "success or failure of the orchestra" in each performance. Although Stokowski was a "master psychologist" at involving the orchestra's members and literally convincing them of their mission, it was more esoteric than that. Echoing Morton Gould who found that Stokowski's rehearsals and performances added up to a "magic" that was far more than the discernible sum of their musical parts, Gomberg described performance eye contact with Stokowski as the ultimate and near eerie explanation of Stokowski's magic with an orchestra. Gomberg writes that there was in Stokowski's eye contact with his musicians an imperative message wordlessly carrying musical intent, conveying strength and an almost superhuman focus on the work in progress so that they played beyond ourselves as a result, breathing life into the manuscripts of Bach and Beethoven as they could with no other conductor. And what strange Stokowski "contradictions" were involved. Gomberg remembered the conductor as a man who could be so petty as to fire a good musician,

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because in the conductor's judgement, he had "dressed wrong" for rehearsal. Minutes later, he could make us all feel as one in the beauty and emotional power of the music we were playing. To understand Stokowski, wrote Gomberg, one would have to feel through his contradictions and trace his complexity back to his origins and childhood. Even then a true understanding would require a combination "biologist-geneticist and psychiatrist."[1] By examining factual episodes from Stokowski's life—particularly his early life—for those "contradictions" and next by attempting to see what sort of pattern they form, we have the chance to establish something of Stokowski as a person not in spite of those contradictions but by explaining them.

Many articles about Stokowski, and I am thinking of those critics, ostensibly dealing with the conductor's music making, who have concentrated almost solely on his hands, his hair, his eroticism, his strange accents, his untruths about his own age and his childhood origins have missed the mark. Their kind of non-musical music criticism loses Stokowski, not because they are critical of the conductor, but because they ignore the music making and focus on only the seeming eccentricities of the man. Their barbed choices of Stokowskiana are picked carefully with an eye for the seemingly ridiculous. One can be positive or negative about the man and his musical legacy, depending upon one's taste, point of view, and sense of style, but to make Stokowski look ludicrous or seem an object of fun is proof of failure to deal with what the knowledgeable Mr. Gomberg and many others have noted as the musical magic of this longest lived and most enigmatic of modern conductors. Ludicrous he wasn't. Complex and controversial he was. Barbed and misleading critiques have already been met by the appraisals of Abram Chasins, Paul Robinson, Charles O'Connell, Oliver Daniel and Curtis Davis. Still questions remain unanswered and Stokowski's peculiarities of accent and memory remain enigmatic.[2]

Without the gifts of biology, genetics and psychiatry it is still possible to offer tentative conclusions about some of Stokowski's idiosyncracies which will bring us closer to the real man and thus to the musician. I am referring to psychological characteristics in the manner of the boy and the man rather than to musical traits as such. Stokowski's musical innovations, his professional risk-taking, and his orchestral work toward sometimes eccentric live performances or recordings owed much, I believe, to his personality and intuition but, should be considered separately.[3]

Among the most often cited and most peculiar characteristics of the man were his tendency to mythologise his own origins and ethnic

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background coupled with his sense of his own special place in music; an art form which in turn he chose to describe as "Music, the voice of the all."[4] In tandem, too, was his coupling of exotic spoken accents with a gift for psychological free association that mystified both friends and casual acquantances. Conversationally he often moved—on occasion playfully, seriously, ironically, irreverently, and yes, erotically—from one subject to another without any observable transition made between them. Stokowski did this with some internalized and freely associative logic of his own that also included a delight in shocking some of those close to him.[5]

The binding agent, the glue holding these traits together was a strong and life-long romanticism.[6] Stokowski was tough, shrewd, realistic and practical, but over-arching and under-pinning such survival and success skills was an ardent romanticism, which early on carried him beyond rationalism's imperatives in daily life even as it established him outside concert hall norms in his musical career. Where the rationalist in everyday life and the literalist or classicist in music stresses established principles, tradition, seriousness, reason, conformity, regularity, and emotional sobriety, Stokowski practiced and stressed freedom, idealism, imagination, emotionality, playfulness, experimentation, curiosity and intuitive judgement as guides through a musical life.[7]

Out of Mr. Gomberg's wonder at this strange man coupled with our need to understand him better let us look at him in the context of his life as lived; in a series of vignettes illustrative of the traits mentioned so far.

Edgard Varèse, composer and iconoclast, had every reason to consider Leopold Stokowski a musical friend during the nineteen-twenties. Varèse composing, "with blocks of sound, calculated and balanced against each other," created music which had little of conventional harmony and melody about it. For this reason his works had received few performances and little critical support since he had emigrated to the United States in 1915. Persuaded by his friend, harpist, Carlos Salzedo that he should send a score to Stokowski for consideration, Varèse did so in 1922, but not without expressing his doubts about Stokowski and all the "great virtuosi" who made careers of playing the same music over and over again, without providing sponsorship for new and controversial works. "They don't give a shit about music, only their careers—their interpretations. They still think I'm a circus freak."[8]

Yet Stokowski did respond favorably, promising to play Varèse's *Hyperprism* with the Philadelphia Orchestra as soon as his schedule

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permitted. This he did in Philadelphia and in New York's Carnegie Hall in 1924, to the boos and hisses of detractors and the cheers of the composer's supporters. In successive years Stokowski, conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra, premiered *Intégrales* (1925), *Amériques* (1926) and *Arcana* (1927). During these years Stokowski became Varèse's most effective partisan, and loner though he was, Stokowski came close to friendship with the combative loner Varese. Stokowski the more serene and centered of the two took the concert hall controversy ovcr the performances of Varèse—including the boos and catcalls—philosophically while worrying about their effect on Varèse's health. Varèse had a hot temper and was given to frequent rages even as he complained of a variety of physical ills. Modern medicine of the eighties and the Stokowski of the twenties would relate these ailments to stress and psychological pressure. Stokowski advised Varèse to get out of the musically combative atmosphere of New York, to change his diet, get more exercise and more play time. He wrote asking Varèse to "try to play games like a child." When the composer did decide to leave New York to return to France in 1928, it was Stokowski who added $2,000 to Varèse's meagre assets to make the trip and a return to Paris possible.[9]

Varèse, who had once shouted at his teacher Camille Saint-Säens, "I have no desire to become an old fossil like you," came to appreciate Stokowski's personal concern and certainly admired the conductor's courage on his behalf and for the cause of contemporary music generally. On a limited budget Varèse in turn showed his appreciation by giving Stokowski small presents of all sorts. Of these the most interesting, in view of the *maestro's* reaction to it, was a doll sent by Varèse to Stokowski's daughter Sonia. It was no ordinary doll because Varèse, aware of Stokowski's intense feelings about his Polish heritage—both real and fantasized—had professional dress-maker Franka Gordon design an authentic Polish costume for the doll. The doll was delivered and Stokowski responded with a delighted thank-you note in Sonia's name. Shortly after that Stokowski invited the Varèses, Louise and Edgard, to a luncheon he was giving for the Polish Ambassador to the United States at his Philadelphia home. After lunch host Stokowski asked the Varèses, other guests, and the ambassador to join him for a moment in his upstairs study. There propped in the middle of his desk was the Varèse gift, Sonia's doll. With the composer scant feet away, the ambassador in close tow, and with Louise Varèse at his elbow, Stokowski held up the doll for the guest of honor's inspection saying, "was it not charming, the people in my family's village sent me

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this wonderful doll—an authentic costume is it not?" The bogus claim was made in Stokowski's most convincing and honeyed voice with a heavy accent not heard during lunch. While Louise Varèse, the keeper of the family diary, did not record the Polish Ambassador's reply, she did record that of the doll's senders to the effect that Stokowski on a moment's notice could be outrageous in his "mystifications" and for no observably good reason.[10]

Over the years from the early twentieth century to the late seventies, Stokowski's mystifications—Sylvan Levin, his friend and close associate for twenty years described them as "idiosyncracies and oddities"[11] were the subject of both friendly wonder and hostile jibes, with as much space in print devoted to them as to his dedication to contemporary music. Now the norms of society dictate that the assumption of a manner, accent, and family background not assumed by an observer to be one's own, coupled with a tendency to distort the truth or wholly fabricate it in line with strange and inexplicable changes of personal manner and accent brand one—by definition—as a *poseur,* charlatan or phony. Yet norms are based on a normality rooted in the ordinary behavior of *ordinary* persons; Stokowski was an unusual conductor, but more fundamentally he was an unusual human being in many ways.

Abram Chasins, Stokowski's able biographer and a friend for fifty years, described something of this to me. His eyes widening in wonder, Chasins said that most observers talk about Stokowski's strange accent. The truth is he had, "accents not an accent." There were several distinct accents. Stokowski could and did speak with no discernible accent at all, but, invoking remembrance, imagination, or situation he would both change his mood and his accent in an instant, employing some intellectual-emotional set unique in Chasins' experience. Stokowski spoke German and French, in addition to English, but, continued Chasins, if Stokowski were talking about Prague, for example, a different accent, one suitable to the discussion and to Stokowski's feeling for the Czech capital at that moment would appear and would probably disappear with a change of topic or mood. The same was notably true in discussion of Stokowski's Polish heritage. Even the lower middle class London accent, his true accent as a child would on occasion become Stokowski's vehicle for expression, particularly in moments of stress. In much the same way Stokowski's mood and train of thought could alter inexplicably. From rhapsodizing about Chopin as a composer "with rich Polish blood coursing through his veins," Stokowski could in an instant turn practically shrewd in discussing

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financial matters with further quick shifts of tone and mood to irony in assessing the state of the arts in America and the conductor's role or to realistic understanding of scientific matters centering on acoustics, recording, or the nature of sound. These shifts of subject and emotional tone—and there were many of them—might occur abruptly and without seeming transition from earlier conversational subject matter. The appearance and change of vocal accents further complicated matters. In Chasins' experience, Stokowski was unique as a human being in his emotional-intellectual changes of tone and manner—including verbal accent; a claim not unlike that of music critics faced with the interpretative surprises of Stokowski in symphonic performance.[12] This life-long tendency toward intuitive and freely associative means of communication was so marked in the man that an interested observer would expect that this mode would show its evidence elsewhere, e.g., in Stokowski's sense of his own place in the world and in his own sense of identity. If it does it might make those Stokowski "mystifications" less mystifying and help resolve the seeming contradictions of character noted by musician Harold Gomberg.

Musicians and non-musicians have over the years noted the often inexplicable behavior of conductor Leopold Stokowski when it came to discussing his personal life, origins, and name-sake, grandfather Leopold Stokowski. When Herbert Kupferberg interviewed Stokowski in 1968 as part of his research for *Those Fabulous Philadelphians,* the *maestro* described his first interest in music as generated by his beloved Polish grandfather, who, when Stokowski was seven or thereabouts, took the boy to his London club. The experience was lovingly described by the eighty-six year old conductor, who described the club as an ethnic meeting ground for European emigrés in London—Poles, Russians and Germans in the main. Talk, drink, laughter, much open emotion and wonderful music made this club a wonderland for the seven year old. Loud and boisterous folk songs from the old country, sung ". . . with tremendous energy and enthusiasm . . ." alternated with sentimental ballads. Stokowski recalled that these sad songs wrought so much emotion among those present that ". . . I would see tears coming down in their beards." In recollection, what attracted him most in this magic place was the beauty of the violin playing. For Stokowski it was the stuff of Central European life and culture; centering in the poignant beauty of sound created by a wandering fiddler strolling through the room. In remembrance so entranced was the little boy that he turned to his grandfather and asked him if he might have such a violin to make beautiful music on. The story ends with an

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understanding grandfather presenting little Leopold with a quarter-size violin of his own, the first instrument he would master, his entré to the world of music; and still, he told Kupferberg, his favorite instrument.[13]

This story however is really only a beginning to a much stranger story, since *maestro* Leopold Stokowski was born in 1882 three years after his grandfather Leopold's death. The same interview with Mr. Kupferberg netted a brief biographical account of the Stokowski family; of how his grandfather, a sturdy Polish farmer and patriot had been forced off his land by "Czarist secret police" who awarded the land to Russian tenants. This was a practice, continued the conductor, which cost many Poles their land in the nineteenth century. According to Stokowski, his grandfather lost several farms in succession to the Russians before he left his native land taking his family, in succession, to Vienna, Paris, and finally to London where young Leopold was born.[14]

Was grandfather Leopold of sturdy land-owning peasant stock? If so how could his father have been the aristocratic General Stokowski who marched with Napoleon into Russia—a story *maestro* Stokowski told on another occasion—even as Philadelphia rumor once had it that he was a descendant of Richard Wagner. This last a story that Stokowski would neither refute nor admit.[15]

Radio listeners in the Miami area were treated to another episode of Stokowski family mystification when in 1955 Stokowski agreed to be interviewed on the air prior to a concert with the Miami Symphony Orchestra. His interviewer's opener described the conductor as born in 1882. He got no farther because of Stokowski's "No, no, no . . . I was born in 1887." Trying once more he ventured the notion that Stokowski was born of a Polish father and an Irish mother. Again Stokowski interrupted with, "My mother was not Irish! Where did you get that stuff?" As it turned out the interviewer had gotten his stuff from the *World Almanac,* and with only one minute used out of a scheduled thirty minute interview that is all he did get, because Stokowski stalked out of the studio, to the sound of recorded music used to fill in the dead air. Much the same thing happened on Chicago radio twelve years later when Stokowski corrected an announcer, who had described his mother as English, with the words, "No, she was Polish." But then she would have been Polish if what Stokowski told the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra's first flutist, Gerald Jackson had been true. On first meeting guest conductor Stokowski and trying to make conversation, Londoner Jackson had innocently mentioned London as

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the conductor's birth place. Stiffening, Stokowski replied, "I was born in Poland" and quickly turned away from Jackson.[16]

Truth to tell, Stokowski's grandfather Leopold was neither a sturdy peasant nor landed gentry. He was an artisan; a cabinet maker who had emigrated to England and there married Jessie Sarah Anderson. Their one son, the conductor's father, Joseph Kopernik Stokowski was born in London and followed his father's trade of cabinet-making. Two years after grandfather Leopold's death Joseph married Annie Marion Moore, the daughter of an Anglo-Irish bootmaker. One year later, in 1882 their first son, named Leopold after his grandfather, was born in a lower-middle class section of London. Two more children, Lydia, who died young, and Percy John, were born to the couple by the end of the decade. The second of the two, Percy John, would follow the family's bent for trade by selling cars and also real estate for a living; changing his name to Stock for business reaons.[17]

There were no generals, aristocrats nor sturdy peasant patriots; no musical evenings with grandfather, no Polish mother nor proud heritage from the village of Stokki, the mythical point of origin for Sonia's doll. Instead there was an immigrant Polish and Anglo mix over two generations with emphasis on handicrafts, trade and survival, but not on music. At best the Stokowskis had to a degree improved their social and economic position within the confines of central London during that time. Even the original accent of grandfather Leopold would give way to central London middle class phrasing, tinged by cockney usage by the time of our Leopold's birth. When under stress or excited Stokowski's voice often returned to this original accent off and on throughout his life.[18]

On rare occasions Stokowski veered away from the ethnically romantic family fantasy and would describe his childhood as one of deprivation as though he were one of the poor in Dickens' novels. Some forty years beyond the small boy in grimy London town, a now famous Leopold Stokowski taxied through the streets of Philadelphia with his friend Charles O'Connell. O'Connell, supervisor for RCA's classical Red-Seal Division, was complaining about his own lack of money, and the natural advantages of wealth. When Stokowski responded that he liked O'Connell the way he was, O'Connell answered heatedly, "You wouldn't say that if you had ever been poor." At that Stokowski pulled up his trouser leg to expose a swollen and misshapen ankle—in sharp contrast to his image of comeliness. The conductor asked O'Connell if he recognized the condition. O'Connell answered that it looked like the result of "malnutrition or rickets." Stokowski, smiling bitterly

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answered, "that's exactly what it is, so perhaps you will not say again that I don't know what it is to be poor."[19]

After three more decades of publicly romanticizing his Polish background, a newly divorced Stokowski vented his anger over the recent loss of his two boys to ex-wife Gloria Vanderbilt. To Jerome Toobin, general manager of the Symphony of the Air, Stokowski complained that even the Vanderbilt wealth worked against Gloria's ability to raise the boys in the right way—adding for emphasis—"I was poor when I was as old as those boys are." Rhetorically querying Toobin as to whether he had ever been poor, Stokowski continued without waiting for an answer. "I was poorer than anyone you've ever known. Poorer than anyone."[20]

These two accounts are at variance with the evidence of modest middle class status for the Stokowskis on the one hand and the conductor's romantic account of life with grandfather on the other. What is clear is that Stokowski avoided discussion of his childhood with remarks such as this one. "I live entirely in the present and the future, not in the past." Or in explaining his 1955 blow-up with the Miami radio interviewer, to his friend and colleague Oliver Daniel; "I didn't like the chap to bring up all that private stuff." But if put on the spot as he was in the Kupferberg interview, Stokowski preferred to share a vision of his early life in which accent matched myth concerning that "wahn-dah-fool" childhood with grandfather in a "leedle coddage" where life was simple and serene. Struggling somewhere between the realm of myth and that of gritty London reality was the apple tree Stokowski remembered as his own when a small boy. No fruit was ever sweeter, but then small boys are always enchanted by a climbable tree for reasons far beyond "luscious fruit." Surrounded by the airborne world of leafy foliage, they can live in fantasy and imagination much more safely than is possible on a ground level rooted in mundane daily cares and the struggle to simply live. The tree Stokowski remembered into his nineties was probably real. Its remembered context as part of a secure and comfortable home life was not. Strangely the aged *maestro* actually did manage to find that childhood setting on his final return to England in 1972, but only when over ninety and then finding it by creating it in "Place Farm House," remodeled to his specifications and set in the little village of Nether Wallop. There in the English country side sat the comfortable cottage of memory with a one acre backyard, complete with brook, waterfall and an apple orchard with enough trees to transport any number of children to that airy world beyond reality.[21]

Living out a romance was much more difficult for a London boy in

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the eighteen nineties than creating one was for the world-famous *maestro* in the nineteen-seventies. However just how different the young Leopold of the eighteen-nineties was from his siblings and his parents can be seen in his early and consuming love of music. Recalled Stokowski for BBC's Sandra Harris, "I was born a musician. I don't know why I was born a musician, but I was. It started then when I first could think. I was a little boy, but I knew it. Like children know it, whatever they know, they know clearly." His childhood passion for music first led him into the choir of central London's St. Marylebone's Church. Choirboy Stokowski at seven took up the violin and then piano in his passion for music. But before his legs were long enough to reach the low C and high F pedals, Stokowski had become enamored of the "wonderful sound" of the church's organ and took that instrument up too, playing only the manuals until his legs grew long to reach each pedal in succession. With only a grade school education and elementary musical instruction the boy yearned to conduct as well. He got his chance at the age of twelve. Already earning money in a music hall where he played piano for chorus rehearsals and violin in the band, Stokowski at twelve like Toscanini at nineteen seized the opportunity to conduct when the band's regular conductor failed to show up for a performance. Years later *maestro* Stokowski would confide to Abram Chasins that in this event ". . . was the discovery of my true identity. That night I didn't sleep a wink, I had but one thought—to become a conductor." Within a year of this incident Stokowski was accepted on scholarship at the Royal College of Music. And at age thirteen, he was the youngest student admitted to the college up to that time.[22]

Upon graduation in 1900, an eighteen year old Stokowski with the sponsorship of his teacher Henry Walford Davies became first, choirmaster and organist at St. Mary's Anglican Church and by 1902 again with Davies' help had moved upward ecclesiastically and musically to St. James Church in Piccadilly. Within three more years Stokowski would leave for the United States; his goal a conducting career. Nor from that time until 1951 when he invited his mother to a Royal Philharmonic concert, would Stokowski publicly acknowledge his estranged English family or his personal background. Instead for most of his life Stokowski remained reticent about his origins, but when pressed would mythologise about his beginnings even as he would fabricate the story of Sonia's doll. Why? Certainly Curtis Davis and Oliver Daniel are right in noting Stokowski's shame and guilt over his background. This the most independent and "fearless"—to use Sylvan Levin's term—of conductors had as points of vulberability what he

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believed to be his shabby family background, the gaps in his formal education and his guilt at disowning his family, but there was even more to it than that. When coupled with great personal pride, a large ego and ambition to match, his vulnerabilities produced a striking inner contradiction in the man. As Stokowski's second wife the present Evangeline Merrill responded when biographer Abram Chasins commented on Stokowski's self assurance, "I wonder if you realize the extent of this man's feeling of inferiority? It is indescribable."[23]

Beyond guilt and shame and the carefully concealed insecurity observed at close quarters by the second Mrs. Stokowski, there was something at work in Stokowski, which would move him beyond the charge of *"poseur"* even as his carefully planned rise in music gave birth to that charge; a psychological set that would have personal, and interpretive musical meaning separating out the Stokowski story from those of so many others, who have cut away from the family and friends of their childhood in order to rise in the world. Bud Schulberg knew his Sammy Glick and Theodore Dreiser knew his Clyde Griffiths, but neither would have been able to use their shared theme in accurately describing Stokowski.

A strikingly handsome young man—a "blonde beauty" his first wife Olga Samaroff called him—Stokowski knew from earliest youth what he wanted to be and do. "Conductors are born not made," a sixty-one year old Stokowski would write in 1943 echoing the six year old of 1888 who at Christmas time had asked for a "magic wand." At twenty-one he had neither wand nor his own orchestra, but he was mesmerizing St. James Church audiences with his organ playing while looking beyond those concerts for his magic wand. During his short tour of duty at St. James', Stokowski became engaged to the Rector's daughter even as he persuaded his future father-in-law to hire an orchestra for special church performances with himself as conductor, only to break his engagement after he moved across the Atlantic and once again musically and socially upward to New York's St. Bartholemew's Church. Again there was at least a hint of romantic attachment between Stokowski and the Rector's daughter, Ellen Parks. But Rector Leighton Parks did not approve of Stokowski for one thing and by 1906 the young organist was involved with pianist Olga Samaroff.[24]

On the musical side, Stokowski's organ performances were so virile and colorful that the normally colorless position of church organist was transformed by Stokowski into a royal "reign," with himself as the handsome young "prince"[25] accepting the adoration of his hearers "as his due" without sign of either delight or surprise; a habit he carried

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over into the salons of wealthy parishoners who invited the "poetic Viking" into their homes. The one qualifier was that some people, particularly fathers and husbands in the congregation mistrusted the "golden one." Stokowski's personal manner and professional mien delivered a clear message to fans and foes alike. There is a calling for which I am destined. I intend to follow that call.[26]

Later known for his orchestral transcriptions of Bach organ works, the young Stokowski feverishly broadened his organ repertoire for special St. Bartholemew's concerts as well as guest performances all over the city by transcribing choral and symphonic works for the king of instruments, on which he was a master romantic performer. With these unique offerings he was able to draw "fashionable crowds" all over the city of New York. But home base remained his Sunday 5:00 p.m. organ recitals at St. Bartholemew's. Here the monied "*crème de la crème* would gather to hear Stokowski play Bach—and to marvel at his youth and good looks." After a brilliant performance he would remain motionless at the keyboard, eyes raised on high, profile acquiline perfect, contemplating, or perhaps seeming to contemplate, some mystery of music and the divine while his admirers went wild in their enthusiasm.[27]

To pianist Olga Samaroff, née Hickenlooper, whom Stokowski met in 1906 and married in 1911, the young organist seemed predestined for a great career because he combined intelligence, sensuality, musicality, self confidence and a driving ambition which he shared with her. "If you want something very badly you must try very hard for it," Stokowski would later tell Jerome Toobin.[28] With only minimal conducting experience Stokowski, teamed with Olga Samaroff from 1906, worked toward the badly wanted goal of an orchestra conductorship for Stokowski. By 1909 the matched pair had gotten Stokowski his first orchestra, the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra. With Olga Samaroff working behind the scenes to convince Mrs. Christian Holmes, President of the Cincinnati Orchestra Association to give Stokowski the vacant conductorship of the orchestra; Stokowski himself conducted a European audition concert to convince Cincinnati music critic J. Herman Thuman and the board that he was the young man for the job. At the age of twenty-seven, the organist had become the conductor; his keyboard an orchestra and his magic wand a baton.[29]

Consolidating the position won, Stokowski proved himself to be a "natural born conductor" with the orchestra he revitalized between 1909 and 1912. In 1911 before the ascent to Philadelphia Stokowski and Olga were married. The "grim-faced brunette," to use her words

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was now paired with her "blond beauty," a man with "the fire and ecstasy that mesmerize audiences . . ."[30]

The next step on-and-up to Philadelphia in 1912 would years later be indirectly described by Stokowski to a group of young and aspiring conductors to be. With young André Previn taking notes in the audience, Stokowski finished a three hour seminar fielding questions from the hopefuls. One tyro asked how a young conductor *just* getting started should go about getting his or her orchestra. Stokowski, quieting the laughter from others in the group said, "That is a very sensible question and I will give you a very sensible answer." Then with no mention of his own experience in moving to Philadelphia to lead its orchestra in 1912 at the expense of Karl Pohlig, the orchestra's conductor for six previous seasons and scheduled for a seventh, Stokowski continued,

> First you mustn't set your sights too high. . . . You must figure out quite systematically which city has an orchestra with a small enough season that you can handle it, yet a large enough season that you'll be able to learn a few pieces. The players should have enough proficiency to play the works you want to conduct, but they must not be so good as to make you afraid to stand up in front of them.
>
> When you have identified such an orchestra, then you must find out who its conductor is and see if you can arrange to have him fired.[31]

Much of the material touched on so far has the quality of raw material for a Dickens' novel. Youthful dreaming, luck, struggle, scheming, pathos and worldly success coupled with elements of the romance, and mystery that graced many a Stokowski performance and recording. A hypothesis to explain those contradictions and complexities cited by Harold Gomberg in 1978 as keys to unlock the man Stokowski enjoins the historian to be realistic about material which is romantic and at the same to be sensitive to the realms of the imagination and to psychological need where their boundaries and Stokowski's career impinge on one another. To reach that hypothesis consider the following.

What do we know of Stokowski so far? We know that he was inordinately good looking—"a beautiful young man," biographer Abram Chasins would call him. We know that he was an intuitive romantic, who was also realistic and pragmatic about the world around him; even as he spun verbally accented fantasies about his background. He was self-confident and also self-centered about his gifts; early on brooking no obstacles in his movement toward his destiny. His own sense of those gifts was supported by many who came into contact

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with him—particularly women. Their deference to him transcended their respect for his musicality or his physical attractiveness, and approached an adulation, which during the time of his youth and young manhood was usually reserved for legendary creators and performers; the likes of Bernhardt, Liszt, Paganini, and Wagner—all romantics and all larger than life. Their own archetypes were to be found in the myths and fairy tales of western culture. Aphrodite, Golden Apollo, Dionysus, Orpheus, Cinderella and her Prince Charming; all represented idealized heroes and heroines out of the western store of pagan and mythic romance. And we know that it was within this romantic context that Stokowski achieved his early success.[32] How apropos that Mr. Chasins, in the way that he does, uses the term "Prince Charming" to describe Stokowski in his young manhood. For it establishes a double-edged measure of the public's reaction to the young musician. There was the "radiant" pagan appeal of the young "prince" to his growing number of followers. There was among others the countering mistrust of the young magician; a Cagliostro come from nowhere to seduce audiences with sonic tricks rather than win them with traditional music making. For sober and skeptical rationalists particularly among music critics the image of Stokowski would become that of the charlatan using his looks, his showmanship, and his undeniable genius, for self-serving purposes beneath the dignity of real musicianship. We know that Stokowski was a natural and masterful musician with gaps in his musical training and from a modest family background. We know that the young Stokowski was aware of his power to gain potential supporters, both musicians and non-musicians. He capitalized on his looks and his genius to get where he believed he belonged in a way that was in keeping with the limited possibilities open to one of his great ambition and modest background. As for hostile critics? He ignored them.[33]

The personal counterweight to this heady mixture of public acclaim and growing mistrust lay in Stokowski himself; in the one area of personal insecurity where he was—to himself—most vulnerable, i.e., in his own origins. While Stokowski's conception of himself was romantic and he yearned for origins to match that identity, there was nothing in his background to provide such a persona. His daughter Sonia recalled years later that her father would have preferred to appear to the world as a young prince washed ashore after some mysterious ship wreck and ready to assume his place in this new world on that basis. But there was no ship wreck, no foundling prince, no romantic legend. Instead there was the drab lower middle class background from which Stokowski took only his capacity for hard work.[34]

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His destiny was music; indeed the symphonic music which was, in his London boyhood, the exclusive province of the well to do. Between the aspirations of the young Stokowski and entry to that world lay a deep social gulf.[35] To bridge that gulf Stokowski had to leave the city where his origins were known, where family members might pop up at any time shaming him in front of those he was trying to win over.[36] To cross that gulf he crossed the Atlantic in 1905 to the musical frontier of New York where he was not known and where his own account of his past might be accepted if he were pressed to give it. And so it was here in the United States that Stokowski began his personal-truths-in-the-making to protect himself from his own past. He recreated his own childhood in a romantic mold true to his own conception of himself and of his identity.[37]

The fantasy of Sonia's doll and grandfather's club, of the first violin and of the variant accounts of the Stokowski family's origins were all products of this re-creation believed in the telling as naturally as Stokowski accepted the newly appearing accents as part of himself.[38]

Turning for a moment to the more traditional explanation of these eccentricities, why couldn't one assume—as many have—that such attributes were the self conscious poses of the charlatan or the tricks of the poseur?[39] Because no real confidence man would tell the story of Sonia's doll or of grandfather in the context of Stokowski's telling these stories, since he would be—and in Stokowski's case was—found out and be made to seem ludicrous or would be patronized as a zany, no matter how able he was.[40] If there is one thing the confidence man and the phony share (beyond seeming to be what they aren't) it is their over-weening concern that their claims not seem to be contradictory; that their stories not be verifiable. So far afield was Stokowski from successful flim-flam that he gave hostile critics their best arguments against him through behavior and stories of this kind. It became easy for critics to actually ignore the music and musicianship of Stokowski, concentrating instead on the discrepancies in his personal fantasies. Then by association, they could use non-musical invective to damn music they hadn't discussed. And, of course, many did, thus creating a stereotypical image of an extraordinarily complex artist.

The multiple accents, often succeeding each other in a single conversation, are the worst proof possible of charlatanry, since on the face of it, consistency of pose including assumed speech patterns is imperative for the *poseur*.

One need not be a biologist nor a geneticist nor yet a psychoanalyst to begin making sense of Stokowski's seeming contradictions while challenging current cliché stereotypes of the conductor. Simple histor-

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ical common sense will do. But in using what I hope is good sense to reject now very traditional explanations of Stokowski's fantasizing, one is yet left with the need to put the alternative explanation into a credible framework.

Is there such a well known and accepted historical-psychological set in western culture within which an alternative Stokowski hypothesis could be seen as reasonable, likely and understandable? There is and I am much indebted to discussion with my colleague, psychologist and music buff, William Fawcett Hill for help in establishing its outlines. In history and folk-lore it is commonly referred to as the changeling concept or motif. Its reality in the lives of modern men is accepted by psychologists even though they do not use the term changeling—smacking as it does of unscientific myth and fairy tale—to describe the theme. For our purposes the term is accurate and clear-cut enough to be used effectively.[41]

The changeling motif is as common in western history as is that of Faust. It is as old as the pre-historical myths of our culture and as recent as Maurice Sendak's provocative children's book *Outside Over There.* It is as symbolic in meaning as the fairy tales of goblins stealing human beings for their own nefarious purposes while leaving identical substitutes, i.e., changelings in their places. At the same time the motif is as psychologically real and modern as the new mother, who is so sure that she has been given the wrong baby at the hospital that no one can talk her out of it; likewise the child sure that he or she is really adopted because of some deep-rooted estrangement between that child and his or her parents. Central European, Western European, and Scandinavian folklore abounds with substitutes or changelings. In one classic variant it is the real son or daughter that has been stolen with a double left in its place. In the other major variant it is the parents, who are believed by the child to have been switched and it is the child who must suffer unless and until equally magical action is taken to restore his rightful family to the child. Even the wicked step-mother motif of western fairy tales is related to the changeling in that they share the poignance of the child bereft of one or both of his real parents.[42]

As with all the motifs of myth, legend and fairy tale the changeling has its roots in human need and reality. Its substance and trappings became the stuff of legend because the human reality on which it was based was widespread and because it was poignant enough to warrant symbolic treatment in the lore of a people.[43] Bruno Bettelheim links this kind of mythic truth to the modern psychological state as a "rearranged reality" necessary for the psychic protection of some people,

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often children. Out of shame or guilt or fear an individual, normal in other respects, constructs a "family romance" centered on the idea

> "that one's parents are not really one's parents, but that one is the child of some exalted personage and that due to unfortunate circumstances, one has been reduced to living with these people, who claim to be one's parents."

It is common for such a subject to recognize this "family romance" as truth under psychological pressure to do so and as fantasy when no psychological threat is posed by the objective truth of family reality.[44]

Germane to our purposes is both the reality and the fantasy of a romantic young Englishman living out the motif of the changeling because of just such psychological pressure. Shame at his real family background, guilt at disowning his family, coupled with his own burning ambition is a reality of Stokowski's early life. His own princely conception of himself mirrored by his admirers and his romantic creation of a mythologised family, i.e., a "family romance" become the fantasy. The connecting link between the two, i.e., the emotional motive leading from reality to changeling fantasy, lay in Stokowski's rejection of his real family as truly his, since his family members did not meet his emotional needs nor live up to his own high expectations of what they should be in order to *live up to him!*

Could a person of Stokowski's type and temperament both know and remember the objective truth of his background and yet present the alternative personal truths of a "family romance" believed by the teller in the telling, but truths at wide variance with reality? Further could such a person as Stokowski maintain the desired personal truths of the past parallel, but superior to the hated past of reality and do so without serious interference in his successful functioning as a responsible professional? The answer is yes, given what we know about Stokowski and given the circumstantial evidence of his life and career.[45] Then there is the evidence indicating that Stokowski would, throughout his long career, have been much less exposed to both hostile criticism and to laughter because of his accents and stories of childhood if he had avoided these creations. That he did not do so, but instead unintentionally courted ridicule by his continued reliance upon them indicates four elements of a practical hypothesis to the historian: first, that re-creation of his family and background in a "family romance" was imperatively needful for Stokowski; second, that the accents and family stories were at the time of telling and use real to Stokowski as a "rearranged reality"; third, that Stokowski's continued reliance on his

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"family romance" is evidence of a vivid romanticism, but not of charlatanry; and fourth, that he was not creatively incapacitated by his psychological eccentricites nor by his romanticism. There is yet another element of his career, and a subject requiring separate discussion. It centers on the likelihood that his later romantically personalized and often eccentric readings of symphonic works were related to the same roots as his romantically personalized and often eccentric conception of his own past and identity.[46]

By the time Stokowski had proven himself in Cincinnati, he could look at his life so far as successful. But with this success came regular contact with the wealthy leaders of the American urban social world, with European born musicians whose roots lay in the class structure, the culture, and the musical training of central and eastern Europe and with largely European born and trained soloists whose lineage and sophistication at that time dwarfed his own.[47] However strange one might objectively find Stokowski's romances and accents, they proved psychologically valuable to the young Englishman of modest origins. In a musical world where English and American artists were considered second rate, Stokowski could shield himself behind his name which was genuinely Polish and by his stories and accent, which at least put him at ease among wealthy American society leaders and pedigreed European musicians.

Stokowski could and did prove himself in Cincinnati. His daring early led him to innovative programming and to championing American music and musicians in an America still dominated by central European—particularly German—music and musicians. Indeed the young Stokowski by example and by deed broke the hold of German trained musicians—Stock, vander Stucken, Henschel, Gericke, Paur, Muck, Damrosch, Seidl, Mahler and Weingartner—on conducting in the United States. Years after their divorce, Olga Samaroff Stokowski would look back on her ex-husband's performance in Cincinnati as a turning point in American symphonic music. No longer would the importation of middle-aged European conductors be the snobbish imperative it had been prior to Stokowski's tenure in Cincinnati.[48] However Stokowski's sense of his own accomplishment was still compromised by his past, no matter what he had achieved in Cincinnati. More musical accomplishment was not enough to overcome this peculiar insecurity.

How different was Stokowski from his first wife Olga Samaroff, Texas born Lucie Hickenlooper. Madame Samaroff could admit with good humor that she had adopted her concert name, because as a

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woman and as an American pianist, the name Hickenlooper did not provide entré to the world's concert halls, as did the impressive pseudonym she adopted for herself. While she openly and with a good deal of humor admitted the truth about her origins, the Stokowski of the Cincinnati years exhibited those "personal truths" about his background which added a much needed sense of internal security to the conductor. He could now believe he was all of a piece; past, present, and destiny. To the accretion of accents, airs, and colorful Polish background was added the claim that he had studied conducting with his idol, the great German conductor, Arthur Nikisch. Again as with the changeling status accorded his parentage, Stokowski's pride and imagination created one more facet of an identity psychologically needed by the conductor, but overlooked by reality.[49]

It was no charlatan nor *poseur* who joined the musical greats of Europe for intimate 1916, 1917, and 1918 summer vacations at Bar Harbor, Maine with the likes of pianists Joseph Hoffmann, Ossip Gabrilowitsch, Harold Bauer and Leopold Godowsky; conductors, Karl Muck, Frank Damrosch and Bruno Walter; dancer, Vaslav Nijinsky; violinist, Fritz Kreisler; harpist, Carlos Salzedo; and cellist, Hans Kindler. With the exception of Harold Bauer, who was London born,[50] all of the others had deep roots in continental European music and tradition. Without exception—Bauer included—their social background, training, and musical credentials were impeccable.[51] Into this milieu a thirty-four year old Stokowski moved in 1916, confident of his ability to hold his own. For he naturally had intelligence and musical skills to match the best of this assemblage and now he too had a continental background to match—created and believed by himself. If there were any in this distinguished company who had their doubts about Stokowski's strange accent and romantic background, the young conductor could now afford to ignore their skepticism. He had begun the creation of his *real* identity at twelve. It was near complete by age thirty-four. It pleased and satisfied the only person Stokowski answered to throughout his long life—himself.

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NOTES

1. Robert Gomberg, "Recollections of Stokowski," *High Fidelity and Musical America* 28 (March 1978): MA 14–15. Morton Gould, "Essay" in *Stokowski: Essays in Analysis of his Art*, ed. Edward Johnson (London: Triad Press, 1973): 37.
2. As a classic example of such misleading criticism from a respected figure in the

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world of musical commentary see Sigmund Spaeth, "The Barrymores of the Baton," *Theatre Arts* 36 (November, 1952): 28. For valuable commentary see Abram Chasins, *Leopold Stokowski: A Profile* (New York: Hawthorn Books, c. 1979). Paul Robinson, *Stokowski* (Canada: Vanguard Press, c. 1977 by Lester and Arpen, Ltd.). Charles O'Connell, *The Other Side of the Record* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1949). Curtis Davis, "Stokowski at 100," *High Fidelity and Musical America* 32 (April, 1982): 45–48, 82. Oliver Daniel, *Stokowski A Counterpoint of View* (New York: Dodd Mead & Co., c. 1982).

3. Since so much of Stokowski's life including his personal idiosyncracies was bound up in music, illustrations of the conductor's personality will often center on episodes involving music. However the music making is not of central interest. The idiosyncracies are.
4. The epitaph chosen by Stokowski from his own writing to grace his tomb stone.
5. As an illustration, note the shock and surprise of Jerome Toobin and Gunther Schuller when Stokowski with no conversational introduction asked Toobin and Schuller, "Have you ever made love to a lesbian?" Jerome Toobin, *Agitato* (New York: Viking Press, c. 1975), 67. Sylvan Levin recalls Stokowski's delight in shocking him with outrageous anecdotes or pronouncements during their years together. Sylvan Levin, Interview with author, July 16, 1982, New York City.
6. Nowhere outside of Stokowski's recordings is this more clearly illustrated than in his only book, the exuberant, *Music for All of Us* (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1943). In the chapter, "The Heart of Music," the following phrases romantically descriptive of works named are all to be found on page 25: "exalted love," "intoxicated orgiastic humor," "ecstatic," "dreamlike ecstacy," "inscrutable godlike utterance," "mischievous gaminlike humor," "stark primitive spirit of the slavic race," "elegaic," "screaming black fury of witches."
7. Nor was Stokowski reticent in advocating such a romantic approach: "Some play only the right notes mechanically." They are like some people who in everyday life, "are also correct. They have good manners and they always say the right thing and do the right thing at the right time, but they are not warm. They haven't heart. They are not impulsive. They don't seem to be human. They're just correct; almost like machines. They seem to be afraid of their natural selves." How then could such people in music reach the heart of a composition for ". . . music is the poetry of life; the poetry of all our dreams about life." Its range is infinite, reaching from the "diabolic" to the spiritually sublime. Leopold Stokowski, Interview with R. C. Marsh, Chicago, January, 1958. Classical Recordings Archive of America, El Cerrito, California.
8. Gunther Schuller in conversation with Edgard Varèse in Benjamin Boretz and Edward T. Cone (eds.), *Perspectives on American Music* (New York: W. W. Norton & Co., Inc., c. 1971), 36. Louise Varèse, *Varèse: A Looking-Glass Diary,* vol. 1 (New York: W. W. Norton & Co., Inc., c. 1972), 195–96.
9. Joan Peyser, *The New Music: The Sense Behind the Sound* (New York: Delacorte Press, c. 1971), 156–57. Ferdinand Ouellette, *Edgar Varèse,* trans. Derek Coltman (New York: Orion Press, c. 1968), 88–89, 92–93, 95, 97. Varèse, 233–34, 246–47. Richard Schickel, *The World of Carnegie Hall* (New York: Julian Messner Inc., c. 1960), 243.

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10. Herbert Russcol, *The Liberation of Sound: An Introduction to Electronic Music* (Englewood Cliffs, N.J.: Prentice Hall, Inc., c. 1972), 47. Varèse, 233.
11. Sylvan Levin, *Memorial to Leopold Stokowski* (Philadelphia: Curtis Institute of Music, September 23, 1977).
12. Abram Chasins, Interview with the author, March 24, 1982, Los Angeles, California. Charles O'Connell knew Stokowski's changes of accent well. For him this verbal quicksliver went with a romanticism and sensualism that carried over into Stokowski's love of the exotic in food, drink and color—indeed all of the senses. One never knew what to expect next in setting off for an evening with the *maestro.* He delighted in off-beat folk art, ethnic restaurants and a wide range of music beyond the concert hall. Abram Chasins recalls Stokowski's delight in the "erotic" gypsy fiddler, Bela Babai, a New York attraction in the thirties. Stokowski both attended Babai's performances and bought his records as gifts for women acquaintances. One can hear echoes of Babai in the violin soloes of the 1955 Stokowski recording of the Liszt, *Hungarian Rhapsody No. 3* re-released as Quintessence PMC 7023. O'Connell, 278, 280–83. Chasins, 118. Edward Johnson, "Notes" to *Stokowski: His Great Transcriptions for Orchestra,* Columbia M34543.
13. Herbert Kupferberg, *Those Fabulous Philadelphians* (New York: Scribners, co. 1969), 110–11.
14. Davis, 45. Kupferberg, 110. Leopold Stokowski, Interview with Aaron Parsons and George Stone, Chicago, May 26, 1968. Classical Recordings Archive of America, El Cerrito, California.
15. Chasins X. Harold Schonberg, *The Great Conductors* (New York: Simon and Schuster, c. 1967), 312.
16. Schonberg, 312. Toobin 43–44. Stokowski, Interview with Parsons and Stone. Davis, 45. Gerald Jackson, *First Flute,* ed. David Simmons (London: J. M. Dent and Sons Ltd., c. 1968), 79. In 1950 Stokowski contributed biographical data to a German encyclopedia listing his birth date and place as Krakow Poland, 1887, yet the editor of a Finnish encyclopedia claimed that Stokowski had told him he was born in Pomerania, Germany in 1889. See Chasins, 1.
17. Davis, 45, 82. Chasins, 2.
18. Listen to Stokowski's moving and urgent plea for Philadelphians to support their orchestra in the face of depression. This speech was delivered at the end of the last Philadelphia orchestra concert of the 1931–32 season. Caught by Bell Telephone Laboratory engineers in their live recording of the concert, it illustrates Stokowski's London accent as softened by years of living abroad, but apparent nonetheless. This can be heard in *Early Hi-Fi: Wide Range and Stereo Recordings Made by Bell Telephone Laboratories in the 1930s, Leopold Stokowski Conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra, 1931–32,* vol. 2. In noting the modest improvement in the family's status between grandfather Stokowski's arrival in London in the eighteen-fifties and an eighteen year old Leopold Stokowski's first employment as choral director and organist in 1899, I am much indebted to my colleague Anthony Brundage, English history specialist. Dr. Brundage has demographically related the family's changing addresses to its slowly rising fortune as follows: Grandfather Leopold settled in Oxford Market, presumably on Oxford Street in central London, since no formal market by that

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name was officially licensed by the city. This was a mixed working class and lower middle class area of emigrés, artisans, shopkeepers and working people. Later his son and daughter-in-law, Joseph Kopernik and Annie Moore Stokowski set up house-keeping nearby, at 13 Upper Marylebone Street, where conductor, Leopold Stokowski was born in 1882. Marylebone, mid-way between Regents Park and Hyde Park was a cut above Oxford Street and removed from any concentration of non-English emigrés from the continent. In 1896 the Stokowskis, together with a fourteen year old Leopold moved to 18 Acacia Road in St. John's Wood some two miles north-west of their old address. Again this new address represented an upward move to a better neighborhood, but one without the tone of neighboring suburbs like Hampstead. Born a Roman Catholic, young Leopold would become Anglican during his childhood, acquiring his entré to music at Anglican St. Marylebone Church. This shift too, whatever its religious meaning represented a socially upward move. See Preben Opperby, *Leopold Stokowski* (New York: Hippocrene Books, Inc., 1982), 9–15.

19. O'Connell, 279.
20. Toobin, 52.
21. Chasins, 4, 247–48. Kupferberg, 106–07. Opperby, 142.
22. Leopold Stokowski, Interview with Sandra Harris, London, 1974. Classical Recordings Archive of America, El Cerrito, California. Stokowski Interview with Parsons and Stone, Leopold Stokowski, Interview with Philip Lambro, n.p., 1963. Classical Recordings Archive of America, El Cerrito, California. Kupferberg, 111. Eugene Moore, "Fifty Fabulous Years," *Musical America* 79 (February, 1959): 17. Chasins, 3–4.
23. Davis, 45, 48. Daniel, 7. Chasins, Interview. Chasins, 99. Sylvan Levin, Letter to the author, April 20, 1982.
24. Stokowski, *Music for All of Us,* 217. Davis, 46. Chasins, 10–15, 18, 27.
25. Davis, 46. "Prince" is the term of endearment Stokowski used to sign an autographed picture of himself with the salutation "For Mary with Love"; given to Mary Louise Curtis Bok in the nineteen twenties. Mrs. Bok was benefactress of both the Philadelphia Orchestra and the Curtis Institute of Music. See Curtis Institute of Music, Stokowski Centennial Program of April 18, 1982 (Philadelphis: Curtis Institute of Music, 1982), 1. Initially it was Mrs. Bok's husband who dubbed Stokowski, "Prince" during the Philadelphis years, i.e., Edward Bok, member of the orchestra's board of trustees, and a strong Stokowski supporter. See Daniel, 109.
26. Chasins, 14–15. From earliest youth until well past eighty Stokowski's good looks, his carriage and grace of movement were commented on by friends, and by enemies whose "glamour boy" label followed Stokowski for near three generations. "Byronic," "Apollo-like," "imperious beauty," "aristocratic," "pard-like" were some of the descriptive nouns and adjectives used over the years to describe Stokowski. Sophia Yarnell, a ten year old Philadelphis girl who met Stokowski when he was in his thirties, later summed it up with the phrase, "He was the most gorgeous thing you ever saw." Nor did Stokowski age as most of us do. While at ninety he looked aged, the "beautiful young man" of thirty often called "boyish" became the "ageless apollo" of his sixties and seventies. Upon his marriage to the twenty-one year old Gloria Vanderbilt,

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George Antheil wrote of a sixty-three year old Stokowski that "he is the most extraordinary case of prolonged youth on my personal observation record," concluding that the explanation might be an unusual "endocrine balance," which kept Stokowski's biological age, at least twenty years younger than his chronological age. See O'Connell, 278–79. Schonberg, 310. Chasins, XII, 30, 74. George Antheil, *Bad Boy of Music* (Garden City, N.J.: Doubleday Doran & Co., 1945), 365–66.

27. Peter Dobson "Essay" in Edward Johnson (ed.), *Stokowski: Essays. . .*, 65. Toobin, 55. Chasins, 13–14.
28. Chasins, 18–19, 26–27. Toobin, 40.
29. Chasins, 26–34.
30. Chasins, 28.
31. André Previn, "Essay" in Edward Johnson (ed.), *Stokowski: Essays. . .*, 59. Martin Bookspan and Ross Yockey, *André Previn: A Biography* (Garden City, N.J.: Doubleday & Co., 1981), 334. The wording of the same quotation taken from Previn's student notes varies in these two sources, but the message and the punch line remain the same!
32. Stokowski composed only a handful of works, but one of these, written when Stokowski was a young man, is the Dithyramb for Flute, Cello and Harp, a deeply emotional hymn to the pagan Greek deity, Dionysus, god of wine and fruitfulness and model for the later Roman deity Bacchus.
33. Chasins, 8, 11, 13–14, 18. Those impressionistically critical of Stokowski's methods during his early rise should take a hard look at the historical realities faced by anyone in Stokowski's position at the turn of the century. Means and ends are very different things to those who are comfortably secure when compared to those whose abilities can only flower through hard-won achievement as a later Englishman—George Orwell—would so well document.
34. Daniel, XXV, In spite of Stokowski's aversion to the drably plebian characteristics of his background it is psychologically interesting that he carried over the craft skills of two generations of cabinet makers into his adult life. For he designed and sometimes built useful and necessary articles for his dwellings, including a fireplace, tables, desk and *cabinets!* Josephine Walker, "The Stokowski Only His Secretary Could Now," *Ovation* (April, 1982): 18. O'Connell, 283.
35. I think it likely that Stokowski's life-long concern for bringing the concert hall and great music to millions of people of little or no wealth was not only genuine, but shaped by the youthful dilemmas of his own experience. The same could be said of his years of work with youth orchestras, whose members were—many of them—drawn from backgrounds not dissimilar to his own.
36. David Ewen, *Dictators of the Baton* (Chicago and New York: Alliance Book Corp., c. 1943), 72. Davis, 45, Daniel, 6–7.
37. In a 1968 Chicago interview Stokowski was confronted with just such objective reality when asked if his mother weren't English. Stokowski, answering that she was Polish, noted that it was easier for people to get their biographical information from dictionaries and encyclopedias than to "penetrate to the *real truth*" (Italics mine). Stokowski, Interview with Parsons and Stone.
38. I asked Abram Chasins, Stokowski's biographer and friend for fifty years, if he believed Stokowski consciously fabricated these stories or if, in his judgement, the conductor believed them himself at the time of telling. Without hesitation

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Mr. Chasins answered that on the basis of his experience with Stokowski, he thought the conductor really did believe those stories when he told them. Chasins, Interview.

39. See Schonberg, 314 for just such an assumption. Schonberg's book, a very popular and influential work, contains many more of those stereotypes that have turned the real Stokowski into something of a caricature.

40. There is not one piece of historical or psychological evidence that I know of to indicate that Stokowski might have neurotically courted such ridicule. Nothing in his career nor in his person indicates a compulsion to be laughed at or patronized. He took himself seriously and courted a public opinion that would evaluate his career in the same way.

41. While I had the several themes of this hypothesis in mind, it was Dr. Hill's interdisciplinary knowledge and insight that provided the changeling focus linking Stokowski to the human poignancy behind myth and fairy tale as well as to the reality of modern psychology.

42. See *A New Dictionary on Historical Principles (Oxford English Dictionary),* 1893 ed., s.v. "Changeling." *Encyclopaedia of Religion and Ethics,* 1911 ed., s.v. "Changeling."

43. See Bruno Bettelheim, *The Uses of Enchantment: The Meaning and Importance of Fairy Tales* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf Inc., 1976; Vintage Books, 1977). Erich Fromm, *The Forgotten Language: An Introduction to the Understanding of Dreams, Fairy Tales and Myths* (New York: Rinehart & Co., 1951; Evergreen Books, 1957).

44. Bettelheim, 68.

45. In connection with my work on Stokowski, I put these questions to Dr. Hill. He answered yes to both questions. Further in specific reference to Stokowski he noted that a person with the *maestro's* constellation of character traits would be the likeliest subject for the changeling syndrome since the one ghastly hole in his sense of identity lay in the accident of his birth. By re-creating that, with his Polish grandfather as the "exalted personage" closest to little Leopold, he could bring his origins into psychological line with his creation of his own success as an adult. In the same way his assumed accents covered his London origins, while lending flair to his self-created image; all of this governed emotionally rather than rationally and strong enough to withstand the cynicism of unbelievers.

Dr. Hill warmed to this theme by noting that his own favorite musician, Edward Kennedy Ellington, was remarkably similar to Stokowski, but luckier in family background. The "Duke," nicknamed in childhood for his aristocratic bearing and power over those close to him, including his family, did not disown his prim and moralistic mother nor his easy-going father, nor did he need to, for while still a small child, he substituted his own fantasy identity of himself for the normal reality of a child subordinate to his parents. In it he, not his mother and father, played the central family role. Since his family accepted Ellington's early conception of himself, the "Duke" was in charge by age ten as Stokowski, employing his family fantasy, would not be until his twenties. Consider Barry Ulanov's biographical picture of the school boy "Duke" coming downstairs on his way to the day's classes:

" 'Stand over there,' he would direct 'Now . . . listen. This,' he would

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say slowly with careful articulation, 'is the great, the grand, the magnificent Duke Ellington.' "

"Then he would bow. Looking up at his smiling mother and aunt, he would say, 'Now applaud, applaud.' " And with that he would leave happily for school.

Ellington's childhood security and happiness is in marked contrast to the Stokowski childhood as would be their ways of dealing with childhood memories. However they were remarkably similar both personally and musically, even to their sense of showmanship and assumption of verbal accent to stress their place in that upper table land of musical aristocracy. Who can ever forget Ellington's, "We love you maad-laay."

Master musicians, worshippers of sound, each making his orchestra an instrument to play upon; each creating a unique orchestral sound. Both egotistical, handsome and particularly attractive to women. Neither willing to accept human authority, yet acknowledging the primacy and governing authority of music in their lives. Stokowski with his "Music is the voice of the all." Womanizer Ellington acknowledging his humility to music in the title of his autobiography, *Music is My Mistress.* Each man, by the way, liking and intuitively respecting the other; each attending the others performances.

See Barry Ulanov, *Duke Ellington* (New York: Creative Age Press Inc., 1946), 1, 5–7, 11–13, 16, 188–89. Derek Jewell, *Duke: A Portrait of Duke Ellington* (New York: W. W. Norton Inc., 1977), 65. Ralph Gleason, *Celebrating the Duke and Louis, Bessie, Billie, Bird, Carmen, Miles, Dizzy and Other Heroes* (Boston: Atlantic Monthly Press Book, Little Brown and Co., 1975), 168.

46. In 1924 Louisa Miller née Knowlton was a young student of cello in the first class of the newly formed Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia. The school was closely related to the Philadelphia Orchestra and, until Artur Rodzinski joined the staff to train the Curtis Orchestra, Leopold Stokowski, conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra doubled as conductor of the institute orchestra as well. Miss Knowlton was able to observe Stokowski in that capacity. Further as the protegé of Michel Penha, first cellist of the Philadelphia Orchestra, she observed Stokowski off-duty at parties and social events. During our first interview Mrs. Miller dealt mainly with Stokowski as conductor. At our second session, when I raised the charges—"phony, *poseur* charlatan"—made about Stokowski over the years and asked Mrs. Miller to comment, she was very clear in saying those labels didn't describe what she saw in Stokowski. He was a "showman" all right. He was always "on," but not as one attempting to convince people of musical gifts that he didn't have. Musical genius and imagination he had in full measure plus the confidence to use them. However it was as though these gifts weren't enough and Stokowski had to prove himself one-hundred-and-fifty percent all of the time to cover some sense of inadequacy that he alone felt real. Much of his bravado and his aristocratic air seemed to Mrs. Miller not the pose of the phony, but the need of a gifted, but insecure human being. "You accepted the airs and the accents as part of his style. That was Stoki." Louisa Miller, Interview with the author, February 10, 1982 and June 18, 1982, Claremont, California.

47. For example, Sergei Rachmaninoff, son of land owning Russian aristocrats, who were also capable musicians, received his degree from the Moscow Conserva-

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tory in 1882. In 1909 Stokowski conducted the composer's *Second Piano Concerto* with Rachmaninoff as soloist. Francis Crociata, *Rachmaninoff: Portrait of a Great and Modest Master* (New York: R. C. A. Victor, c. 1973), 1. Sergei Bertonson and Jay Leyda, *Sergei Rachmaninoff* (New York: New York University Press, 1956): 163. In 1963 Stokowski recalled that in conversation with Rachmaninoff, he had been particularly interested in Rachmaninoff's account of his own aristocratic childhood. Stokowski, Interview with Lambro.

48. Cecil Smith, *Worlds of Music* (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co., c. 1952), 242. Ewen, *Dictators. . .*, 73. Olga Samaroff Stokowski, *An American Musician's Story* (New York: W. W. Norton & Co., c. 1939), 104.
49. Abram Chasins, Interview. Chasins, 22–25. Davis, 46. Ewen, *Dictators. . .*, 73. David Ewen, *The Man with the Baton* (New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co., c. 1936), 127–42.
50. Harold Bauer shared his birthplace, London, with Stokowski, but in terms of economic and social background coupled with early and rigorous musical training, Bauer was, like the others, clearly Stokowski's superior.
51. Clara Clemens, *My Husband Gabrilowitsch* (New York: Harper & Brothers, 1938), 87–91. Olga Samaroff Stokowski, 146–69.

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Reviews

CHARLES CONNELL, *They Gave Us Shakespeare.* London: Oriel Press, 1982. Pp. xiv + 110. $14.95.

> We have done our office to the dead without ambition either of selfe profit of fame, only to keep the memory of so worthy a friend and fellow alive as was our Shakespeare.
>
> —Introduction to the
> First Folio, 1623

To twentieth-century readers it's the rare person who stands out as exceptional in the age of Shakespeare. Consequently, it would be easy to be skeptical about such a book as this. Perhaps, one wonders, the impossible has become a reality: we have finally run out of topics on Shakespeare and are starting to write about all of his associates. Fortunately, their contemporaries tended to regard John Heminges and Henry Condell somewhat otherwise, as actors of standing in the Lord Chamberlain's Men, as theatre managers, and as shareholders in the Globe Playhouse. Yet in all of this they failed to recognize their most distinctive feat. Not until 1896, the year a memorial was erected in the garden of St. Mary-the-Virgin, Aldermanbury, was it publicly noted that "to their disinterested affection the world owes all that it calls Shakespeare."

There was a fourth Shakespeare—besides the actor and dramatist, and the man who left a wife for years in Stratford, seemingly alone with the children—whose personal influence remains as much a mystery as his "lost years." No doubt, like any young man of the day he

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must have gone straight from his birthplace to the city, met some interesting, but not necessarily the most important, people, and never quite lost his provincial leanings. (The pastoral scenes in *As You Like It* are at least sympathetically, if not fondly, drawn.) As well, he found a trade as a playwright and an unceasing fascination with the transcience of the imagined worlds he created inside the Globe, so much so that he valued the printed text very little. Throughout twenty-odd active years Shakespeare neglected to see any of his work through the press. Therefore, it is strictly to his friendship with Heminges and Condell that we owe the preservation of those texts that comprise the First Folio.

Whoever approaches Connell's account will not learn intimately the nature of their friendship from primary sources but through a reconstruction of circumstances at the Globe which brings playhouse management and company organization to bear upon Shakespeare's London experience. The author produces a "sense of environ," a kind of implied biography, a reflection of what we might reasonably expect relationships among players to have been. From the beginning, Connell's eye is on known facts, and on how the players' centrality to the company effected direcly their position as Shakespeare's literary heirs. The opening chapters establish, as well as scant evidence will permit, the context of parochial history and the players' careers. To be sure, the original church at which Heminges and Condell attended services was destroyed in the Great Fire and rebuilt subsequently under the direction of Sir Christopher Wren. However, concerns more properly relate to the parish boundaries that defined the neighborhood in which the men worhsipped, baptized children, served as churchwardens, and were buried.

If his last testament is reliable, Heminges died a citizen and a freeman of the Grocer's Company. His affiliation with one of the City livery companies was not at all unusual, although more of the actors from playing companies other than the Lord Chamberlain's Men sought the security that membership in a trade company provided. (Of the Lord Admiral's-Prince's Men, John Alleyn was an innkeeper; Anthony Jeffes, a brewer; Thomas Downton, a vintner.) As far as Heminges' acting career is concerned, in part he married into the profession by wedding Rebecca Knell in 1588. She was the widow of William Knell, a Queen's man deceased that same year, who Thomas Heywood applauded as having flourished well before his time. An undated letter to Edward Alleyn, the actor well known for his majestic characterizations in Christopher Marlowe's tragedies, referred to a theatrical wager that Alleyn could certainly equal Knell in any of his

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famed roles. But consecutively, Heminges' reputation grew from his own capabilities on stage. It is entirely possible that he started with Knell's troupe. By 1593 he had transferred loyalties to Strange's Men, and shortly thereafter, he appeared as one of the founding members of the Lord Chamberlain's Men. Traditional scholarship identifies him with the more-or-less comic, peppery old man, the well-intentioned-but-foolish father, the all-but-senile counsellor. Shakespearean counterparts, in other words, suggested by Polonius, Capulet, and Gonzalo. He was also named in the casts of Ben Jonson's *The Alchemist, Volpone, Sejanus,* and *Cataline,* all containing similar roles. After 1611, though, his active involvement in playing ceased because he retired from the stage and gave himself over entirely to managerial duties. The change was not, as some sources imply, a sudden shift of interests. As early as 1596 Heminges served as a joint payee for Court performances of the company, a durty he shouldered until 1630.

Actually, no player did more to shape the company's finances than Heminges. An Exchequer receipt from December 1617(?), in which a messenger was sent "to heminges the player," would indicate that he organized the masque presented during the Christmas festivities that year, and perhaps even as an ongoing responsibility. Regularly, he was noted to have paid the company's Lenten allowance. A payment from Heminges to the Master of the Revels on behalf of four companies "for toleration in the holy-dayes" attests to an important barter-power with the Crown-controlled office (1619–19), one that brought the King's order for a donation of £100 in 1630 for the relief of that players in the troupe who had fallen upon hard times. For his personal interest he held a seventh of a moiety of the lease in the First Globe in 1599 and a seventh of the Blackfriars lease in 1608. As executor for Augustine Phillips and others from the company he added to his holdings so that eventually he owned four sixteenths of the Second Globe and probably two eighths of the Blackfriars. (Shortly after Phillips' death, John Witter (second husband of Phillips' widow) sued both Heminges and Condell, they described in the court proceedings as "of great lyvinge wealth and power.")

Were Condell an equal partner, it is difficult to prove based on our limited knowledge of his circumstances. Contemporary references to "old stuttering Heminges" have fostered the belief that Condell was the younger of the pair, even though no birthdate has been ascertained for either. In comparison, the acting tradition Condell established is less determinable. The single role to which we can assign him with certainty is that of the Cardinal in *The Duchess of Malfi.* Actor lists

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point out that he was involved in Jonson's plays as well, but the specific parts he played are a mystery. In the company's business records he is a regular until the death of Shakespeare, and after 1619, his involvement declines so measurably that he seems to have adopted an honorary role. Unlike Heminges, he was not an original sharer in the Globe—most likely a factor of his age—although he held an active interest in the Second Blackfriars. Nor is there any record of his having trained boy players as Heminges did. During 1729, John Roberts stated that Condell was a printer, a tempting assertion that remains unverifiable. And that is the sum total of both the realities and the conjectures on Condell's life history. We must admit openly that there are few tenable facts about Condell, and as a result, less interest generally in his dealings as a player and a manager.

Shakespeare's investments in the theatre business were far more than mercenary, and they seem to have been prompted early on when he was at home in his native Warwickshire. Between 1569 and 1587 his father, as High Bailiff, was responsible for the payment and welfare of travelling companies visiting Stratford-upon-Avon. Among those were the Queen's Men, the Earl of Worcester's Men, the Earl of Leicester's Men, and Lord Strange's Men. Especially in 1588, Shakespeare's opportunities to join the Queen's Men would have been auspicious for there was at least one vacancy. Two players quarrelled, broke into a swordfight, and one, William Knell, was stabbed in the throat and killed. Still, Shakespeare might as easily have begun with the Lord Strange's or Rambroke's Men, the troupes with which Richard Burbage was associated. Shakespeare's name appears alongside Burbage's in 1594 in a payment for two performances presented to the Queen. Soon, Shakespeare's work also encompassed the men who were to become his closest colleagues. *Richard III* and *The Merchant of Venice* required Burbage for the centerpiece roles while Heminges and Condell (then associated with Lord Derby's Men) were busy with the initial performances of *Titus Andronicus.* Allegiances among the players investing in the First Globe ran deep, based as they were on longstanding professional ties. In a very real sense, their familiarity was the key ingredient in making their dramatic ventures successful. For Shakespeare, the shares he acquired in both Globes and the Blackfriars delineated the terms of his accomplishment in the arena in which he himself placed the greatest worth.

Constrained partly by the economy of available material and partly by sound sense, Connell devotes the second half of his book to a discussion of the First Folio's compilation. The subjects of his attention

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are mainly hypothetical but they are engaging in their reconsideration of fundamental issues from the standpoint of editorial contribution. Why Heminges and Condell even became involved in such a massive undertaking (and a fairly-risky financial business) is the most basic point of controversy. Seventeen of the plays they printed had never been published formerly, to which the men may well earn a sort of discoverer's claim; while legend interprets their efforts as an attempt to best the publication of Ben Jonson's *Works* in 1616. Nevertheless, resurrecting the Jonson-Shakespeare rivalry fails to confront the humanmost influences. Read carefully, the Folio's dedication underscores urgency in its preparation, attributable probably to the general press of time, and more particularly to the position in which Heminges and Condell saw themselves: "we are fallen upon the ill fortune to mingle two of the most diverse things that can be, fear and rashness; rashness in the enterprise and fear in the success." Additionally, most of Shakespeare's closest friends passed on before him, including Thomas Pope (1604), Augustine Phillips (1607), and Alexander Cooke (1614). Burbage only outlived Shakespeare by three years. The fact is that by 1623 Heminges and Condell were the last of Shakespeare's associates who were competent to discriminate among texts from a first-hand knowledge of their performance. The origin of the "Folio idea" was prompted by insistent necessity—if ever there was to be a collected works of Shakespeare—quite apart from commemoration. By the publication of the Second Folio in 1632, both Heminges and Condell had passed away.

For the rest of his discussion Connell concentrates on the nature and development of their "editorship," balancing their authority against the politics of the publishers, William Jaggard among them. (Jaggard's participation is questionable given that he was responsible for the dishonest collection of what purported to be Shakespeare's plays brought out in 1619. He was also responsible for the subsequent publication of a gathering of poems bearing Shakespeare's name although only five of them were his.) The full complement of publishers who united to produce the First Folio included four members of the Stationers Company, each of whom owned rights to certain plays. If there was no pecuniary advantage for Heminges and Condell there was no revolution in editorial policy either. Rather, they responded to the needs of posterity. This is a point well taken. Still, it would be heavy-handed to treat *They Gave Us Shakespeare* as definitive. Frequently, Connell has to rely for his facts upon standard reference sources and commonplaces of theatre history, some of which

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have, or are in the process of being challenged. It is not that Connell necessarily misinterprets his facts, but that the facts required to delineate, in detailed fashion, the course of players' lives or their duties to the company are simply unavailable, or needing to be ferreted out of the public records. When they are known to be unavilable—as in the case of the Grocers Company records—the author fails to indicate that he has searched and found material wanting. In addition, Connell makes no conjectures, which, although perhaps coming too close to the realm of taste for some readers, would draw his picture of the playhouse community more attractively. (Was, for instance, Ben Jonson's notice of Abel Drugger as "free of the Grocers" *(The Alchemist)* an underhanded reference to Heminges; an inside joke?) Connell is modest, and not unduly so, in his claims and purposes. Consequently, he tends to be reticent which only leaves his readers wondering.

Connell's strength, should one be all pervasive, lies in his ability to bring to the foreground forgotten facts: that there are no known portraits of Heminges or Connell, but that the engraving they chose for the First Folio must have been that most closely approximating Shakespeare's appearance; that Shakespeare must, as many upcoming dramatists, have begun his career as a "play repairer" so that his "canon" is essentially unknown; that Heminges and Condell must have "transformed" extant manuscripts and printed texts bearing in mind their own aesthetic intentions; that during the first two decades of the seventeenth century playhouses became the players' enterprises in every way, but that the combination of financial and personal associations directed literary inheritances at the Globe Playhouse. Throughout Connell's work this impression stands out. It is owing to the friendship of Heminges and Condell that Shakespeare's work was not lost to the evanescence of Prospero's magic. The explanation is plain; but the reader, ordinary as well as specialist, may well find upon reflection that it is preferable.

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L. L. Langness and Geyla Frank, *Lives: An Anthropological Approach to Biography.* Novato, California: Chandler and Sharp, Publishers, Inc., 1981. 221 pp.

Perhaps biography is neither genre nor art, but method, simply a pattern for organizing data. Like man—the larger biological pattern upon

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which it is based—biography lends itself comfortably to a wide range of approaches and techniques. In part, this interdisciplinary generality accounts for the renewed popularity of the form, for in biography one is freed from the constraints of scholarly specialization. Only the life in question holds sway.

Because no single approach dominates the biographical world, *any* nuts-and-bolts kind of book on method in life-writing should be of interest to all students of biography. A good book on biographical method becomes an invaluable resource. Langness's and Frank's *Lives* is such a good book and, as one who has never been able to understand why anyone could get excited by stone tools, I found that *Lives* serves not only as a clarification of biographical approach but also as a valuable introduction to anthropological method in life-history.

Lives, designed for both the specialist and the student, consists of five parts. A historical review traces the development of the importance of biographical data in anthropological research. The "Methods" section discusses interview techniques. A third part deals with conclusions and often the lack of conclusions drawn from biographical data. A discussion of the types of biographical structures follows. The last section (which treats ethical and moral concerns), because it discusses several often only tangentially related ideas, is the sketchiest section of the text, and, because of an interview with Hilda Kuper, the official biographer of the late Sobhuza II, King of Swaziland, is one of the most interesting.

Primarily the value of *Lives* to the student lies in the extensive bibliography the authors have assembled. Over 500 works are listed in the reference section which makes it about as complete a reading list as one could wish for. Furthermore, each section of the text presents such a thorough discussion of the references that the book itself becomes a long bibliographical essay on the value and interest of biography in the history of anthropology.

For the non-professional, *Lives* also serves as a commonsensical introduction to data gathering and analysis, particularly when these processes deal with living sources. The authors take the reader step by step through the techniques and problems of establishing rapport, accounting for language difficulties, interviewing, testing reliability and sampling, using supplemental data, and taking notes and recording interviews. They even discuss the field worker's personality in the data gathering process. This leads to an analysis of the central problem of any scientific method which deals with human personality: how reliable can an interpretation of another's self-disclosed interpretation

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be. The authors have no hard or fast rules for eliminating the subjective from the interpretation, but end with a warning to the field worker: "Self-consciousness is as vital as consciousness of the other."

Clearly one of the most valuable assets of the book is the decision by Langness and Frank to present rather than argue. This feeling of authorial objectivity allows the reader to develop a high degree of confidence in the text—so confident in fact, does one become that after one realizes the physical, social, cultural, and behavioral contexts with which the anthropologist deals, even a literature person can begin to respect the authors' claim that

> As anthropology is both a humanistic and a scientific enterprise, and as anthropology's range of interest is probably unsurpassed by any other discipline's, it is perhaps the most logical place to attempt a general discussion of the use of biographical methods and techniques.

Overall one also realizes that the problems of the anthropologist with life-history are, in fact, the problems of all who work in biography. The difference between the life itself and the life as transformed by the subject or by others is essentially the only problem in biography. For the transformation of life into meaning is in the end an intellectual creation—biography's art. It is interesting that Langness and Frank save the last brief section of their book to discuss the value of biography. If biography is considered as method, not as art, then the value lies in the techniques of the biographer. They discuss the opinion of Barbara Myerhof who sees life-history as a research tool teaching "a focusing on small things, in which the small becomes laden with significance and points beyond itself." From this Myerhof sees the potential of biography as a developmental power. The last words in *Lives* are hers:

> You can never dismiss people again, and although you may not have time to live that way, or the energy, or the spirit, or the appetite for it, once you do it, even if once, it is a transformative experience.

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Christine de Pizan, *The Book of the City of Ladies.* Translated by Earl Jeffrey Richards. Foreword by Marina Warner. New York: Persea Books, 1982. li + 281 pp.; 4 plates. $17.95.

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In his preface to *De Claris Mulieribus,* or *Concerning Famous Women,* Boccaccio remarks that "a long time ago" ancient authors used to write brief accounts of the lives of famous men, and in his own time in the middle of the fourteenth century, his master Petrarch was preparing a larger collection of lives in a loftier style, which was eventually called *De Viris Illustribus.* While Boccaccio is convinced that famous lives ought to be written so they can be remembered by posterity, he reports his surprise that "women have had so little attention from writers of this sort that they have gained no recognition in any work devoted especially to them." He presents his collection of brief lives of 104 women in classical literature and mythology as a remedy for such neglect. The accounts he gives are drawn primarily from Latin authors, particularly Valerius Maximus, Livy, Hyginus, and Tacitus, but he is "even more interested in presenting an example of vice or virtue" than in telling a story, as Guido Guarino observes in the introduction to his modern translation of Boccaccio's work (London: Allen and Unwin, 1964, p. xxix). *Concerning Famous Women* is therefore what Harold Nicolson has termed "impure" biography, because in it the author reveals a "desire to compose the life of an individual as an illustration of some extraneous theory or conception" (*The Development of English Biography* [London: Hogarth, 1959], pp. 9–10). The work shows the influence of the medieval conventions of hagiography and *exempla:* it uses biographical information to illustrate the wiles and worth, the weaknesses and strengths, of women. Though Boccaccio presents these extremes in about equal proportion, he inclines more to a negative interpretation of the material.

But the greater attention he paid to women was not enough for Christine de Pizan; so in 1404 and 1405 she wrote *Le Livre de la Cité des Dames.* Earl Jeffry Richards' edition makes her book available in an English translation for the first and only time since 1521. If Boccaccio's collection is impure biography, Christine's is impurer still, for the women she writes about are all virtuous, and they are not predominantly pagan. Christine uses women's lives to construct an allegorical city in which only virtuous women are permitted to dwell: the people within the city and each architectural feature of it are made to correspond, within the allegory, to an exemplary woman from classical, Christian and contemporary history. The biographical material also is adapted to the medieval debate about women, so the result is a work that combines hagiography and *exempla* and allegory with an argumentative defense of her sex. What Christine wrote may be de-

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scribed as a biographical defense of women: she literally builds a fortress out of women's lives. Before she wrote the work, she had been engaged for many years in criticizing the antifeminism in Jean de Meun's portion of *The Romance of the Rose,* and she is most generally known today as an important participant in the *querelle des femmes* associated with that work. But in her *City of Ladies,* she combined those polemics with poetics, and used biography in a way it had never been used before.

While she took a great deal of material from Boccaccio's collection of lives for her own, especially as it appeared in a French translation, her book was also a reaction against his perspective, and, indeed, against the attitudes many writers expressed about women. In her first chapter she describes herself at work in her study, tired from dealing with the "weighty opinions of various authors," desiring to relax "by reading some light poetry," and chancing upon a volume by Mathéolus. Later she put the book down, because it was full of "wicked insults" to her sex and therefore "of no use in developing virtue or manners" (p. 3). She admits her inability "to understand this repugnance of male writers" much as Virginia Woolf was to do half a millennium later, and then she internalizes the disgust, calling herself a "vile creation": "in my folly I considered myself most unfortunate because God had made me inhabit a female body in this world" (p. 5). At this point, three women appear to her surrounded by radiant light. They are Dames Reason, Rectitude and Justice. The first of these advises her not to believe in the false testimony of antifeminist writings and observes that the greatest philosophers often disagree with one another. Reason then points out that poets often mean the converse of what they say:

> One can interpret them according to the grammatical figure of *antiphrasis,* which means, as you know, that if you call something bad, in fact, it is good, and also vice versa. Thus I advise you to profit from their works and to interpret them in the manner in which they are intended in those passages where they attack women. Perhaps this man, who called himself Mathéolus in his own book, intended it is such a way, for there are many things which, if taken literally, would be pure heresy. As for the attack against the estate of marriage—which is a holy estate, worthy and ordained by God—made not only by Mathéolus but also by others and even by the *Romance of the Rose* where greater credibility is averred because of the authority of its author, it is evident and proven by experience that the contrary of the evil which they posit and claim to be found in this estate through the obligation and fault of women is true. (p. 7)

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Reason provides Christine with a means for interpreting antifeminist remarks in imaginative works, and she also gives her, particularly in the last sentence, a way to know truth when assertions about women and marriage are contrary to the laws of God and the evidence of experience. The device of *antiphrasis* that she describes can be used to reject an author's antifeminism regardless of his intentions; it can also be used to convert negative attitudes to positive assertions about women by transforming them into their opposite. *Antiphrasis* becomes Christine's way of constructing a feminist work by taking the experiences of women—their biographies—and interpreting them by rational, ethical, and religious principles in accordance with the standards represented by the three women who advise Christine.

Dames Reason, Rectitude, and Justice are also the fictional "sources" of the lives, because they recount them to Christine within the allegorical framework. Yet before they can help her build the city, Christine must remove the dirt in the field of letters by examining the attacks on women by the masculine authors who have preceded her. She does so by inquiring of Dame Reason "why and for what reason different authors have spoken against women in their books, since I already know from you that this is wrong" (p. 16). The act of rational inquiry by a woman therefore becomes, within her allegory, a means of eliminating antifeminism. Once antifeminism is gone from the field, construction can begin. For the walls, Reason recounts the lives of three great women poets, Cornificia, Proba, and Sappho, and the biographies of three sorceresses, Manto, Medea, and Circe; then come lives of inventors of knowledge such as Carmentis, who "established the Latin alphabet and syntax, spelling, the difference between vowels and consonants, as well as a complete introduction to the science of grammar" (p. 72); accompanying these are women skilled in crafts and prudent women. The houses of the city are built by the stories of the sibyls and prophets and some exemplary daughters. All of these are pagan women, so except for the high roofs of the towers, this city is a pagan edifice.

Inside the city as living women are those whose lives are recounted by Rectitude in Book II—exemplary wives like Portia, wife to Brutus, who could keep her husband's secrets; biblical women like Judith who saved the Jews from persecution; educated women like Christine's Italian contemporary, Novella Andrea, who lectured to her father's law students when he was unable to do so but drew a curtain across her face to avoid distracting her pupils. There are also chaste women from the Bible like Sarah, Rebecca, and Ruth. Then there are women to

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whom rape was repugnant, like Lucrece, and like the daughters of a lord in Lombardy, who so feared rape after enemies killed their father that they took raw chicken meat and placed it on their breasts, creating an awful stench to repell them as the meat rotted from the heat. "God," said the men as they left without laying a hand on the daughters, "how these Lombards stink!" (p. 164). The book ends with accounts of Christine's contemporaries in France.

After Dame Reason helps Christine build the foundation and walls of the city in Book I and Dame Rectitude completes the edifice and begins to people it in Book II, Dame Justice gives her account of the saints in Book III. She hails the Virgin Mary as Queen of the city, recounts first the life of the learned Saint Catherine of Alexandria, and then tells of the virgin martyrs and the women who cared for the martyrs. The saints lives are based primarily upon accounts in Vincent de Beauvais' *Speculum Historiale,* as Christine explains, but she keeps this book much shorter than the others and enlivens the accounts with vivid details. As Richards observes, in this book in particular she refutes "Boccaccio's claim that illustrious women were possible only in Antiquity" (p. 270). Justice tells her that there is little in the Christian legends that can be used to criticize women; instead she will find "through God's grace many cases of extraordinary firmness and strength" (pp. 251–52).

In a sense all of the lives recounted, whether biblical, hagiographical, historical or mythological, are presented as *exempla* because they are shaped to represent various kind of virtuous behavior in women. The allegory also links those kinds to the architectural features of the city: women of strength comprise the foundation, women of skill comprise the walls, and so on. Those chosen to live in the city are virtuous, spiritual, educated, beautiful but chaste, and constant women; they are all governed by the Virgin Mary. Christine eliminates entirely from her book those whose lives cannot have an exemplary function for women. She also reinterprets other lives through a careful selection of the material. This approach would be considered a gross distortion in the hands of a modern biographer, but Christine protects herself from the obligation to present literal truth through her imaginative approach to the subject. Her method also raises the issue of perspective in the interpretation of biographical material.

Eve has no place at all in her city, although Boccaccio begins his work with "our first mother." Remarking only that man gained more through Mary than he lost through Eve, Christine begins instead with the life of Queen Semiramis, which Boccaccio treats second. Semiram-

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is and the Amazons, Zenobia, Artemisia and five others are women of political and military accomplishments who make the city's foundation strong enough that it will endure as Troy did not. But where Boccaccio accords Semiramis' military success to her ability to masquerade as a man, Christine says that she took up arms and accomplished such notable works that no man could surpass her vigor; where Boccaccio records her anger at hearing news of a Babylonian rebellion while she was resting at leisure and her maids were braiding her hair, Christine says Semiramis swore that another lock of her hair would not be braided until she had avenged the injustice; where Boccaccio describes her as constantly burning with carnal desire, delighting in incestuous love with her own son Ninus, and inventing chastity belts to prevent her women from seducing him, Christine says the couple was married so that Semiramis might maintain her own position as queen of the kingdom and provide her son with the worthiest wife, at a time when there was no written law forbidding incestuous marriages and people lived according to Nature. How differently two writers of different sexes can interpret the same material.

Christine is also remarkably selective about the material she chooses to present. About Xanthippe we learn that she "possessed great learning and goodness" (p. 130), and it was for these qualities that she married the greatest philosopher, Socrates. The most difficult partner in this infamous marriage was the philosopher himself, who was old and preoccupied with his work, but whose scholarly virtues she knew enough to appreciate. There is no deluge from a piss-pot administered by a shrew, no sage comment on the advantage of suffering by a beleaguered husband; only a woman goaded into action by the sight of her husband drinking a cup of hemlock, who rushes towards him and tears the cup from his hands, pouring the poison out on the ground. Although she cannot prevent his death, Xanthippe grieves for Socrates the rest of her life. And who is to say, given the different perspectives of husbands and wives on their own marriages, that this account is all wrong?

Most conspicuous for her absence from Christine's city is Venus, whom she mentions only as an ancestor of Cornelia, wife of Julius Caesar. When Christine asks Reason why Ovid attacks women so frequently in *Ars Amatoria* and *Remedia Amoris,* Reason describes Ovid's dissipated life and says he was exiled for his excessive promiscuity. Venus is exiled for the same reason. At the end of her book Christine addresses the ladies and advises them to repel the deceptive flatteries of men and "flee, flee the foolish love they urge on you! Flee it, for

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God's sake, flee! For no good can come to you from it." Under the smiles of men "are hidden deadly and painful poisons" (pp. 256–57). Here is another, unstated foundation for the city, in Christine's rejection of sensual love between the sexes. This element is also consistent with her construction of the city on the principle of *antiphrasis,* for she does no more than male authors did when they rejected women for arousing their passion and lust. She avoids slandering men as previous writers who rejected love slandered women, but in the structure of her book as much as its contents, she blames men most for their sexual enticements, although she concedes that women, too, have their faults. In the process of writing her defense of women, Christine finally creates a place very like a convent, where women who wish to maintain their virtue can find a refuge by rejecting men and the world. The attitudes of the medieval church towards sex and sin are fully implicit in her book, although the problems she discusses suggest that even a reputation for secular virtue was difficult for a woman to achieve in the Middle Ages.

Nevertheless, Christine did achieve it: she was an important and active member of her own society. The daughter of a physician and astrologer of Venice, she moved to Paris several years after he was given a post at the French Court. There she received a commendable education, as her later work shows. In *The City of Ladies,* she gives us a glimpse of her eagerness to learn and her frustrations in doing so. Had she not put the following account in the mouth of Dame Rectitude, who is speaking to Christine, she would have been writing straightforward autobiography:

> Your father, who was a great scientist and philosopher, did not believe that women were worth less by knowing science; rather, as you know, he took great pleasure from seeing your inclination to learning. The feminine opinion of your mother, however, who wished to keep you busy with spinning and silly girlishness, following the common custom of women, was the major obstacle to your being more involved in the sciences. But . . . your mother could not hinder in you the feeling for the sciences which you, through natural inclination, had nevertheless gathered in little droplets. (pp. 154–55)

Throughout her book Christine consistently puts herself in the role of a somewhat confused but willing learner, although by the time she wrote it, she was far more accomplished than her persona. At the age of fifteen she was married to a court notary named Estienne de Castel, another man who encouraged her learning. However, he died when

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she was twenty-five, leaving her with three small children and no inheritance. She moved back with her mother and pursued her vocation of writing. There are a number of miniatures in Christine's manuscripts that show her on her knees to her patrons, offering them a book in return for support. It was doubtless not an easy way to earn a living in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, but she has been described by some as the " 'first professional writer' " (p. xxi).

Although Christine may have read Latin, she wrote in the vernacular, and (like Shakespeare) she used vernacular sources most frequently —some would say entirely. Richards thinks that she "chose Latin prose as her model, and the complicated periodic syntax she preferred was a hallmark of stylistic refinement" (p. xxi). His edition provides an annotated list of all her works, and the range of writing one finds there is astonishing—lyric poetry, débats in poetry and prose, moral tales and proverbs, treatises on conduct for women and for princes and knights, literary criticism, an autobiographical dream vision, and other pieces more difficult to describe. Perhaps of most interest in this context is her biography of Charles V, *Le Livre des fais et bonnes meurs du sage Roy Charles V,* which she was commissioned to write by Philip II, Duke of Burgundy. Natalie Zemon Davis has called it a "reputable piece of late medieval chivalric history" which "looks back to the moral biography of Joinville's St. Louis" (in *Beyond Their Sex: Learned Women of the European Past,* ed. Patricia H. Labalme [New York: New York Univ. Press, 1980], p. 159). It was the last long work that she wrote before turning to *The City of Ladies,* where her wide reading is also evident.

Her title for that work alludes to Augustine's *City of God,* and the three Dames in it recall the three blessed ladies of Dante. One of them, Dame Reason, reinterprets Reason from *The Romance of the Rose* as a more virtuous character; another, Dame Rectitude, is Christine's own invention. In her foreword to Richards' edition, Marina Warner suggests that "Christine's introduction of this figure into the pageant of regular female Virtues . . . reveals her mental and emotional bent" (p. xv). For the story of Griselda's life Christine used a French translation of Petrarch's account in *De Oboedentia ac fide uxoria mythologia (A Fable on Wifely Obedience and Faithfulness)* instead of Boccaccio's version in the *Decameron;* the latter emphasized the wife's suffering rather than her constancy. But these are only the most well-known works she drew upon. Richards' edition delineates the major sources; it also breaks new and controversial ground in showing how Christine refuted Boccaccio's assumptions in preparing her own work about women.

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A longer discussion of sources is available in a critical edition of the French version of this work, in a dissertation prepared by Maureen Cheney Curnow for Vanderbilt University in 1975.

Richards clearly prepared his edition for a wide audience. He translates the work into a crisp style of modern English that makes the text fully accessible to contemporary readers, and he provides an introduction designed to extend our knowledge of Christine's life and works. Everything here seems intended to inform our state of ignorance about her, for he describes her, with good reason, as "at once one of the outstanding writers of world literature and one of the most neglected" (p. xix). Yet his introduction and notes on the text are useful for the specialist and show considerable scholarly work. I cannot entirely agree with his description of the book as a "universal history of women" (p. xxx), because I find "history" an inappropriate word in any of its meanings of narrative, chronicle, or formal record of the past, for what Christine gives us; so does Davis (p. 160), who is a historian. But it is difficult to classify Christine's book because she did so many things at once in it. Even calling it a biographical defense of women is adequate only if we consider the first word suitable for lives presented as *exempla.*

Yet the term may be useful to identify a group of works that do what Christine does—they defend women on the evidence of experience by recounting their lives. English works of this sort include Sir Thomas Elyot's *Defence of Good Women* (1540 and 1545), where Queen Zenobia appears as proof that women can be virtuous; Robert Vaughan or Burdet's *A Dialogue Defensive for Women* of 1542; *The Defence of Women* of 1560 writted by Edward More, the grandson of Thomas; and *A Womans Woorth, defended against all the men in the world,* by Anthony Gibson, published in 1599. All of these works include catalogues of numerous women in history and some longer accounts of individual lives. They display the authors' learning and piety through the classical and Christian material they present, but finally they make their case for women on the grounds that virtuous women actually lived and are still living. Christine's book was also translated by Bryan Anslay and published in England in 1521 as *The Boke of the Cyte of Ladyes,* but there is little evidence that it was known to many in England during the sixteenth-century.

Boccaccio's work, on the other hand, became well known. Select lives in his collection were translated in an edition published about 1440 and more were translated against for a manuscript presented as a New Year's gift to King Henry VIII between 1534 and 1547. The

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work was also available in French, Italian, and German translations. No doubt in part because of its influence, there were other collections of women's lives prepared in England: Chaucer's *Legend of Good Women* was written some thirty years after Boccaccio's collection and shortly before Christine's. More than two centuries later, Thomas Heywood published two such works—*Gunaikeion: or, nine books of various history concerninge women* (1624) and *The exemplary lives and memorable acts of nine the most worthy women of the world* (1640). Still more collections were published during the intervening years that are too numerous to mention here, but they can be found, together with more defenses, in Suzanne W. Hull's *Chaste, Silent & Obedient: English Books for Women,* 1475–1640 (1982). Marina Warner discusses French collections of women's lives in her new book, *Joan of Arc: The Image of Female Heroism* (pp. 209–12; 220–25). Although I am not familiar with the French works, I know the English ones well, and it is no exaggeration to say that what Christine wrote in 1405 was more sophisticated, more penetrating, and more imaginative than anything of its kind produced in England in the next 200 years.

Her achievement becomes clearer if we understand the genre she was working in, so throughout this discussion I have tried to distinguish between two kinds of early works on women that make different uses of biographical material. Works of the first type are primarily aesthetic: like Boccaccio's collection of women's lives, or Chaucer's, they show an interest in women and perhaps make claims about their worth, but their first aim is to tell interesting stories based upon the historical, biblical, hagiographical or mythic lives of women. Works in the second category give priority to an argumentative position that is feminist or protofeminist—the first term is more clearly appropriate to what Christine wrote than to some other defenses. Both types use *exempla,* and both are to that degree moralistic, but biographical defenses of women appropriate even their moralism to arguments for women's worth, and they are shaped by a response against antifeminism in literature and life. Christine's device of *antiphrasis* conveys the negative character of that response in one word. The defenses also manifest suspicion of the imaginative impulse in literature when it becomes harmful to conceptions of women. The use of biography as proof against literary antifeminism suggests that the writers of defenses trusted life and literary recreations based upon it more readily that they trusted the uninhibited imaginations of authors who so often presented negative views of women. For those early feminists and defenders of women, biography was probably the best way to assert the

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authority of women's experience, and their use of it to do so attests, in turn, to a real benefit of biography.

Valerie Callies
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Ian Hamilton, *Robert Lowell: A Biography.* New York: Random House, 1982. 527 pp. $19.95.

Madness. Who but the closest of Lowell's friends and relatives would have known that this prolific poet, playwright, translator, critic, had spent so many years of his adult life in "the kingdom of the mad"? Though readers and critics alike acknowledged his obscure, anguished verse and dark vision, the entire canon bespoke a brilliant, lucid mind well acquainted with the meaning of history and the cultural sway of literature. Now in this first, and in many ways invaluable, biography of Lowell, Ian Hamilton parts the curtains and reveals the tormented figure whose name is on the roster of major post-World War II American poets. Hamilton's account is one we cannot bear to put aside and yet cannot bear to read. As a narrative heavily documented with letters and frank interviews, it has the impact of authenticity—perhaps at the expense of a more integrative analysis which would mesh the work with the man. But then, one is reminded of the various options for writing literary biography: does Hamilton want to tell us the life story or what the story means? Does he find in his subject a configuration, myth, or psychic pattern? Does he feel obliged to explain Lowell's role in American letters and the reasons (warranted or not) for Lowell's inflated reputation at a particular juncture in literary history?

This is a popular, narrative, trade-published life of Lowell rather than a scholarly, analytical life written for a select audience of specialists. At the same time, Hamilton, a poet himself, suffuses his commentary with literary expertise; he also chronicles with acuity both the cogent and sensational reviews of Lowell's volumes as they appeared on the literary scene. Rather than making a theoretical assessment of the works, Hamilton relates the gestation of a volume to a stage in Lowell's life, supplying geographic, marital, social details as context for the imaginative world of the verse. This is perhaps the least satisfying aspect of the book. Lowell's creativity is discussed in time slots, with little or no restrospection or foreshadowing. Chronology serves to explain causality but causality, in the realm of poetics, is never truly broached. One is inclined to skim through the sections which record Lowell's writing projects, especially those which culminated in the

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"confessional" volumes: *Life Studies* (1959), *For the Union Dead* (1964), *Near the Ocean* (1967). Lowell's transition from a mannered symbolist poet working under the aegis of New Critics, to a confessional poet in pursuit of loosely structured modes, has been too often recited. It is the new material—anecdotes garnered from friends, wives, lovers—that makes the indelible impression.

The irony about Lowell's reputation as a confessional poet is that an ornate screen stands between his "nakedly honest" verses and his actual life. Real people and real events fill *Life Studies* but they are not actually recoverable. For example, meter and manner obscure the credibility of these lines on Lowell's confinement in a mental hospital:

> After a hearty New England breakfast,
> I weigh two hundred pounds
> this morning. Cock of the walk,
> I strut in my turtle-necked French sailor's jersey
> before the metal shaving mirrors,
> and see the shaky future grow familiar . . .

The intended informality of such lines gives way to inescapable artifice. Hamilton, however, gives us the unfiltered view of Lowell's illness: the violent quarrels; the impromptu parties to which Lowell invited *everyone* he knew, and during which pandemonium prevailed ("Edmund Wilson fell down, or someone knocked him down. . . . he [Lowell] sat down in a chair and dashed the glasses off the table with his feet and sat there, with his feet on the drinks table, surrounded by broken glass"). The account of this party (by W. S. Merwin's wife) rings far truer than Lowell's mental hospital lines. Thus, Hamilton's first (and giant) step of reserach deserves a second step: analysis. If, indeed, anything and everything was fit material for poetry, by what procedure did Lowell judge and transform his experience?

Lowell's recuperative periods following his frequent hospitalizations were stabilized by intensive drug therapy. With Hamilton's calendar reading of Lowell's medical treatments, the creative lulls and peaks as well as the genre experiments may be better understood. Formerly, they were perfunctorily attributed to more external causes: a schism with the New Critics, a discovery of William Carlos Williams' "natural speech," an attendance at a Beat poetry reading on the West Coast. Now, the creative stages may be classified differently. For example, when Lowell was on tranquilizer therapy he tended to avoid the emotional excitement of writing poetry. In the sixties, fired by the national obsession with politics, he entered the forum and wrote plays about American history, marched in peace demonstrations, cam-

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paigned in a presidential primary for his poet friend Eugene McCarthy. Lithium, the new wonder drug of the sixties, helped Lowell avoid the extremes of his manic-depressive illness; but it also made him creative in a different way. When he reverted full-scale to poetry in the seventies, a tame, almost dreamlike style characterized his *Notebook*. A new perception of Lowell's poetics could be gleaned from this sort of information.

Because of Lowell's untimely death in 1977 at age sixty, his "story" as a poet seems unfinished. *Day by Day,* his last volume, signalled a departure from *Notebook* and something of a return to the *Life Studies* mode. Would he have avoided the pitfalls of repetition or self parody? Since death obviated the question, critics began the testy business of measuring Lowell's influence and appropriating his position in literary history. Postmodern critics regarded Lowell with less reverence than did the New Critics. And the new crop of poets tended to find more narcissism than aestheticism in his lyrics.

There is not at present a Lowell "industry," but the continuous appearance of Lowell scholarship does portend one. Thanks to Hamilton's biography, certain critical and exegetical problems may now be solved. But it is fairly safe to predict that the oppositional readings of Lowell as misogynist (who tried to strangle his first wife, Jean Stafford) or committed humanist (dedicated teacher, peace marcher); as artistic innovator or purveyor of literary trends; as private poet or public poet, will continue for some time. In the interim, we have a compelling portrait of this man who, among other caprices, constantly added new lovers to his life and expected his wives to sympathize with and encourage his irregularities. Hamilton provides his information without the sensationalism so often found in celebrity biographies. Alas, he falls short of relating Lowell's profligacy to oedipal conflicts which reach back to childhood, to the domineering mother (who later termed his poetry "nice but valueless"), to the passive father. We have, then, neither a psychobiography (such as Edel's *Henry James*) nor a patent canonization (such as Mariani's *William Carlos Williams*). We have an absorbing and sympathetic story of Lowell. Finally, a note about the treatment of Lowell's cultural heritage. While Hamilton systematically reports Lowell's fanatical bahavior as a Catholic convert, he does not delve into the impact of New England Puritanism on this poet's vision. When this is done, we may learn what the story means.

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LEON EDEL

Transference: The Biographer's Dilemma

> [Biographers] frequently select the hero as the object of study because, for personal reasons of their own emotional life, they have a special affection for him from the very outset. They then devote themselves to a work of idealization, which strives to enroll the great man among their infantile models, and to revive through him, as it were, their infantile conceptions of the father. For the sake of this wish they wipe out the individual features in his physiognomy, they rub out the traces of his life's struggle with inner and outer resistances, and do not tolerate in him anything savoring of human weakness or imperfection; they then give us a cold, strange, ideal form instead of a man to whom we could feel distantly related. It is to be regretted that they do this, for they thereby sacrifice the truth to an illusion, and for the sake of their infantile fantasies they let slip the opportunity to penetrate into the most attractive secrets of human nature.
>
> —Sigmund Freud, *Leonardo*[1]

I

An artist in biography is present in his work in the same way that a painter is present in his portraits. We speak of Boswell as we speak of Titian or Rembrandt. The names of their subjects have sunk into the label under the portraits' frames. The portrait acquires supremacy: the painter looks at a face, a garb, a posture, body movement or repose or some moment of intensity. He achieves this through pictorial skill, color, composition and style. The biographer is signalled in the same way by organization, observation, insight, structure, composition, form and style. As the portrait painter uses pigments and brushes so the biographer uses documents and facts. "Fact and fiction—they are not always easy to distinguish," a character in a novel of Graham Greene remarks—and the entire task of the biographer is a search for the distinction.

Both portrait painters and biographers are permitted few liberties. The demand is for a studied likeness: no prettying up, no retouchings, softenings or hardenings, no pastiche. The artistic statement is most

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powerful when it is asserted with clarity, lucidity and no vestige of ambiguity. This is what Freud meant in the passage from his *Leonardo* in which he warned biographers not to "smooth over the traces of life's struggles."

Freud was defining the biographer's role as observer-participant. The writer of lives observes a great deal, reads his documents, studies photographs, maps, texts with close attention and acquires mastery over these materials.[2] The participation must be sympathetic rather than empathic. "Transference" must be avoided, that is the danger of a destructive emotional involvement. Virginia Woolf was describing transference when she spoke of "suppression of the self."[3] She meant suppression of the fiction-making self, for if the biographer indulges in fiction the enterprise is doomed. "Transference" is at the core of all biographical writing, but biographers resist this conception of their work. They reply they are simply going about their task and finding out what truths they can so that they may put together a cogent account of their subject's life. What they fail to grasp—and it is extremely difficult to do so—is that while they are about their business their unconscious, or psyche, responds in more ways than they know to their sensory perceptions of their hero or heroine—that subject which has proved so attractive (or sometimes so hateful) that they are prepared to devote some years to their attempt to put it on paper.

The term "transference" is commonly used to describe the singular involvement that occurs in psychiatry between a psychoanalyst and a patient and it is readily applicable to biography. The analyst may be said to be a kind of biographer of the soul; in the therapy he listens with some regularity and with close attention to the patient's inner history: he is not interested so much in the factual vita as in dreams, fancies, ideas, moods. One psychological dictionary tells us that "transference" is "the development of an emotional attitude, positive or negative, love or hate, toward the analyst on the part of the patient or subject."[4] Within the frame of these emotions of attachment the analyst begins to see a design, an inexorable logic founded on the patient's earlier conditioning and he uses his therapeutic skills to deal with the patient's emotional colorings and the deep soundings of "affect" that reflect life patternings.

Biographers seek the same information, but they usually do not have the living subject available and certainly not the dead; nor is it certain that the subject would be willing to confide except in a manner designed to conceal rather than reveal. Biographers themselves be-

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come impatient when the question of their emotional relationship with their subject is questioned. They will admit to liking their subject in most cases; they might even confess they have a voyeuristic interest, but they hesitate to discuss what motivated them in their choice, or what promptings they employ in evaluating the life-style of their hero or heroine. What they often struggle against is their own resistance to discovering unpleasant truths, and what their secret selves are up to in shaping the materials. Sooner or later we discover some of the alterations described in Freud's significant warning.

We can best illustrate transference by example. It can be shown that Lytton Strachey's works, his choice of subjects and treatment of them corresponded to certain deep needs of his psyche; or that Van Wyck Brooks fashioned one biography after another in his own image.[5] However the example I propose for immediate consideration is André Maurois, their French contemporary, who describes, without awareness of its implications, an effective "transference" on his own part to his subjects. Maurois, during the first world war, worked with the British Army and wrote entertainingly about this experience as he acquired mastery of English. He developed an infatuation for Shelley and then swiftly followed his biography of the poet with lives of Disraeli and Byron which won him considerable renown. He was invited by Trinity College, Cambridge (Lytton Strachey's college) to deliver the Clark lectures and chose to talk on aspects of his biographical work following the lead of E. M. Forster who had earlier delivered a series on fiction called *Aspects of the Novel.*[6] Maurois's fourth lecture bore the title "Biography Considered as a Means of Expression."[7]

"Biography," he told his audience, "is a means of expression when the author has chosen his subject in order to respond to a secret need in his own nature."[8] Without knowing it, he here defined transference—for the word "secret" is exactly what Freud was saying when he used the word unconscious. From the moment a biographer responds to "a secret need in his own nature" he is tangled in his emotional relationship with his subject—he is in trouble. Maurois however did not recognize this. What he saw was the delight of his own quasi-amorous feelings. The biography, Maurois said, will be written with "more natural emotion than other kinds of biography, because the feelings and adventures of the hero will be the medium of the biographer's own feelings. To a certain extent it will be autobiography disguised as biography."

We have here a splendid insight arrived at independently of Freud from which however Maurois drew the wrong conclusions. We do not

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know what assumptions lay behind Maurois' belief that "more natural emotions"—*une emotion plus naturelle*—are expressed when the biographer develops love for his subject. He was simply forgetting that love is blind; and that this blindness was exactly what leads to retouchings, erasure of wrinkles, and even alterations of character and personality. When a biographer identifies with the subject the emotions are bound to be more intense and the result is the blindness that resides in idealization. We can discover that even when a subject is assigned to a biographer or undertaken as a chore for financial considerations, intrusive emotions may enter into the hackneyed job. Identifications and transferences occur whenever some inner chord of feeling is touched. It is precisely the hidden feelings, which Maurois described as "secret" which can betray and this is why I said that a biographer must be more sympathetic than empathic—although a certain quantity of aesthetic empathy is inevitable.

Maurois explained that he had been attracted to Shelley because he found so many resemblances between his early romantic feelings and those of the poet. His first impulse was to write a novel about Shelley. This would have enabled him to create a "felt" piece of fiction. His decision to attempt a biography instead suggests that he wanted to hide behind Shelley and make him serve as a mask, to write as he perceived an autobiography disguised as a biography. He did not succeed for his critics at once found a term for what he was doing—he was writing "romantic lives."

> I was at once irritated by my past youthfulness and indulgent towards it, since I knew that it could not have been otherwise. I longed to expose it, to pillory it, and to explain it at the same time. Well, Shelley had experienced such checks as seemed to me to be somewhat of the same nature as my own . . . Yes, in very truth I felt that to tell the story of his life would be in some measure a deliverance for myself.[9]

The book was a success but Maurois found he was not happy with it. Perhaps he recognized that he had falsified Shelley's life. It was spoiled, he said, "by an ironic tone which derived from the fact that the irony was aimed at myself. I wanted to kill the romantic in me; in order to do so I scoffed at it in Shelley, but I loved it while I scoffed. Good or bad the book was written with pleasure, even with passion; and now I think you will begin to realize what I mean by biography being considered as a means of expression."[10]

The truth of this declaration is simply that Maurois expressed *himself,* not Shelley. Let us glance at what occurred in his Disraeli, a larger

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subject; Shelley died young; Disraeli had a full and completed life. Maurois tells us that the more he read about the British prime minister—the first Jew to attain that high position—he found him a hero "in whom I should have a passionate interest."[11] Of what did that passionate interest consist? Certainly not the fopperies of the young Disraeli, decked out in his gold chains, his fancy waistcoats, his vaulting ambition. Maurois was drawn rather to the Disraeli who discovered the hostility of the world and knew how to deal with his second-rate opponents, who stuck to his principles and displayed a profound humanity in both his private and public relations. Through Disraeli, Maurois could express (though he wasn't a political man) his own democratic conservatism. "Being unable, for very many reasons, to lead a life of political activity myself, I took a passionate pleasure in joining in the struggle by donning the mask of a face that appealed to me."[12]

Again we have "transference." Maurois' use of the words "passion" and "passionate" repeatedly reveals his involvement. There was good reason for his feeling involved, and he suppressed, in the very midst of his public confession, that important bit of information. He did not tell his audience of his deeper ground for identification. André Maurois was the pen-name for Émile Herzog, an Alsatian Jew, who lived in a France that still echoed to the Dreyfus affair, a country that has always had a strong current of anti-semitism.

Maurois the young romantic had expressed himself through the young—indeed the never old—Shelley. Maurois the young Jew could express himself through a Disraeli who defied bigotry and achieved the highest kind of success. In his lectures on biography, Maurois did not face his ambivalent feelings. He revealed the familiar unconscious defenses of an outsider, and a member of a maligned race by uniting himself to Disraeli and his struggle for equality and freedom. In Shelley, he deceived himself by arguing that he was more of an artist than other biographers since he expressed his emotions through the life-experience of the young English poet. In Disraeli, he deceived himself and us by avoiding all allusion to his racial kinship to his hero. He would be more candid in middle life when he wrote his autobiography without using his heroes as disguise. He tells us that (like Disraeli) he had been reared as a Protestant and believed he was a Protestant, until a school chum told him he was Jewish. Still not believing, he sought out his father who readily confirmed the fact "that we were indeed Jews, but that Pastor Roehrich's Christianity was a beautiful religion too."[13]

Face to face with his thesis about biography "as a means of expres-

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sion" Maurois finally admitted that he ran the risk "of defacing historical truth." Then self-deception went to work again. Granting that a biographer "has no right to construct a hero according to his own desires and needs" he nevertheless observed that "in rare cases, if the choice is fortunate and well suited to the author's temperament, the biographer may express some of his own feelings without misrepresenting those of the hero."[14] He thus gave himself permission to be "a rare case."

II

Persons with a thorough understanding of the complexities of "transference" would have to say that Maurois' ideal of biography as a form of expression is impossible. The biographer expresses himself or herself not by implanting personal emotions in the subject, but by the "composing" of the biography, by shaping and telling. Maurois was engaged in a full-blown fantasy of himself occupying the shoes of his heroes. Later he invested considerable passion in his life of George Sand, one of the first feminists of modern times. Gender in biography is not in question. Transference can occur in writing of either sex and by members of either sex.

There are so many examples of transference in modern biography that we need not labor the question. But we might glance at the case of Mark Schorer, since he was one of the few biographers who intuitively felt what was happening to him as he struggled to write the life of Sinclair Lewis. His 867-page biography illustrates both the positive and negative identifications.[15] Schorer's account of his experience was described in an essay whose very title suggests his difficulties. He called it "The Burdens of Biography."[16] Addicted biographers would not use the word "burden." It remains one of the rare essays which confesses to mistakes in life-writing and describes the particular problems most biographers avoid.

Schorer begins by telling us that he did not choose to write the life of Lewis. He was invited to do so by a publisher. He wisely adds "Surely I could have said no." Unlike Maurois, Schorer is willing to see that he was involved in an unconscious process behind his conscious decisions.

> I was challenged by what I unconsciously felt to be a strange affinity, an affinity perhaps only demonstrated by the fact that my literary tastes, as they matured, had moved about as far away from his [Lewis] as is possible. There was, of course, the obvious affinity of our beginnings—the same kind of raw small Midwestern towns, probably much the same

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> kind of inept and unsuccessful boys in that particular man's world. But I discovered many more, and many that were more subtle . . . all the careless writing, all the ill-conceived ambitions, all the bad manners, all the irrational fits of temper, all the excesses of conduct, all the immature lifelong frivolities and regrettable follies. That is a little of it. There is much more.[17]

Like Maurois, the American biographer indulges in self-criticism. At the same time we are shown the extent to which Schorer became enmeshed in his subject, more profoundly than he knew. It is to his credit that he discerned this, for he speaks of his "symbiotic relationship" with Lewis or what another critic called his "nine year's captivity with him." Schorer concludes:

> My long conversation with Sinclair Lewis . . . taught me a good deal. As I learned about him with all his stubborn deficiency in self-knowledge, I believe that I gained in self-knowledge. I am not a better man, certainly, for having written his life, but I think I am a wiser one. And I can only hope that my gratitude to him for that will lighten a little the onus of the life with which I have burdened him.[18]

What were the consequences of Schorer's transference? He was not always sure what to use and what to discard. He had no firm grip, no sense of his own authority, with the result that he floundered. He tended to reiterate certain life patterns as the critics immediately noticed. Instead of describing an archetypal Lewis drunk, he led his readers through the vicissitudes of repeated drinking bouts. This represented a failure to see the proportions of the life he was writing. He began by feeling that he and Lewis had much in common: but then he grew weary of Lewis and the transference shifted from positive to negative. That was why he used the word "burden" to describe his job of work—a job that in other circumstances could be a creative challenge. There are some fine passages of biographical writing in this heavy book. But the confusion in his psyche undermined his project and he was ultimately swamped by his too-abundant materials.

III

There is another recent instance of this kind of difficulty. As is well known, Lawrance Thompson was appointed by Robert Frost to be his Boswell. It took very little time for Thompson to become deeply involved with the poet—his relationship moved from casual acquaintance to friendship, from friendship to familiarity, from familiarity to dislike and from dislike to animosity. In Thompson's eyes, Frost

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became a demanding authority. The poet called on his Boswell to amuse him and grace his lonely hours. He would go to Florida for a holiday and telephone Thompson to come down and play cards and keep him entertained. By the time Frost died, Thompson was ready to arraign his subject as arrogant, jealous, resentful, sulky, vindictive and addicted to tempers and rages. Readers of Thompson's biography, which was never fully completed, remember that what emerged was a merciless portrayal of Frost's egotism and its devastating effect on those close to him. How accurate this was, we are not in a position to say: it would have to be examined and re-evaluated by some new and more objective biographer. We do know that Robert Frost foresaw some of Thompson's ambivalences. In his letters to Thompson he shows for example a certain concern that he would be made out to be more religious than he ever was—in conformity with Thompson's own religious emotions. "I grow curious about my soul," he teased his Boswell, "out of sympathy for you in your quest for it."[19] Frost's concern in this instance was well-founded. Thompson did dismiss certain of his blasphemies, saying that Frost never rejected his faith for very long. He compared him in one instance with Job—and this in the face of Frost's religious skepticism.

Few biographers can escape the forms of transference, least of all the "idealization" transference, exemplified in Maurois' early romanticized biographies. But deeper forms may be seen, those in which the entire biographical pursuit of certain writers became a drive to complete themselves in their works. If we accept this, and recognize the fundamental truth Freud enunciated—and the fundamental warning—we recognize that every biographer needs at the very start to question carefully choice and motive, the nature of feeling and identification. Such biographers as are not psychologically oriented need, initially, to seek guidance from qualified exponents of modern psychoanalysis. This kind of cooperation and collaboration has been attempted by one analyst in a series of experiments.[20] It is not my intention in the present article to go into these, but simply to reiterate the importance of the relationship between biographer and subject which I originally dwelt on in *Literary Biography.*[21] I am planning to further develop this discussion in a forthcoming work to be published in the near future, to which I have given the title *Writing Lives.* I think it a matter for comment that Freud raised the problem of "transference" in 1910. I discussed it in my work many years later (1959); yet it continues to be resisted and passed over in the current outburst of critical essays on biography.

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NOTES

1. Freud's essay was published in 1910. I am quoting from the Brill translation of 1947.
2. See Paul Murray Kendall, *The Art of Biography* (1965) which fails to distinguish between biographies composed of fragments and biographies written out of vast archives.
3. Woolf's letters and journals are filled with comments and insights into the biographical art. The reader can find these indexed under her discussions of the writing of *Orlando* (1928), *Flush* (1933) and *Roger Fry* (1940).
4. James Drever, *A Dictionary of Psychology* (1952).
5. See Leon Edel, "Biographer and Subject: Lytton Strachey and Van Wyck Brooks," in *Prose Studies,* Special Issue on Biography, Leicester, England 1983.
6. André Maurois, *Aspects of Biography* (1929).
7. The lectures were delivered during May 1928.
8. Maurois, *Aspects* 125.
9. *Aspects* 120–121.
10. *Aspects* 122.
11. *Aspects* 123.
12. *Aspects* 124.
13. André Maurois, *Memoirs* 1885–1967 (1970), 7.
14. *Aspects* 131–132.
15. Mark Schorer, *Sinclair Lewis: An American Life* (1961).
16. Schorer, *The World We Imagine* (1969) contains "The Burdens of Biography" 221–239.
17. Schorer, 238–239.
18. Schorer, 239.
19. Lawrance Thompson, *Selected Letters of Robert Frost* (1964), 530.
20. George Moraitis M.D., "A Psychoanalyst's Journey into a Historian's World: An Experiment in Collaboration." *Chicago: The Annual of Psychoanalysis* VII (1979) 287–320.
21. Edel, *Literary Biography* (1959) 8–13.

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Isabella Conti
William A. McCormack

Federico Fellini: Artist in Search of Self

Woody Allen's recent film *Stardust Memories* is a takeoff on Federico Fellini's 1963 masterpiece *8 1/2.* Both films are biographical and focus on movie directors experiencing personal crises at the height of their careers. Overburdened with fame, torn between making one kind of film or another, they find themselves unable to develop satisfying relationships with the women in their lives. The crises threaten to block the directors' creative abilities. Both films are funny, both films are the work of talented directors, and both films deal with mid-life crises.

There the analogy ends. Although *8 1/2* was made in 1963, it continues to draw full houses around the world. The work is now a classic and regarded as one of the great films of all time. Allen's movie, in contrast, celebrates the genius of another director and fails to break new ground. More important, Allen's film poses biographical and artistic questions its director cannot answer. Fellini, in contrast, boldly resolves most of the universal questions he poses in his autobiographical drama.

8 1/2 is of interest for a number of reasons. First, it testifies to Carl Jung's theories of personality as they bear on two important human activities. The film deals with the transition from youth to middle age, which Jung calls individuation, and it also deals with the creative process. The film is uniquely Jungian in the vital role it assigns to the cognitive unconscious, which regulates personality by means of dreams and fantasies. Fellini's phenomenological testimony is valuable because most of Jung's theories are difficult to prove. The film also par-

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allels the literary "night journey" in which the hero travels to a strange place, experiences altered states of consciousness, and returns revivified. (McCormack and Martindale, 1983; Martindale, 1978)

Finally, *8 1/2* provides us biographical data on one of the cinema's greatest directors. Fellini's candor is important, because it gives us a rare and authentic view into what is usually the hidden side of personality. Most artists are inarticulate on the subject of their talent, or reluctant—even superstitious—about discussing it. In contrast, Fellini provides valuable testimony on the inspirational and spontaneous aspects of his genius. This is not to suggest that every artist experiences the creative process in the same way. Rather, Fellini finds Jungian theory valid in understanding himself and his creativity.

Can we be sure that Fellini portrayed himself truthfully, without idealization and/or tongue in cheek? He is, after all, known for his humor. The title of the film, for example, can be said to be an anti-title: it was conjured spontaneously during a press interview. Can we also be sure that we are not selectively superimposing our own theories and meanings onto a work of art? During the production of *8 1/2* Fellini warned of this danger and speculated that intellectuals would find too many Joycean meanings in the film. "I've never read James Joyce," he said. (Boyer, 1964)

FELLINI'S INTENTIONS

The autobiographic nature of the film and Fellini's serious intent are apparent. Although *8 1/2* has many comic moments, Fellini was quite serious about its themes of death and the problems of aging. While making the picture, he said: "This film will be the ultimate in autobiography, a kind of purifying flame." (Boyer, 1964, p. 166) The problems Fellini faced in making the film constitute the plot of *8 1/2*. In an interview with Angelo Solmi, Fellini recalled:

> Fifty times I was on the point of taking Fracassi, the production director, by the arm and saying, "I can't go on making it."
>
> And no one suspected anything?
>
> They had faith in me; they thought I knew what I was doing, that keeping the plot a secret from the actors was a great publicity stunt. In fact, all this became the film itself, or rather gave it unity. Two days before filming I was about to go to the producer and tell him the truth outright, begging him to stop the machinery of organization. But how do you tell a man of integrity: "I can't make a film that I can't remember, please excuse me, it was all a joke." Even he wouldn't have believed me.

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> I knew that everyone would talk about autobiography. Now it is true that all the episodes in *8 1/2* refer to my life, but some of them gradually became distorted, while others took shape during the shooting." (Solmi, 1964, p. 168)

While the film may be autobiographical, Fellini's comments leave unanswered two questions. To what degree does the movie accurately represent his life experience? Secondly, does his highly imaginative version of human behavior configure with contemporary theories of personality?

As Solmi points out, Fellini has been called a charming liar. Fellini replies:

> Well all right, I am a liar, but I am an honest one. . . . In film making only the absolute truth counts. In everyday life I can be deceiver and trickster, but not in films . . . I am compelled to be sincere in films. (1967, p. 24)

The second question, the degree to which Fellini's esthetic truth configures with Jung's personality theory, is the subject of this paper. It should be remembered that the discussion which follows is not concerned with psychological first principles. Nor is it a defense of Jung's theories, or proof of their validity. Rather it is an attempt to show that Fellini has produced a film which supports Jung's theories of personality, and that these theories are useful in the study of biography.

Jungian Theory

Carl Gustav Jung's work has had far reaching impact on Twentieth century psychology. His influence seems to be growing. For a while, Jung was a close associate of Freud. Jung broke with Freud, however, because Jung rejected Freud's narrow emphasis on sexual energy as the motivating force behind behavior. Instead, Jung emphasized a cognitive unconscious and interpreted psychic disturbances as the individual's attempt to achieve a wholesome integration of the various parts of the personality.

From his world travels Jung was impressed by the similarity of myths, symbols, and dreams of otherwise divergent cultures. He concluded that each individual has a personal unconscious which is at its base collective in character. The contents of the collective unconscious are universal in nature and consist of primordial images which have been accrued in the course of human evolution. These images consist of inherited feelings, thoughts, and memories. They are often manifest in dreams, fantasies, and art. (1954b)

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Jung called these images archetypes. They correspond to fundamental human experiences such as sexual attraction, pairing, parenting, and renewal. The pure forms of these archetypes exist in the collective unconscious (as in Plato's Idealism) and are experienced through projections, dreams, and myths. Learning to understand the archetypes and the role they play in our lives is a process Jung called individuation. This process is a blueprint—or paradigm—of self actualization. *8 1/2* provides an excellent example of this process. The creative energy released by successfully coming to terms with archetypes and understanding how they are expressed in the various components of the personality of an artist is the theme of *8 1/2*.

In the opening scenes we are introduced to the shadow, a component of the personality which is normally repressed. (Jung, 1943) The shadow of our psyche is as unique as the shadow cast by our figure. The shadow embodies all those characteristics that an individual refuses to recognize as part of oneself. It may stand for an attitude or belief that cannot be consciously accepted—a prudish censor's unconfessed fascination with pornography, for example. Or it may represent a situation the individual refuses to see as his or her own.

As the term implies, the shadow is the "dark" side of the individual's personality; that which cannot be seen and yet is unavoidably cast by every conscious "I." Usually experienced only through projections or in dreams, it must nevertheless be confronted and acknowledged as part of one's personality. Only then, Jung argues, can the shadow be controlled and can the individual progress on the path of psychological growth.

The other major component of Jungian personality, and which opposes the shadow, is the anima in a man or the animus in a woman. These components contain the elements of the opposite sex. The anima, for example, can be defined as "the woman within," that is, an inner figure which is the bearer of all feminine contents in man's psyche. (Jung 1945, 1954b) In its first stage, the anima is linked to biological and instinctual needs of nourishment and lust or sexuality. The second stage is analogous to a feminine figure of romanticized beauty, with powerful seductive charm. The relation with the second anima is still markedly sexual. As von Franz (1964) observes:

> It is the pressure of the anima that causes man to suddenly fall in love with a woman when he sees her for the first time and knows at once this is "she." In this situation the man feels he has known the woman intimately for all time, he falls for her so helplessly, that it looks to outsiders like complete madness. (p. 177)

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Of course, this is a perennial theme in art, from Goethe's *Faust* to the movie *Ten.* The attraction of Marilyn Monroe exemplifies this aspect. In its third stage eros is spiritualized and its energy raised to the heights of morality and religion, such as with the Virgin Mary or Dante's Beatrice. In the fourth and final stage of Jungian theory, the anima becomes Minerva, the wisdom that encompasses beauty and ethics. Parallel stages exit in a woman's psyche in her counterpart which is called the animus.

One of the reasons for Jung's growing influence is his concern with normal adult development. During the spring or youthful stage in life, sexual union with the opposite sex and propagating the species are the main theme. (1931) In the second phase or summer of life the issues are largely spiritual. It is in middle life, for example, after we have had the opportunity of meeting many people of the opposite sex that the encounter with the psychic image of our own counterpart takes place. Middle age, then, is the time that demands from a person the completion of two tasks: assimiliation of the anima or animus archetype and coming to terms with the reality of death. These are necessary steps in individuation. Once this task is accomplished, the thought of death is less frightening and can be included into the totality of life.

Guido Meets His Shadow

8 1/2 begins with Guido Anselmi, an Italian film director (played by Marcello Mastroianni) visiting a health spa where he hopes that a few days of rest will restore his health and his creativity. The film's action occurs during his stay at the spa. It proves to be a period of intense introspection. He is responsible for writing the screen play, but is torn by doubts and self criticism. His entire company waits while he struggles to resolve his inner conflicts. It is this countdown which gives the film much of its tension.

There are three levels in which the action takes place. One deals with the film set and all of the pressures a director faces in production. The second level is that of his memories of his boyhood. The third focuses on his dreams and daydreams. The film opens with a nightmare in which Guido finds himself in a grotesque traffic jam which reflects the state of his life. He feels blocked creatively. The nightmare can be interpreted as a warning from the unconscious. The trip to the health spa suggests that Guido is aware of this need and is ready for a psychological journey to get in touch with his inner self.

The director is awakened by Daumier, his scriptwriter. Daumier is the first of a series of inner figures who spring from Guido's uncon-

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scious. Guido, an intuitive artist who follows the call of his emotions and needs, will necessarily have a shadow that "appears as a cold and negative intellectual" which "personifies poisonous judgement and negative thoughts that have been held back." (von Franz, 1964)

Daumier's function throughout the film is that of an articulate and unremitting critic who constantly belittles Guido's most vital and creative images and symbols:

> [It is] just another film about your childhood . . . your main problem is that the film lacks ideas, it has no philosophical base. It's merely a series of senseless episodes. . . . It has none of the merits of the avant-garde film and all of the drawbacks. . . . (Fellini, 1963; *8 1/2* soundtrack)

If Guido failed to recognize Daumier's criticism as an expression of his own agonizing self doubts, he might never direct again. Only by facing and rejecting these hypercritical attitudes that block the creative process, can the director find again the true source of his own creativity.

Guido's successful control of his shadow is symbolized in two scenes. In one scene Guido orders Daumier's execution by hanging. In another, he listens to Daumier's tirade, "It is better to destroy than to create . . . Why leave behind these abortions like the deformed footprints of a cripple?" Abruptly, Guido gets out of the car and leaves Daumier locked inside, not to be seen or heard from again. Guido goes on to celebrate a reunion with his family and friends that marks the beginning of his film production.

In both scenes Daumier's incessant verbiage is cut short by Guido's decisive acts. The critic appears to choke on his own words. As a result, Guido's creative fantasy flows freely as proven by the magical beauty of the scenes following the critic's demise.

The victory of the artist over the negative shadow by Daumier has far reaching consequences that go well beyond *8 1/2.* During the preparation of his next film (*Juliet of the Spirits,* 1965), Fellini broke a work relationship with scriptwriter Tullio Pinelli that had lasted almost twenty years. The parting of ways was caused by a fundamental disagreement over the role of boundless imagination in the creative process. Pinelli expressed his stand on the issue:

> During and after *Juliet of the Spirits,* the fantasy branch of the tree Fellini has grown beyond proportion while other branches withered. Once, Fellini's fantasy was a creative tool, but from *Juliet of the Spirits* on it has overflown, has broken all dams; it has become an end in itself. (Conti, 1975)

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With Pinelli, Fellini left behind all constraints dictated by logic and realism. His following films become increasingly surreal and no reincarnation of Daumier ever appears to dampen the utter fantasy of the director's images.

During the first morning at the spa, Guido is unexpectedly faced with another personification of his shadow: his friend Mario Mezzabotta. Mario is accompanied by his very young mistress for whom he has left his wife of thirty years. This older man's attempts to forget his own problems by getting involved with a woman reflect and magnify Guido's typical behavior pattern. Thus, he feels a warm kinship with his older friend which turns into compassion as Mario's entanglement with the young woman appears more and more untenable.

Mario's character is painted with tender respect and almost with gratitude. Mario serves as a mirror in which Guido can see himself reflected twenty years into the future. This warning is a powerful component of Guido's earnest effort to salvage his own marriage.

Fellini suggests that Mario's attempt to purchase youth by means of his young mistress will prove destructive and is equivalent to a psychological death. In fact, the next time Guido meets Mario in the mud baths—a place that looks like Dante's inferno—Mario is asleep and does not answer his call. As Guido recognizes elements of his own problem in Mario's situation, he gains one key to unlock the romantic triangle which is diverting his energy from his creative task. Through Mario he has reached an insight which was necessary for his own psychological renewal.

The successful confrontation with the shadow removes some of the artist's blocks and prepares Guido for further emotional growth. The time has come for him to face another powerful unconscious archetype, the anima, or "the woman within." (Jung, 1951)

Stages of Anima

Examined chronologically, the story of Guido Anselmi reveals the stages of the anima which Jung says correspond to the psychological development of man. In *8 1/2,* some of the anima figures in Guido's life are introduced by way of dreams and reverie. While dining at a nightclub Guido is called upon by a magician and his telepathic partner Maya to participate in their act. Guido is asked to concentrate on a word which the magician's assistant will pick up. It is "Asa-Nisi-Masa" which the assistant correctly reads. When the sa's and si are eliminated from the word, we are left with "anima." This is perhaps the most compelling evidence that the film's theme is Jungian.

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The word evokes for Guido a host of memories from his early childhood. In the film, scenes of his grandmother and aunts appear in the country house at Gambettola. They are the nurturing figures who used to bathe him and tuck him into bed in the evening. They provide him the comfort and security he needs. They enjoy their task. These early pleasures give Guido a positive attitude toward life in general and sensitize him to the charms of those women who are happy to play a nurturing role. Nurses appear in the film and are perceived by him as wholly good and protective creatures of light. Their role also belongs to the first stage of the anima. Guido's mother, who should have adopted this role, belongs instead to the third stage of his anima, as we shall see.

SARAGHINA

In subsequent scenes we see how, as a boy, Guido and his friends became involved in an episode with Saraghina, a woman who appears to be a simple-minded prostitute. The boys paid Saraghina to dance for them outside her isolated hut on a nearby beach. When the town priests came upon this scene Guido was dancing with her. The boys were punished; Guido in particular. He was sent back to school with a sign pinned to his shirt which read "SHAME." His mother was sent for, and, when she arrived, he ran to her arms. But she rejected him "What a shame! My God! What a shame!"

Saraghina represents the libidinous side of the first stage of anima. When Guido meets her, he is awed by her size and unkempt appearance. Yet he feels an excitement that is derived from both his freshly rising sexuality and his positive experience with other women who took care of him as a small child. Saraghina's vitality is real; she is almost like a force of nature and thus suited to become the projection of Guido's primitive anima.

Guido has trouble with the morality represented by his mother and the Church because it contravenes an essential part of his own nature. By means of projection, Saraghina is associated with the primal life urges of Guido's anima. His nature needs this part of his anima for his well-being. Saraghina can be seen as symbolizing the timeless dilemma of instinct versus culture.

THE CLASSIC TRIANGLE

The fact that Guido's mother symbolized a censuring rather than nurturant figure is an important source of his problems. If a man is to achieve maturity, Jung argues, he will proceed through the various

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stages of the anima. (Jung, 1954a) "What was natural and useful to the child," Jung writes, "is a psychic danger to the adult, and this is expressed by the symbol of incest . . . The infantile attachment becomes a crippling limitation for the adult." So there comes a time when the individual must become detached from the first stage of the anima, and the desire to remain protected in a womb-like environment or satisfied with primordial sexual urges. For a man, it does not matter whether the woman who provides this satisfaction is as primitive as Saraghina, or beautiful and uninhibited as Guido's mistress Carla (actress Sandra Milo). Eventually, say Jung and Fellini, a man must seek a higher order of things, concordant with his age and his maturity.

As we have seen, Guido need not outgrow his mother, but rather those women in his psychic life who have taken her place. He must now accept what his mother represents and proceed psychologically to the third, spiritual stage of the anima. However, that is easier said than done.

Precisely because the third, spiritual stage of the anima was first embodied by his mother, Guido's progress is hindered by incest taboo and his fear of regression. He associates his mother with guilt feelings; this constitutes a negative reinforcement against the transition of the feminine side of his personality to a higher level. Furthermore, the only type of the anima's third stage with which he is familiar, his mother, is associated with death and rejection, instead of with psychic growth.

We are not surprised to find that Guido has duplicated all the terms of the conflict in the classic triangle composed by himself, his mistress, Carla, and his wife, Luisa.

Guido's relationship with Carla expresses clearly how much he is still tied to this second stage of anima as expressed in the image of a beautiful nurturing woman. Carla reminds Guido of his nurses, "stolid by nourishing. . . ." Carla has elements in common with Saraghina too; her behavior is vulgar, and her relationship with Guido is largely sexual. This association is also evident by the same background music in separate scenes in which Carla and Saraghina appear. The transition to this stage has been easy: Carla combines in herself the two types of women who brought more happiness to Guido. Her sensuality and her beauty satisfy the esthetic requirements of the grown man. Carla makes few demands on him. Like his aunts and Saraghina, she is contented to give without asking much in return.

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What she asks of Guido is within his ability to give without much cost to himself.

Guido's wife Luisa (French actress Anouk Aimee) personifies the third spiritual stage of the anima. Unfortunately she is too much like his mother. The similarity between the two women is dramatically expressed in a dream sequence in which he kisses his mother and suddenly the image changes to his wife Luisa.

A healthy relationship with Luisa represents a goal toward which Guido is striving. Developing this relationship is a necessary step towards maturity. Luisa has what Guido needs: a generous loving disposition that soothes so many difficulties of life and overcomes misunderstandings.

THE MIDDLE YEARS

Until now Guido has been content to relate to women with whom little effort was required on his part. However, his problems with his film work reveal that something is happening in Guido's life that demands a change of attitudes, and a reordering of his priorities. Stated simply, Guido's youth is over. He has reached the stage in life when a man or woman begins to count the years remaining instead of the years past. To be meaningful and productive, life must be accepted on its own terms. Fear of death must be conquered if men and women are to live happily to the end of their days. (Jung, 1931)

Guido's journey toward this particular truth starts with an unconscious warning in the form of a dream. Guido dreams of his father: "Wait Daddy, don't go away. We've talked so little between us. . . . I have so many questions to ask you." They enter a crypt and Guido's father complains, "Look how low the ceiling is. I wanted it higher. They could have made it higher. . . ."

The dream refers not only to the loss of his father as a guide and source of wisdom, but reminds Guido of the inevitability of his own death. If Guido could obtain from his father some knowledge of the nature of death, perhaps he would no longer be intimidated by it. Guido asks, "What kind of place is this?" His father replies, "I don't know yet," and his voice trails off as Guido helps him back into his grave.

This mid-life "crisis" is a classic theme in literature, and often referred to as the "night journey." (Martindale, 1974) The hero in an epic finds himself midway through a long and perilous journey. Allegorically, of course, the journey refers to the journey of life. During

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the journey he is confronted with dangerous challenges, which, once overcome, lead to wisdom. This is the theme of *Isaiah.* It is the theme par excellence in Dante's *Divine Comedy,* of Virgil's *Aeneid,* of Milton's *Paradise Lost.*

Encounters with the Cardinal

If Guido's parents can't help him what about his Church? Fellini explores this question in scenes with an elderly Cardinal. Guido meets the Cardinal in an elevator and later seeks him out in a nearby park. He wants to discuss his problems. But the Cardinal seems lost in his own reverie. The Cardinal asks Guido his age and if he has any children. Both questions, of course, tap into the death theme. Unstated in the film, but lying beyond the horizon of Guido's consciousness, is the realization that his marriage has not been fruitful. Any contemplation of death for Guido also must take into account that he will not achieve biological immortality through his children. The Cardinal proceeds to tell Guido the legend of the birds that sung on Diomedes' grave.

This is not what Guido wants to hear. Later that afternoon Guido approaches the Cardinal in the mud baths of the spa. The baths are in caves beneath the ground and the scene is reminiscent of Blake's watercolors to Dante's *Inferno.* Once again the Cardinal seems uninterested in Guido's problem. Their visit is short. The Cardinal is so old and frail that he looks as if he literally has come from the other side of the grave. "Why am I not happy?" Guido asks. "Who told you that you were born to be happy?" the Cardinal replies. "Extra ecclesiam nulla salus," he says ("Outside the Church there is not salvation,"—a fundamental Catholic doctrine interpreted rather broadly today).

The apparently senile digression of the Cardinal is another reminder of the aging issue. The Cardinal, or the Church, offers no solution but calls his attention to this fundamental problem of adult development which he must confront within himself. Only after Guido has accepted the loss of his youth and the inevitability of his own death, these scenes suggest, he will be free to create. To become locked into any one stage of development, Jung argues, means a confinement and diminution of the self. Actualization can only come from awareness and acceptance of the parts that make the whole. Jung argues that this acceptance is the key to the process of psychological growth.

The episodes with the Cardinal underscore the way in which the main characters in the film are polarized along opposing themes. On one side there is the realm of light, youth and pleasure to which

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Guido's childhood nurses, Saraghina the beach woman, his mistress Carla, all belong. Pitted against these characters is a world of darkness, death, and fear to which the Cardinal, Guido's mother, the priests and Daumier are aligned. These two themes are perceived as mutually exclusive by Guido. His crisis is rooted in his inability to overcome this duality. In the course of the film, he becomes more aware of the terms of his inner struggle and he develops the ability to rise above it. He does not reject his past but integrates it into his present self.

INDIVIDUATION

If Guido persists in his attachment to the pursuits of pleasure, as evidenced in his fantasies of his childhood nurses, Saraghina, and Carla, he will discover that the fruits of youth ultimately turn sour. As Jung observes, what may bring happiness in the summer of life may not be appropriate in the autumn. (1931)

There is a link between the symbol represented by the Cardinal and the solution of the conflict related to the anima. The individuation process, writes Jung, is reserved for the middle of life, as it seems to be a preparation for death. Once this task is accomplished, death is no longer so frightening. It can be included in the totality of life.

Guido's problem is his need to reconcile opposites. Since these opposites exist in the environment he has created in response to an inner need, he cannot look to external circumstances to find a solution. He must find an answer within himself, since the source of the conflict lies within himself. The resolution of the dilemma is achieved in two of the film's scenes.

In one scene, Guido fantasizes that his wife Luisa and his mistress Carla are chatting and dancing together as old friends. Rapidly, the fantasy expands as the unconscious seems to take the lead. Other women join the scene. They are the women by whom Guido was stirred during his life. They are all brought together in the farmhouse of his happy childhood. This daydream is usually referred to as "the harem" sequence and is a classic fantasy. This episode also recurs in Fellini's 1981 film "City of Women." In the farmhouse, surrounded by his women, Guido wishes that he and they could all continue to live happily together forever. They sit down to dine and Guido gives a speech: "Happiness is being able to tell the truth without hurting anyone." But even in Guido's dream happiness has its limitations: every woman who has reached the age of twenty-six must retire to the attic. As one of the women refuses to go upstairs, the other women, realizing

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that her fate will eventually be theirs, rebel. The rebellion can be seen as symbolizing the conflict between reluctance to abandon youth and the desire to accept maturity.

The insurrection also is a warning to Guido of the dangers which await him if unconscious materials proliferate unchecked and invade his consciousness with projections. For these projections can become dominant and draw energy that rightly belongs to the archetype. To remain the master of his own life, then, Guido must become aware that the source of the fascination exerted by these women upon him is in reality within himself and that it is a single, unique source: the archetype of the anima. (Jung, 1954a) He must also realize that the only way of remaining in command is to withdraw the projections and return them to the anima, hence to himself. This can be accomplished only through awareness and a willful act of the ego. The function of the unconscious ends once it has made clear the terms of the conflict. In this fantasy scene Guido takes a whip to the women and herds them upstairs to bed. Only Luisa remains. The decision to send the women upstairs can be interpreted as an assertion of the ego.

Free from the pull of his projections, Guido sees how he has been unfair to his wife Luisa; he realizes that the relationship with her meets some important needs and that the relationship will require more commitment if it is to continue and mature. Guido now seeks to reach out to Luisa and, through her, the spiritual stage of the anima that she represents.

In Search of Wisdom

The fourth stage of anima is personified by his wife's friend, Rossella. Guido's attitude towards Rossella is platonic. He confides intimate thoughts to her and sometimes seeks her advice. Rossella warns Guido: "You are free, but you must know how to choose, and you don't have too much time . . . you must hurry." Rossella personifies the goddess Minerva or the superior Wisdom, a stage of development which writers such as von Franz (1964) or Maslow (1954) say is rarely reached. Guido's easy relationship with Rossella signifies that he is proceeding in the right direction. Although he may be too young or immature to establish a permanent relationship with the fourth stage of the anima, we can anticipate that Guido's later years will be characterized by a striving toward the supreme form of the archetype. As the tangle of Guido's life unravels, the energy which was previously absorbed in his projections becomes available for his creative work. In

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addition to the light it sheds onto the problems of individuation, *8 1/2* provides insights into the psychodynamics of the creative process.

GUIDO MEETS THE MUSE

Toward the beginning of the film a beautiful evanescent young woman (actress Claudia Cardinale) walks out of the woods and silently offers Guido the water of the spring. She reappears from time to time in the film as a vision seen only by Guido.

What is then the meaning of this symbol? The Girl of the Spring is the artist's muse, his source of inspiration. She is suddenly materialized from the depths of a wood, which lies outside the fence of the spa. Symbolically the woods can be seen as to refer to that which lies outside the boundaries of conscious life. The wood represents an unmapped territory, the unknown in the inner world of the psyche. The symbolism of the forest is ancient and common to different cultures. Jung argues that it belongs to all mankind; it is an archetype of the collective unconscious.

Although there is a connection between the personal and the collective unconscious, the latter represents the deepest layers of an individual's psyche and is therefore more difficult to reach. (Jung, 1961) Artists, by virtue of their talent, are able to get in touch with this energy. When the artistic inspiration flows easily and freely, it means that the contact or communication with the archetype is maintained. The apparition of Claudia at the margins of the wood can be seen therefore, as an indication that the connection with the collective unconscious is once again open to Guido.

Later, when Claudia has entered the spa, she offers Guido the water of the spring. The regenerating power of water is universally reaffirmed in myth and in religious ritual. Baptism is an obvious example. The spa itself is but another testimony of the belief of men in the healing properties of water. In the hands of Claudia, obviously, this water acquires the meaning of a spiritual regeneration. Guido, accepting the water, declares his desire for rebirth and at the same time establishes a personal bond with the muse, making her part of his life.

The first apparition of Claudia is somewhat unexpected, but not totally so. Guido contemplates her in silence, surprised and grateful. Apparently, Guido has only a vague idea about the content of his fancy and the vision of Claudia quite surpasses his expectations, hence his surprise and his gratitude.

The second time Guido meets Claudia he does not manifest any sur-

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prise to find her, at the end of a long intense day, in his hotel room, as if by now she belonged to his life. While during the first encounter he had been a somewhat passive spectator, satisfied to merely watch her, he is now the one who is active. He addresses her, continuing a soliloquy he had started before entering his room. He repeats Daumier's criticism in the hope that she will help him counter the stinging rationalism of the critic. In this sequence we become aware of the increasing importance of Claudia. She is still a blithe spirit but his faith in her has made her more real: she is no longer just the muse who belongs exclusively to art; she has become Guido's personal muse and her influence has increased. The sight of her smile, of her simple gestures is sufficient to lift Guido's depression: he suddenly feels his inspiration flowing.

The entire sequence is important. Claudia, with a white veil over her hair, turns to him as a bride would at the altar. Later, she kisses him, and then, lying by his side, she murmurs that she came to make order and promises to never leave him again. Clearly these scenes symbolize the union between the artist and his muse. The consummation of the union means that the muse and her inspiration have been drawn from the collective unconscious and have been made accessible to the artist's consciousness.

The Muse versus the Actress

Guido's third encounter with the muse reveals the degree of conscious assimilation of this archetype. The muse now appears as the actual actress cast for this role, Claudia Cardinale. The actress arrives at the spa when Guido is being pressured by the producer and his co-workers into making a final decision about the movie. Guido is indecisive and emotionally exhausted. It is precisely when he seems overwhelmed by the situation that the muse appears to offer him help. Since Guido has allegorically married his muse and established a permanent relationship with her, she can now be available in the moments of need: her presence liberates his energies and thus enables him to meet his last and most demanding task.

When Guido greets the actress Claudia Cardinale by the entrance of the theater, he is obviously not surprised to see that she has the same features of the Girl of the Spring, because from the very beginning he had thought of casting her as the muse. The actress, however, wears a black dress, while the muse always appears in white. In this scene Guido and the actress take an automobile ride during which he explains her part in the film. As they drive along, the actress whispers,

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"Where are we going? I don't know the way." Guido replies: "There must be the spring nearby, can you hear it? Try to turn this way." Thus, he indicates that he has selected his goal: the water of the spring, the regenerating power that gives confidence and a sense of meaning in the second half of life. Yet, Guido and Claudia Cardinale do not find the spring, but come to an ancient empty piazza instead, which suggests that Guido will not find in a beautiful woman—or any external source—the regeneration he needs. It must come from within.

The piazza is another of Fellini's recurring symbols. It suggests that it is necessary to reach the inner ancient square where a man can see his own soul. There he will find what is essential to him; there, he cannot lie to himself any longer. In this particular scene, the muse reappears carrying a lamp that dispels the shadows of the piazza. Only Guido sees her. The vision belongs to his inner self. Meanwhile the actress sitting next to him in the car feels chilled and uneasy. The actress has her own interests and asks: "How big will my part be?" Guido replies angrily, "You are like all the others, pesty." Guido has no trouble in recognizing the difference between the muse and the woman who only represents her. It is the victory of the archetype in its purest form. The artist cannot accept any substitute for it.

The scene represents a change from Fellini's original film script. In the original, the Girl of the Spring is conceived as a real woman with whom Guido has an affair, while in the final version, she is presented strictly as a vision. The choice of this second version is undoubtedly better both from the artistic and the psychological standpoint. Had the symbol of the muse been projected on a real person, her significance would have been dubious. There would have been all kinds of mundane questions with which to deal before making a case for her as a powerful source of inspiration. For in the final analysis, while social support may be desirable in an artist's life, inspiration still must come from within.

Later, Mr. Fellini supported this interpretation. He said:

> Claudia does not exist. She is an ideal, not a person. If a man meets and marries his muse, then he will be satisfied as a man for the rest of his life. He will feel no need to express himself as an artist. It is only pursuing this vision that can never be quite reached and held, that the artist is stimulated to give the best of himself. (Conti, 1975)

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LOIS HUGHSON

Power and the Self in Henry Adams's Art of Biography

Not much attention has been given the biographies of Albert Gallatin and John Randolph which Henry Adams wrote at the same time he was undertaking the monumental *History of the United States of America During the Administrations of Thomas Jefferson and James Madison. The Life of Albert Gallatin* and *John Randolph* approach the events of that period from a perspective modified by the biographical aim of achieving coherence and explaining the motive principles, characters, and significance of the lives studied. In this they throw light on Adams's conceptions of character and the self, subjects discussed until now chiefly in the context of *The Education of Henry Adams* and the *History.* Furthermore, the biographies show early in Adams's career his ambivalence about personal power and its relation to accomplishment, thereby illuminating his thinking on the question of the real sources of power in human affairs that is an abiding focus of his work from the Introduction to the *Studies on Anglo Saxon Institutions* to "The Rule of Phase in History."

Adams's interest in both men stems from their public careers in which the important and representative conflicts of their times are enacted. But in Adams's pantheon of representative men, Gallatin and Randolph embody radically different possibilities in American politics as well as in moral experience. Adams achieves coherence and significance for both lives by drawing on two major sources. One is the identification of the major action of their lives with political principles; the other is a view of their characters as combinations of qualities given direction by their attitude towards personal power.

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Adams says of them both at the outset that they were young men who took "life awry."[1] In Adams's view Gallatin threw away "the advantages of education, social position, and natural intelligence" to seek his destiny on George's Creek in the Monongahela hills of western Pennsylvania. But whereas the rest of Gallatin's life was to carry him towards those places and actions which best "suited his true taste and needs" and he was to find the deepest and most fruitful integration into the national life of his adopted country, Randolph is seen as having "sucked poison with his mother's milk." Although he follows her advice to buy land to the point of avarice, this commitment to his native soil does not raise him to the height of leadership he desires. While he becomes a representative Virginian type, he is representative as Don Quixote is of Spain, "a caricature of Virginia failings" as he is a caricature of "Virginia genius" (p. 25).

Gallatin's emigration as a young man is seen as positive. It makes possible his transition from a staunch believer in Jeffersonian republicanism with its stress on the sovereignty of the states, to a supporter of the nationalism which is made necessary by America's relations with Europe and which Adams sees as the next step in America's political development. Gallatin is not a Pennsylvanian as Jefferson and Randolph are Virginians. The other American leaders were citizens of their states before they were citizens of America. This is not the case with Gallatin and is an important factor in his ability to survive the wreck of Jeffersonian principles. In contrast the identification of land, Virginia, and his mother's poisonous advice becomes an explanatory device for Randolph's inability to progress beyond the horizon of the principles of 1800 to a national prespective. Rather it alienates him from the national life he wishes to dominate.

Randolph is not presented simply as a man who goes down with principles that cannot withstand circumstances. The problem of the biography is to show him as loyal to a set of great political principles, principles that Adams characterizes in *Gallatin* as one of the only two great political possibilities ever presented to the country, and at the same time show him as a man destroyed and destructive. He is destroyed, not by that loyalty but by a personal perversity that in combination with that loyalty, transformed the love of Virginia into the aggression of an aggrandizing slave power. The poison he took in with his mother's milk is both the attachment to the land and the will to power that wrecks Randolph even as Gallatin's lack of the desire to dominate, shown by his airy surrender of social advantage in the land of his birth, saves him. Yet in both biographies temperament works

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itself out through political action. It is only through their public acts that we know these men and understand the unity and therefore the significance of their lives.

Randolph's career is opened for us by a characteristic scene. The promulgation of the Virginia and Kentucky Resolutions threatens the federal government with force and brings the administration to ask Patrick Henry, as a southern representative of every Republican principle who is yet loyal to the Union, to speak against forceful opposition. Henry does, calling any such act patricide. Randolph responds with a three hour speech in favor of force and against Henry and the generation that made the American Revolution which he represents. The scene ends with Henry's response according to popular tradition: "Keep justice, keep truth—and you will live to think differently." Then Adams writes: "Randolph never did live to think differently but ended as he began, trying to set bounds against the power of the national government and to protect those bounds, if need be by force" (p. 36).

Gallatin's career is launched for us by an account of his part in the Whiskey Rebellion where, unlike Randolph, he stands for peaceful protest against force. Ultimately Gallatin is sent to Congress by a district that had opposed him in the Rebellion but that wished him to represent it because he was the "embodiment of the principle of law and order" (p. 141). His leadership in Congress was based on ability and moral qualities. What Adams says of him in Congress he might have said as well of his career as Secretary of the Treasury: "His power lay in courage, honesty of purpose, and thoroughness of study" (p. 154). From the first, Gallatin is characterized as someone whose actions are guided by principles which transcend political loyalties. His mind Adams tells us is scientific rather than political, capable of grasping the broadest principle or smallest detail, disregarding the emotions and seeing both sides of a political question. To be scientific is Adams's own ideal. In the *History,* Jefferson is seen to promise much because of interest in science, an interest that might have led him to see the significance of the steamboat. Adams indicates his belief that technology promised the young American republic a control of its land and waters that would have put it out of reach of European politics and therefore averted the political catastrophes that are so great a part of his subject. However, in the *History,* Jefferson fails in his scientific foresight and instead devotes his energies to a political theory that in Adams's view takes far too little notice of actual circumstance. In the *Life of Gallatin,* Gallatin is said to be like Jefferson, initially, in

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believing America to be on the threshhold of a new age and free from the hand of the past. But his scientific mind distinguishes him from the theoretically political Jefferson and permits him to withstand intact the crash of Jefferson's administration.

Indeed, as we shall see, Gallatin's scientific mind makes possible the transcendence of politics toward which the biography moves. In this, the *Life of Gallatin* is the earliest expression of Adams's view of the relation of politics and history adumbrated in the *History* and developed in *The Education of Henry Adams.* In that book, science and technology eventually put an end to history as it had been understood and the reign of politics is concluded. Ultimately Adams sees both government and the writing of history as the domain of scientific minds that recognize and facilitate power without commanding it.

Randolph's mind, however, is dominated by political ideals and drives. Adams describes him in 1800 as one of a company of young Virginians who see themselves as classical Greeks. "The world's great age had for them begun anew," he writes, "and the golden years returned. They were real Gracchi, Curtii, Casii" (p. 45). For them Jefferson ranked as "a resplendent figure seated by the side of Moses and Solon, of Justinian and Charlemagne" (p. 54). Adams tells us that Randolph came to Congress with the image of the elder Pitt to emulate, hoping to rule there as Pitt did in the House of Commons at the age of twenty-five. Both of these biographies have at their core the idea that experience is an educative power, and the outcome of that education follows closely this difference between the scientific and political nature of the minds that receive it.

The first experience Adams chooses to present after Randolph enters Congress shows Randolph insulted in public for his anti-military comments, writing rudely to the President for redress and censured publicly for both of these events in Congress. The effect is salutary, Adams tells us, teaching what he most needs to know, "to curb his temper, to bide his time, and not expose himself to ridicule" (p. 45). Similarly, Adams shows Gallatin in the position of requiring an education when he comes to national politics. He believes, like Jefferson and Randolph, that "human nature was to show itself in new aspects and that the failures of the past were due to the faults of the past" (p. 266). He writes to his wife after the election of 1801 which defeated John Adams and brought in Jefferson: "Every man, from John Adams to John Hewitt [a tailor who had spoiled a coat from him], who undertakes to do what he does not understand deserves a whipping." And this is Adams's comment:

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> He had yet to pass through his twelve years of struggle and disappointment in order to learn how his own followers and his own President were to answer his ideal, when the same insolence of a recalcitrant party presented to their and to his own lips, the cup of which John Adams was now draining the dregs. (p. 266)

The Gallatin biography supplies excellent support for those who believe that a strong motive in Adams's historical writing is the desire to justify his great grandfather. At the same time I do not think the assuagement of family feelings is the goal. Rather they are a means by which a large subject is opened up for him, at least in part because of his privileged access to materials. His sympathy and pride are ruled by a great scrupulousness and the three qualities working together transform the events of which his family was a part into a vision of history in which the efforts of any single participant are dwarfed by a tangle of opponents, economic necessities and international circumstances. His own beliefs as a New Englander after the Civil War were consonant with John Adams's on the subject of the importance of the strength of the national government relative to the states. The family piety that caused Adams to be engaged with these materials initially, gave way to the broader based belief evident throughout the *History,* that the power of statesmen had in general been exaggerated. He would show that it was not John Adams alone who would drink or deserve to drink the cup of defeat were they all to understand the little individual intent counted for.

In 1807 it appeared that Jefferson's administration, with Gallatin as its Secretary of the Treasury, was on the verge of securing all its aims. The debt was nearly gone and a great plan for internal improvements and higher education was brought into being. All this with no military establishment. "For this result," Adams writes, "Mr. Gallatin in the ripened wisdom of his full manhood, might fairly say his life had been well spent" (p. 355). But the great lesson of his life was yet to come. And here we see how the events of the *History* assume a different aspect under the biographical pressure which put Adams's hero at their center. Here, in contrast to the *History,* the ruin of the aims of Jefferson's administration is seen as

> neither his fault nor that of Mr. Jefferson; it was the result of forces which neither he nor any other man or combination of men, neither his policy nor any other policy or resource of human wisdom could control. In the midst of the great crash with which the whole structure of Mr. Jefferson's administration toppled over and broke to pieces in its last days, there is ample room to criticize and condemn the theories on

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> which he acted and the measures which he used, but few critics would now be bold enough to say that any policy or any measure could have prevented that disaster. (p. 355).

In the *History* Adams condemns both the theories and the man who tried to enact them. In one of the few places in the *History* where Adams's rhetoric is not ironic he blames Jefferson for imagining that America can be free of the common fate of mankind. In the *Gallatin* he presents Jefferson's ideas as one of the only two great political possibilites ever envisioned in America, but in the *History* Adams argues that it was doomed from the beginning by imagining the world to be a different place than it was. In shaping the Gallatin biography Adams makes this wisdom of the primacy of circumstances over theory the lesson that experience brings Gallatin, the eminently educable hero. In 1808 Gallatin writes to his wife that between England and France, America's situation is "extremely critical and I believe that poor, limited human wisdom can do and will do but little to extricate us." He leaves the future to a faith in justice and Providence. He is ready now to see America as having been "too happy and too prosperous and we consider as great misfortures some privations and a share in the general calamities of the world" (p. 374–75).

In 1808 Gallatin, himself, embodies what response to circumstance has done to the Republican party. It has become the antithesis of itself in bringing about through the Embargo and what Adams derisively calls repeatedly in the *History* but never once in the biography of Gallatin, "Jefferson's passion for peace," the very centralization and militarism it abhorred. And Gallatin is the agent of this change, for it is he who requests the Enforcement Act necessary to carry out the Embargo. The Enforcement Act gave the federal government powers far beyond any Federal imagination. In a moment without parallel in the *History* where the actors act and only the reader reflects and understands, the education of Gallatin is generalized here into a terrible enlightenment for the entire Republican party:

> As a result of eight years experience and painful effort, the situation was calculated to sober and sadden the most sanguine Democrat. The idea was at last impressed with unmistakable emphasis upon every honest and reflecting mind in the Republican party that the failures of the past were not due to the faults of the past only, and the circumstances must by their nature be stronger and more permanent than men (p. 379).

Rarely does Adams permit himself to point to any significance in events that he cannot justify as a lesson learned by his protagonist.

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Here the education of Gallatin and the Republican party is limited to the rather general idea that circumstances are stronger than men. But in speaking of the period of America's greatest helplessness in 1809–10 Adams wants to show its more specific political significance, and he describes it as an "inevitable stage in national development." He goes on to say, "It was clear, therefore, *or rather it is now clear,* that until the sentiment of nationality became strong enough to override resistance and to carry the Administration on its shoulders, no effective direction could be given to government" (p. 397) [my italics]. He cannot ascribe this lesson to Gallatin since he cannot find Gallatin drawing such a conclusion in what Adams calls "political philosophy." The unifying theme of Gallatin's life is what Adams calls later "practical statesmanship," in specific contrast to "philosophic and *a priori* principles" (p. 560). In the *History* narrative presents events as happening while the reader reads with as little as possible intrusion by the narrator. Political philosophy is kept to introductory and summary chapters. The entire thrust of the narration in the *History* emphasizes that it was *not* clear then what was happening. Here too, Adams's conviction that the significance of events is not clear as they occur keeps him from making such an assertion without modification. He cannot ascribe it to Gallatin because it is not until the end of Gallatin's life, long after the events, that Gallatin can be shown to believe that the war secured the permanence of the Union by arousing the national feeling which had lessened after the Revolution. In the midst of the events of 1809–10, Adams must make a specific excursion into "political philosophy" and must therefore say, "rather it is clear now."

Gallatin survives the debacle of the Jefferson administration and Jefferson does not. Jefferson, in spite of the fact that he is "sanguine and supple," "felt the solid earth reel under him" (p. 379) and he retreats into passivity refusing to rule in the last months of his presidency. Gallatin and Madison take up his duties and in this difference lies the source of Adams's generosity toward Madison in the *History.* Madison is no more successful than Jefferson in shaping events, has no more useful policy, is no more honest about the necessary surrender of republican theory, is often shown to lack force and to be ridiculous in self-assertion and finally to enjoy a popularity no more deserved than Adams thought Jefferson's to be. Yet above all else he grapples with circumstance and by allowing it to direct him avoids being destroyed by it.

Adams tells us that Gallatin survives because he is made of "different stuff" from Jefferson. This is an appeal to temperament as expla-

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nation, but Adams also uses the figure of growth, development, and adaptation to environment so central to nineteenth century biography. As a youth Adams says, Gallatin was almost as sanguine as Jefferson, but "he knew better how to accept defeat and adapt himself to circumstances, how to abandon theory and to move with his generation" (p. 379). Gallatin's development is from politician to statesman. In 1816, after years in diplomacy which suited him best of all his activities, John Quincy Adams offers him the post of Secretary of the Treasury again, and the chance to re-enter the world of political power and he turns it down. Adams says of him that he had lost what was "to a politician . . . more important than either experience, wisdom or maturity . . . sublime confidence in human nature. . . . His statesmanship had become, what practical statesmanship always has and must become, a mere struggle to deal with concrete facts at the cost of philosophic and *a priori* principles" (pp. 559–60). In one of the few substantial studies of the Gallatin, Melvin Lyon sees this as a moment when "validity yieds to practicality as Adams's principal criterion of value . . . this idea will become the principal human truth Adams has to teach: that man at his best acts on the basis of ideas which he believes to be true although they are, in fact, illusions."[2]

Certainly, practicality is exalted here and everywhere in Adams, but surely not at the cost of validity or in favor of illusions. The greatest illusion in the biography of Gallatin is the illusion of power. Gallatin reaches his highest development when he realizes how limited power is. Gallatin becomes something greater than a politician through his ability to act without a sense of his own power and he rises to that sphere above the sphere of politics by the failure of his political convictions. He is at his greatest working in the cabinet while faction destroys his political base. Adams tells us that Gallatin was in his proper sphere, happy and well suited in the life of diplomacy, yet we learn that in seven years he gets nowhere with American claims against the French and the Dutch. In England Gallatin achieves a treaty only when Canning dies and a new Prime Minister is appointed. He is a man without illusions, with magnificent adaptability to circumstance, without a need of power or of popularity, sensible of the limits of poor human wisdom: content to follow justice and await the fruits of time.

Gallatin's growth from theoretical politician to practical statesman also explains Adams's treatment of Gallatin's lifelong expressed desire to live in the wilderness of western Pennsylvania. Lyon rightly identifies this desire as part of the cluster of Rousseauistic beliefs in which the moral superiority of the wilderness accompanies the right of each

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generation to be free of the past. He thinks Adams is missing the chance to posit this as a source of coherence in Gallatin's life. But as we have seen for Adams it is crucial that Gallatin surrender belief in freedom from the past. He posits Gallatin's coherence precisely in those qualities that enable him to do so. He sees his life not as an enactment of principles clear at the opening of his life but as an education that makes possible change and survival. Adams however is not missing something implicit in his material as Lyon suggests. Aware of the connection with Rousseau he believes the wilderness home should have gone the way of belief in freedom from the past. Adams calls Gallatin's preference for the Monongahela hills mere "youthful prejudice," something he retained only in theory while his true needs were met by urban society. That prejudice then is only a mere survivor of those Rousseauian ideas that with Jefferson he held at the outset of his career. So while Lyon views Gallatin's frontier experience as a "participation in the basic experience of American national life," Adams thinks there can't have been much enjoyment in it for him or entertainment for the reader so he passes quickly over them.

In contrast to the *Life of Gallatin,* the biography of Randolph offers us a cautionary tale. Randolph's life is given unity by his failure to profit from the education experience offers him. Although he is shown early to learn from his humiliation as a freshman congressman, his need for personal power that existed fruitfully for a time along with admirable political principles ultimately destroys everything positive in his career. Gallatin's development is made to follow the movement of the country from admirable political principles that do not work, to a nationalism without much theory that does. Randolph's growth is made to follow the movement of his region from a representation of those same admirable unworkable principles to revolt against any nationalism not subordinate to the debased needs of the region. Furthermore the revolt uses fragments of those once great principles perversely in the service of those needs. While Gallatin reaches his fullest stature when he has surrendered his hope of power, Randolph deteriorates to an irrationality and morbidity beyond even his own defense through the sacrifice of all other aims to his sense of power. His political action becomes merely the vehicle for its expression just as in Adams's view the argument of states rights in the South becomes the degraded vehicle of the slave states' will to power.

J. C. Levinson early pointed to the importance for Adams of the eighteenth century view of history as a series of exemplifications of enduring moral and political principles which Adams found in his

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family's writings from John Adams through John Quincy Adams down to his own father.[3] However, in showing Gallatin's education from politician to statesman with an underlying metaphor of growth and development Adams suggest a view of the self rather different from the one he found in family memoirs. The eighteenth century view implies a sense of character as unchanging and as bodying forth in the action of the life narrated the qualities of that character. This view is considerably modified in Adams's thinking by the impact of the evolutionary idea of adaptation and the germ theory of history itself influenced by evolutionary ideas. Adams, with other historians who were trying to account for the rise, first of English and then American political institutions, came to explain them by the transfer of a germ of that institution from a foreign, more primitive culture to a new environment in which it develops in new ways and is modified through adaptation. Such a view of an organism growing from some nucleus of potentialities that sets direction and certain limits but does not dictate the nature of the mature organism is the one which largely supplants in Adams's biographies the older sense of the relationship of character and the mature self. In the place of a sense of character as inborn, glimpsed in childhood and revealed fully by early manhood is a view of the self as something larger than its character, shaped in part by the response that character permits it to make to the circumstances of life. These circumstances, then, are no longer the events which figure forth the character and its enduring moral principles but take on some of the sense of a natural environment shaping the organism. But this power of circumstance is balanced by the continuing power of character, now seen as an original germ of the self. At the same time the two ways of looking at a biography are integrated by the view of experience as education which allows on the one hand for the power of character to set direction and limits to the nature of the education, and on the other hand to make conscious and integrate into the self what would otherwise be a mechanical and alien shaping force.

While Gallatin's character permits experience to educate him for practical statesmanship, Randolph's character permits experience to educate him for political terrorism. We have seen that Adams chose an event from Gallatin's entrance into political prominence during the Whiskey Rebellion to show a man committed to law yet responsive to circumstance. In contrast, Adams shows Randolph acting on principle but with no regard to circumstance because he is driven by something not to be found in Gallatin. Randolph's part in the Yazoo claims controversy is in Adams's view one of the decisive moments of his career. Georgia had dealt with a corrupt sale of land through the Georgia leg-

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islature by rescinding the so-called Yazoo land grants. Some purchasers had gotten back their money; others had not, and when the federal government took over the rights to the Yazoo land from Georgia it provided a compromise with the surviving claimants. Jefferson, Madison, and Gallatin supported the compromise. Randolph opposed the compromise on the ground of state sovereignty, but more effectively he denounced it as a corrupt combination of northern democrats, federalists, and executive influence. And Adams describes Randolph as right in defending Gallatin's original repudiation of the corrupt Yazoo sales, and as on sound ground as well as courageous and without selfish or personal motives. But when Adams says "selfish or personal" he means Randolph didn't want office.

Furthermore Adams feels and wants us to feel that Randolph is in the wrong. Part of his feeling is accounted for by his sense that Randolph had nothing useful to gain politically for the country by preventing a compromise that would lay to rest a problem bristling with legal and political nettles. He would oppose and insult his party's leaders and in Gallatin the one he admired and respected most. Randolph's inability to subordinate his own views to the administration's decision once the argument had been thoroughly aired is a fault in Adams's eyes not balanced by his courage to act alone. When Gallatin's point of view is overridden he submits and continues to produce the best results he can for the administration under the conditions. Yet Adams will not allow that Randolph is a man who follows principle above all else. Where was principle in the Louisiana Purchase, Adams asked. Where was consistency of principle when in 1804 Randolph criticized a bill for not providing remedy enough against British naval depradation in American ports? Then he would have had the navy struggle until it was annihilated. Both stands were against every republican principle, but strict construction went under to the slavery interest, and anti-militarism surrendered to what Adams calls "fault-finding" and "temper." However in the Yazoo affair Adams wants to expose one of the unifying forces of Randolph's life, not mere inconsistency or personal eccentricity. He has already told us that Randolph saw himself entering the political arena as a Gracchus. Now, striking that note again, Adams shows that all Randolph's positive qualities—adherence to principle, courage, and indifference to personal gain appear in the service of something more dangerous to the republic; ". . . only a classical, over-towering love of rule thus ventures to defy the opinion of others . . . he willingly flung his chances [for office] away but only to grasp at the higher, moral authority of a popular tribune" (p. 81).

This extravagant spiritual claim, however, is shown to be unaccom-

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panied by the intellectual and moral qualities that might give it credibility. As the leader of the government case in the impeachment of Justice Chase, Randolph appears as a man who cannot grasp the implications of the proceedings, who cannot apply himself to the hard work necessary, and who cannot carry on an extended reasoned argument. He cannot command the case either in broad vision or in small detail, and his claim to authority is exposed as mere rhetoric. In short he lacks the "scientific" qualities that distinguish Gallatin.

Adams calls the impeachment of Chase a turning point in Randolph's career and follows it with an account of his failure in Congress to stop the appropriation of money to buy the Floridas, in which is summed up the elements of his ruined career. His motivation is the hatred of Madison that seems to fill the vacuum created when Virginia theory was, in Adams's phrase, "silently discarded" (p. 130). He removes himself from his party, calling himself a *tertium quid,* destroying his own power, and beginning a long period where he no longer represents important historical trends.

According to Adams, in these years of political isolation Randolph develops to the highest degree of effectiveness a political art based on what Adams calls terror, a combination of verbal aggression, insult, brutality, ridicule, and vindictiveness. By 1819 he is laying the foundations of the identification of slavery with states rights and Adams sees him as the "legitimate and natural precurser of Calhoun" (p. 178). The terrorism is wedded to the possibility of political power and Randolph becomes again for Adams "an important historical character." The inability to carry on an extended reasoned argument is unimportant for a man whose rhetoric successfully exploits the fear of the slave holder that he will lose his slaves and holds up the specter of bloody revolt. Adams presents him as having "at last got hold of a deep principle, and invented a far-reaching scheme of political action" (p. 185). In 1806, the last time he had been able to act on a prinicple in a position of power, he disrupted only his party. Now he was the architect of the attack on the Union.

The greatest contrast with Gallatin then is not only that Randolph is a man ridden by theory and arrogant moral claims, without self-control or powers of reason as opposed to a man of practicality, sense of human limits, and highly developed reason. The great historical contrast is between the man who represents the consolidation of the Union and the man who represents the threat of its disintegration. Whatever the theory Gallatin began his political life with, his efforts fed the centralizing trend of the early nineteenth century through which, as Adams saw it, the true political form of the United States

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emerged. Randolph represented a degraded form of the theories of 1798 basely manipulated against the new political structure which was shaped by the compromise of theory with circumstance.

In both biographies the historical role gives value to the personal qualities. Behavior is characterized according to historical consequences and essentially, therefore, moral qualities are created by those consequences and do not antedate them. In a different perspective, adherence to principle might easily appear in a catalogue of virtues. A man broken by that adherence could be made to appear as the actor in a tragedy. A man who can forsake principle for circumstance might be described in less flattering terms than 'adaptable', but only if character were seen as something that preceded not only historical significance but action itself. We see the extent, then, to which Adams's judgments of these men's actions departs from the eighteenth century view which was his heritage. Randolph's and Gallatin's actions are morally defined by their historical context and consequences, as revolutionary an approach to the writing of history and biography in America as any brought by the pragmatic and progressive Charles Beard.

In a letter to Henry Cabot Lodge, Adams wrote about Gallatin in terms his grandfather would have understood, terms compatible with an enlightenment morality: "The inevitable isolation and disillusionment of a really strong mind—one that combines force with elevation—is to me the romance and tragedy of statesmanship."[4]

But the narrative itself, as we have seen, does not support such a view. In it Gallatin's life is neither a romance nor a tragedy. Adams's narration emphasizes too clearly the achievements and satisfactions of Gallatin's life after he ceases to wield power. Furthermore, Adams does not convince us that Gallatin ever refused power, although he argues such an interpretation in the biography as well as the letter. When he expresses admiration for Gallatin because he "could and did refuse power when he found out what a vanity it was and yet became neither a cynic nor a transcendental philosopher," (p. 314) the statement seems just a little inapplicable to the Gallatin Adams has created for us. That Gallatin was driven from power by foreign war and domestic faction. Nothing in his correspondence or his actions as Adams reports them supports the view that if he could truly exercise power he would refuse it.

Nor has Adams been able to convey to the reader as he does in the *History* that there is no such thing as the true exercise of power. He never makes us feel that the war and domestic faction are simply instances of those conditions which always and everywhere prevent it. In the biography we feel rather that Gallatin refuses John Quincy

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Adams's offer to take up a cabinet post because he understands thoroughly that the base of power lay in the party and that he no longer possessed such a base. The offer of the Cabinet post, then appears as the offer of difficult labor and responsibility not power. The offer from the new President appears more in the nature of a recognition of the value of Gallatin's efforts even as he was losing his power base in Jefferson's administration, and a reward for his comanding role in the peace commission of which John Quincy Adams was nominal head. For the reader to feel that Gallatin was isolated and disillusioned Adams would have had to show a much greater sense of loss in Gallatin as circumstances turned him from the brink of realizing Republican ideals of policy to those actions which would bring about the centralized government he started out by hating. The Gallatin of the biography is too resourceful, too strong, too absorbed in the management of the aftermath of the defeat of those ideals to play the part Adams assigns him in the letter. Adams has made the work Gallatin could do after his loss of power of greater value than the work he was prevented from doing.

The disparity between the letter and the narrative highlights a repeated feature in Adams's shaping of his materials. He has created a hero who surmounts the loss of power but this is not enough. He must see him as a hero who refuses power as an illusion. Here at the beginning of his career he has found the first figure to enact the often repeated failure to command power we find in his writings. Outside his correspondence Adams never depicts this failure as romantic or tragic. In the *History* it gives rise to a pervasive irony. In *Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres* it is played off against the achievements of art and philosophy by which men and women momentarily transcend it. In the *Education* it is at once the source of his ironic view of nineteenth century ideas of the self, the education which will at last fit his countryman for their lives, and the motive and material for his dynamic theory of history. From the first the realization of powerlessness is accompanied by a compensating accomplishment, but it is real and always threatens the value and significance of human life.

Although the pervasive sense of powerlessness in Adams's later works may have been aggravated by his wife's suicide, its presence in the Gallatin very much weakens the most recent argument that the tragedy of his middle years accounted for much in the late masterpieces.[5] Early in his life, working together with his own disappointment at being merely an observer of politics, of coming at the end of a declining family of publicly powerful men, is the sense of his father's

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talents not fully used by a country insufficiently appreciating his diplomacy in England. His earliest letters give one a glimpse of the fantasy of power that lay behind his desire to be a political journalist. He ran a great risk writing for an English newspaper, when he was his father's private secretary, in the hope of affecting public opinion and the course of the Civil War. Even this fantasy of political power wielded indirectly through his writing might have had some chance of realization if Adams were living in pre-Civil war America or in New Egland directly after the War. But in the America of the eighties and nineties the intellectual was losing status as a shaper of American ideals. The career of William Dean Howells as editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* shows us how the hegemony of the New England sage retreated from the country as a whole to hold sway for a little while within New England itself, giving way steadily to writers from the West and ideas and ideals shaped by the commercial life of the nation. Howells' novels show the businessman usurping the place at the apex of American society. Even to Henry James, the businessman can act the part of the hero, while the journalist appears only as a newpaperman or woman fit for comedy or worse.

However, whatever the personal sources for Adams's choice of his great and all-absorbing subject, from the first, as we see in the Gallatin biography, his shaping imagination finds compensation for power lost, a compensation of two kinds, both of which will reappear in his later work. First is the emphasis on the work that can be done without power; second is the identification of the self with the issue of events, and a surrender of any goals conflicting with that issue. Those goals are then seen to be mere theory, fragile in the face of actual experience. The self becomes to an extent passive; surrendering its claims to power, it identifies circumstance with power and posits wisdom in response to circumstance rather than domination of it. This is the pattern of the Gallatin biography; it is the pattern for the artist in *Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres* who surrenders his own taste for the taste of the Virgin Mary, and it is the pattern he strives to fulfill in the dynamic theory of history. In *The Education* the impossibility of wielding political power becomes one of many examples of the generalized impossibility of commanding any power that is not vanity, any of the traditional forms of power. But just as Gallatin's "really strong mind" is the source of both his disillusion and his transcendence of it, so Adams seeks in *The Education* to know the issue of events so that through his knowledge and through his response he may participate in their power. Adams's positive response to Comte and Marx is

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illuminating in this regard. It is a response to thinkers who also wanted to enable men to participate in the power of circumstance. The identification of historical phases hasn't a merely intellectual interest for any of these men. To identify with the historically significant is to make one's own action significant, to fill it with the power of history.

Gallatin's ability to respond to the demands of power in his world was the means by which he became identified with the historically significant and made his own actions significant. In contrast Randolph risked insignificance and therefore failure as well as moral opprobrium to the extent that he advanced the claims of some imaginary personal power against the power of events, of history itself. The evolutionary metaphor in Adam's writing of history emphasized the end of a process, an end by which all the events that have led to that end are ordered and valued. In the *History,* although the centralized form of American polity that finally emerges is the touchstone for judging all action, the web of opposing motives and energies, the unforseen and unforeseeable are fully realized and the outcome is never made to appear inevitable. However, by the time he wrote *The Education of Henry Adams,* Adams believed that future events could be predicted through a graph that plots the velocity and direction of change. He wanted to make the new man, through his realization of the future, powerful with its significance. Ultimately, then, Gallatin's ability to detach himself from those efforts which failed, those events that did not "happen," and serve those which did, became Adam's paradigm for creative action of any kind and the type of the only kind of power any individual could hope to wield.

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NOTES

1. Henry Adams, *The Life of Albert Gallatin* (1879; rpt. New York: Peter Smith, 1943); p. 67. *John Randolph* (1882; rpt. Connecticut: Fawcett Publications, c. 1961), p. 23.
2. Melvin Lyon, *Symbol and Idea in Henry Adams* (Lincoln, Nebraska: University of Nebraska Press, 1970), p. 19.
3. J. C. Levenson, *The Mind and Art of Henry Adams* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1957), pp. 20–22.
4. *Letters of Henry Adams, 1892–1918* ed., W. C. Ford (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1938), p. 314.
5. See William Dusinbere, *Henry Adams, The Myth of Failure* (Charlottesville: The University of Virginia Press, c. 1980).

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JOHN D. HAZLETT

Repossessing the Past: Discontinuity and History In Alfred Kazin's *A Walker in the City*

Critics of Alfred Kazin's *A Walker in the City* (1951)[1] have almost always abstracted from it the story of a young man who feels excluded from the world outside his immediate ethnic neighborhood, and who eventually attempts to find, through writing, a means of entry into that world. It would be very easy to imagine from what these critics have said that the book was written in the same form as countless other autobiographies of adolescence and rites-of-passage. One thinks immediately, for instance, of a tradition stretching from Edmund Gosse's *Father and Son* to Frank Conroy's *Stop-Time,* as well as fictional autobiographical works such as James Joyce's *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man.* We are encouraged in this view by the publishers, Harcourt, Brace & World, who tell us on the cover that "*A Walker in the City* is a book about an American walking into the world, learning on his skin what it is like. The American is Alfred Kazin as a young man." Even the most thorough of Kazin's critics, John Paul Eakin, writes of *A Walker* that the young Kazin's "outward journey to America . . . is the heart of the book."[2]

One of the few reviewers who noticed those elements that distinguish this memoir from others of its kind was the well known American historian, Oscar Handlin. Unfortunately, Mr. Handlin also found the book unintelligible: "If some system of inner logic holds these sections together it is clear only to the author. It is not only that chronology is abandoned so there is never any certainty of the sequence of events; but a pervasive ambiguity of perspective leaves the reader often in doubt as to whether it was the walker who saw then, or the writer who sees now, or the writer recalling what the walker saw then. Epi-

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sodic, without the appearance of form or order, there is a day-dreamy quality to the organization, as if it were a product of casual reminiscence."[3] Handlin's charge that the memoir lacks a "system of inner logic" is incorrect, but he does identify a number of qualities that distinguish *A Walker* from other coming-of-age autobiographies.

One option that is not apparently available to autobiographers, as it is to novelists, is the removal of the author's presence from the narrative. And yet autobiographers do manage to achieve something like this removal by recreating themselves *as* characters. That is, we can distinguish between the author as author and the author as character (an earlier self). In some autobiographies of childhood, where the narration ends before the character develops into what we might imagine to be the autobiographer's present self, the writer may never appear (as writer) in the narrative at all. The earlier selves in such autobiographies remain as characters. Where the autobiographer appears as both character and writer, however, the distinction is by no means always clear. If the autobiographer actually follows the progress of his earlier self to the narrative present, then the distinction disappears somewhere en route. One can, in fact, distinguish between types of autobiographies according to the strategies they employ to achieve this obliteration of distance between earlier self (as character) and present self (as writer).

Kazin has complicated this aspect of his autobiography by recreating two distinct earlier selves: his child self and an adult self, the titular walker. It is this aspect of his memoir that sets it apart from other coming-of-age autobiographies. In none of the conventional works in this sub-genre is the present narrative "I" so conspicuous a figure (not only as a voice, but as an active character) as it is in Kazin's book, and in none of them is the chronological reconstruction of the past so purposefully avoided. His memoir, unlike most autobiographies of adolescence, is just as much about the efforts of the adult walker to recapture his past self as it is about his earlier attempts to go beyond that self. By granting his present self equal status with the re-creation of his childhood, he has produced a hybrid form.

The central characteristic of that form is the parallel relationship between the quest of the young Kazin to achieve selfhood by identifying himself with an American place and a portion of its history, and the quest of the older Kazin to resolve some present unrest about who he is by recovering his younger self and the locale of his own past. The former quest is that story which critics say the memoir is "about," but the latter is located in the memoir on at least two levels. Like the

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child's quest, it is narrated, in that Kazin actually tells us of his return, as an adult, to Brownsville, but its significance is manifest only on an implicit level; we must infer why the quest was undertaken.[4]

Kazin emphasizes the symmetry of these two quests by describing each of them in phrases that echo the other. In the first chapter of the memoir, the adult Kazin, walking through the streets of the Brownsville neighborhood in which he grew up, describes what it means to him: "Brownsville is that road which every other road in my life has had to cross" (p. 8). By going back and walking once again "those familiarly choked streets at dusk" (p. 6), he is reviewing his own history in an attempt to settle some old doubts about the relationship between his past and present selves. In similar language, Kazin describes at the very end of the memoir how the boy's search for an American identity finally expressed itself in a fascination with American history, and in particular with the "dusk at the end of the nineteenth century" which was, he thought, "that fork in the road where all American lives cross" (p. 171).

The parallels that we find in language are repeated in the means by which the young boy finds access to America and the adult finds access to his younger self—by walking and by immersing himself in the historical ambiance of an earlier period. "I could never walk across Roebling's bridge," he says of himself as a boy, "or pass the hotel on University Place named Albert, in Ryder's honor, or stop in front of the garbage cans at Fulton and Cranberry Streets in Brooklyn at the place where Whitman had himself printed *Leaves of Grass,* without thinking that I had at last opened the great trunk of forgotten time in New York in which I, too, I thought, would someday find the source of my unrest" (p. 172). The young Kazin initially found his way out of Brownsville and into the America of the nineteenth century by walking into an historical locale. It is again by walking, by going "over the whole route" (p. 8), that the adult Kazin sets out to rediscover his child self in the streets of Brownsville.

One may detect, however, an ironic tension between these two quests. The child's search is the immigrant scion's search for an American identity. It is, in part, the psychological extension of the parents' literal search for America, and, in part, the result of his parents' ambivalence about their own place in the New World. The most significant frustration of the young Kazin's life was over the apparently unbridgeable discontinuity between "*them* and *us,* Gentiles and us, *alrightniks* and us. . . . The line . . . had been drawn for all time" (p. 99). This discontinuity represented to him the impossibility of choos-

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ing a way of being in the world. Eventually, it takes on larger meaning in the child's mind to include the distance between the immigrant's past in Russia and the late nineteenth century America of Teddy Roosevelt, between poverty and " 'making out' all right," between, finally, a Brownsville identity and an American identity.

In the child's quest, these "petty distinctions I had so long made in loneliness" (p. 173) are overcome through a vision of the Brooklyn Bridge that allowed him to see how he might span the discontinuities that left him "outside all that" (p. 172); and through the discovery of a model for himself as a "solitary singer" in the tradition of "Blake, my Yeshua, my Beethoven, my Newman" and a long line of nineteenth century Americans (p. 172). The final element of his victory over "them and us," however, was the substitution of America's history for his own Brownsville history and his family's vague East-European history. His parents' past, he said, bewildered him as a child: "it made me long constantly to get at some past nearer my own New York life, my having to live with all those running wounds of a world I had never seen" (p. 59). To resolve this longing, he says, "I read as if books would fill my every gap, legitimize my strange quest for the American past, remedy my every flaw, let me in at last into the great world that was anything just out of Brownsville" (p. 172).

The adult walker, on the other hand, is searching for the child he once was and for the world in which he grew up; his intention is to recreate his old awareness of the adolescent's "gaps" so that he might resolve them. By the time Kazin begins his retrogression to childhood, ten years have elapsed since his final departure from Brownsville (p. 5) and (assuming that the narrative present is also the writer's present) some twenty years have elapsed since the final scene of the book. During that period, the writer has undergone a peculiar transformation. The adolescent's "strange quest" for an American identity through the substitution of America's past for his own has culminated outside the frame of *A Walker* in the writing of *On Native Grounds,*[5] a book that is obsessively and authoritatively alive with American history. The young boy has grown up to become one of America's established literary spokesmen; he has become one of "them." In becoming the man, the child has not, however, closed the gaps; he has simply crossed over them to the other side.

As a child, Kazin thought of himself as a solitary, "standing outside of America" (p. 172); as an adult autobiographer, he stands outside of his own past. The adult's attempt to imagine his own history, therefore, begins with the significant perception of his alienation from his

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own child self and from the time and place in which that self lived. Brownsville is not a part of his present sense of himself, it must be "given back" (p. 6) to him; and "going back" reveals a disturbing discontinuity. The return to Brownsville fills him with an "an instant rage . . . mixed with dread and some unexpected tenderness" (p. 5). He senses again, he says, "the old foreboding that all of my life would be like this" (p. 6) and "I feel in Brownsville that I am walking in my sleep. I keep bumping awake at harsh intervals, then fall back into my trance again" (p. 7).

The extent of his alienation from his former self is attested to in the last of Kazin's memoirs, *New York Jew,* where he writes that *A Walker* was not begun as an autobiography at all, but simply as an exploration of the city. Dissatisfied with the "barren, smart, soulless"[6] quality of what he was writing, Kazin kept attempting to put more of himself into the book. Finally, he says, "I saw that a few pages on 'The Old Neighborhood' in the middle of the book, which I had dreamily tossed off in the midst of my struggles with the city as something alien to me, became the real book on growing up in New York that I had wanted to write without knowing I did."[7]

There is, naturally, a good deal of irony in this, as well as some pathos, for although Kazin does not expressly acknowledge the relationship between the two quests, it seems clear that the young boy's search for an American identity entailed the denial of his own cultural past.[8] Ultimately, this denial necessitated the writing of the book, for the adult's search is for the self he lost in his effort to become an American. The adult's problem is not resolved *within* the narrative, however, but *by* the narrative itself. It is the writer who establishes the connection between his earlier, lost self and his adult self. In doing this, he completes the bridge to America.

The writer in this sense may be distinguished from the adult walker who is, like the young Kazin, merely a character, a former self, within the memoir. In formal terms, the two quests that comprise the narrative material of the memoir make up its *fabula;* the resolution of both quests is to be found only in the coexistence of these two selves in the narrative *as* narrative. The resolution, in other words, is accomplished by formal, literary means. It is enacted by the memoir's *sujet.*

Given these two quests as the key to the memoir's form, the general structure of the book may be schematized as follows:

Chapter I: The walker returns literally to his childhood neighborhood and imaginatively to childhood itself.

Chapter II: The walker stops and the autobiographer (distinguished

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here from the walker) contemplates the psychological/symbolic center of childhood, the kitchen.

Chapter III: The walker literally returns to the scenes of his adolescence and imaginatively to adolescence.

Chapter IV: The walker stops and the autobiographer (again, distinguished from walker) contemplates the psychological/symbolic center of adolescence, the rites of passage.

The use of this structure naturally gives rise to some difficulties of perspective. Mr. Handlin's observation that there are at least three different points of view: "the walker who saw then, or the writer who sees now, or the writer recalling what the walker saw then" was apt, even though he could not see that the complexity of perspectives followed a fairly careful pattern. An analysis of what those points of view are, and how they work together, must begin with the recognition that all earlier perspectives, both the walker's and the child's, are recreated in the writer's voice, which mimics them in a very complex form of literary ventriloquism. Given this, one may recognize that within the narrative the writer, the single informing point-of-view, speaks in three different voices: his own as writer, the voice of the adult walker, and the voice of the child.

Each of these voices gives rise to variations in narrative technique. In chapters one and three, the writer uses a fictive device to create the illusion that no recollection of the adult walker's perspective is necessary in the act of transferring his "walking thoughts" to the written word. The voice of the adult walker, an earlier self who made the trip, is identified with that of the writer by the frequent use of the present tense: "The smell of damp out of the rotten hallways accompanies me all the way to Blake Avenue" (p. 7). In these chapters, the walker's memories of childhood are emphasized *as* memories because his physical presence and voice call attention to the context and the mechanics of remembering. Thus, from the moment the walker alights from the train at Rockaway Avenue in chapter one, the text is sprinkled with reminders that this is the story of the adult walker pursuing the past through cues from the present: "Everything seems so small here now" (p. 7), "the place as I have it in my mind . . . I never knew then" (p. 11), "they have built a housing project" (p. 12), "I miss all these ratty wooden tenements" (p. 13). Similarly, in chapter three, after Kazin steps away from the more disembodied memory of his mother's kitchen: "the whole block is now thick with second hand furniture stores . . . I have to fight maple love seats bulging out of the doors" (p. 78), "I see the barbershop through the steam" (p. 79).

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In both of these chapters, the writer/walker's imagination seizes upon and transforms the landmarks of an earlier period of his life. The literal journey back to Brownsville becomes a metaphorical journey backward in time so that the locale of the past becomes by degrees the past itself: "Every time I go back to Brownsville it is as if I had never been away. . . . It is over ten years since I left to live in 'the city'—everything just out of Brownsville was always 'the city.' Actually I did not go very far; it was enough that I could leave Brownsville. Yet as I walk those familiarly choked streets at dusk and see the old women sitting in front of the tenements, past and present become each other's faces; I am back where I began" (pp. 5–6).

This is, in fact, what gives the book that quality of "casual reminiscence" that Mr. Handlin found so unsatisfactory. Kazin's technique in chapters one and three is much like that of a person rummaging through an attic full of memorabilia. Each street, each shop serves to spark a particular memory. There is, of course, a danger in this kind of writing. It teeters constantly on the brink of random sentimentalism. The walker always presents the past in a hypermediated form, never through the coolly objective (and hidden) eyes of the "impartial" self-historian that characterize most conventional autobiographies. This is particularly true when he indulges in nostalgia, as he does when the walker inspects that part of his neighborhood which has been rebuilt as a housing project. There he subjects us to a series of iterated fondnesses, each beginning with the nostalgic "I miss" (p. 13). But in spite of this flirtation with sentimentality, the walker's presence is not merely an occasion for self-indulgence. In the context of the whole memoir, it clearly serves instead to highlight the drama being played out between the quest of the child and the quest of the adult.

As the walker nears the two significant centers of childhood and adolescence, in chapters two and four respectively, he undergoes a transformation. The mediatory presence of the walker disappears, leaving only the disembodied autobiographical voice of conventional memoirs. Unlike the first and third chapters, in which each memory was sparked by actual relics from the past, these chapters take place entirely in the autobiographer's imagination. To mark this change, chapter two opens with the writer's memory of a previous memory of his mother's kitchen which he compares with his present recollection of it: "the last time I saw our kitchen this clearly was one afternoon in London at the end of the war, when I waited out the rain in the entrance to a music store. A radio was playing into the street, and standing there I heard a broadcast of the first Sabbath service from

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Belsen Concentration Camp" (p. 51). This is the voice, not of a rummaging memory, but of pure disembodied memory. The vision of the kitchen is not sparked by another visit there. In fact, at the opening of chapter two we lose sight of the walker for the first time.

The adult Kazin's presence is signalled in chapters two and four, not by reference to his present surroundings, but by verb tense alone: "It was from the El on its way to Coney Island that I caught my first full breath of the city in the open air" (p. 137); although at times, he intrudes into the narrative by referring to his present feelings: "I think now with a special joy of those long afternoons of mildew and quietness in the school courtyard" (p. 136). The adult walker, however, does not appear in these chapters at all. This transformation, from walker to disembodied memorial voice, draws the reader along the path followed by the adult quester: from the streets of the walker's Brownsville to the streets of the child's Brownsville. As the quester nears his goal, the present Brownsville fades from view.

The narrative strategy of *A Walker* recreates the adult's quest by revealing the increasing clarity and intensity of his perception of the child's world. The walker's mediatory presence, initially so conspicuous, deliquesces at crucial points so that memory becomes a direct act of identification between rememberer and remembered. The present tense of the walker's observations becomes the past tense of the walker's recollections which becomes the past tense of the writer's memory which, finally, becomes the present tense of the child's world. The final identification of writer and child occurs in the two most intense moments of the memoir: at the end of "The Kitchen" (chapter two) and toward the end of "Summer: The Way to Highland Park" (chapter four).

The first instance follows immediately upon the writer's recollection of the power of literature to bridge the gaps between himself and another world. He recalls the child reading an Alexander Kuprin story which takes place in the Crimea. In the story, an old man and a boy are wandering up a road. The old man says, "Hoo! hoo! my son! how it is hot!" (p. 73). Kazin recalls how completely he, as a young boy, had identified with them: when they stopped to eat by a cold spring, "I could taste that bread, that salt, those tomatoes, that icy spring" (p. 73). In the next and final paragraph of the chapter, the writer slips into the present tense:

> Now the light begins to die. Twilight is also the mind's grazing time. Twilight is the bottom of that arc down which we have fallen the whole

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> long day, but where I now sit at our cousin's window in some strange silence of attention, watching the pigeons go round and round to the leafy smell of soupgreens from the stove. In the cool of that first evening hour, as I sit at the table waiting for supper and my father and the New York *World,* everything is so rich to overflowing, I hardly know where to begin. (p. 73)

The place and the vision in this curious passage are the child's, but the voice is clearly the adult's. Just as the child once tasted the bread, salt and tomatoes of his literary heroes, so now the adult writer achieves an intense identification with his own literary creation: his child self. He sees with the child's eyes, smells with the child's nose, feels the child's expectant emotions, but renders all these perceptions with the adult's literary sophistication. The intensity of expectation which the writer attributes to the child is amplified by the intensity of the writer's expectation that the forthcoming "richness" is as much his as it is the child's. The child's expectations are, ultimately, of that "New York world" which he discovers in the following chapter. The writer's expectations are of a completion of identity which can be accomplished only through the mediation of form. Twilight and the New York *World* have become formal touchstones in the literary recreation of his self.

The second instance takes place toward the end of the memoir and like the first, it immediately precedes a significant "passage through" to a world beyond the kitchen. Like the first, it also is a recollection of his home, at twilight, in the summer. And to emphasize its significance as a literary act, the writer echoes the Kuprin passage here:

> The kitchen is quiet under the fatigue blown in from the parched streets—so quiet that in this strangely drawn-out light, the sun hot on our backs, we seem to be eating hand in hand. "How hot it is still! How hot still!" The silence and calm press on me with a painful joy. I cannot wait to get out into the streets tonight, I cannot wait. Each unnatural moment of silence says that something is going on outside. Something is about to happen. (p. 164)

The pages which follow this merging of writer and child, and which end the book, complete the child's emerging vision of his "bridge" to America. In these pages; the writer employs a new method of recapturing and re-entering the past. The walk to Highland Park is undertaken by the adolescent and is recalled by the adult in the past tense, but it is given immediacy by the frequent interjection of the adverbial pointers "now" and "here": "Ahead of me now the black web of the

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Fulton Street El" (p. 168). "Everything ahead of me now was of a different order . . . Every image I had of peace, of quiet shaded streets in some old small-town America . . . now came back to me . . . Here were the truly American streets; here was where they lived" (p. 169). The effect is peculiar, but appropriate. By using the adverbial pointers, 'here' and 'now,' together with the adult's past tense, Kazin is able to convey the eerie impression that he is, finally, both here, in the adult's present, and there, in the child's past. The bridge between them is complete.

The complexity of perspective and structure in Kazin's memoir caused Mr. Handlin to observe that "chronology is abandoned so there is never any certainty of the sequence of events." In most autobiographies, the inevitable discontinuities between present and past selves are overcome by the construction of a continuous, causally developed, and therefore "meaningful," story. By purposefully avoiding such a reconstruction with its solid assumptions of the reality of the self's history and the ability of language to convey that reality without serious mediatory consequences, Kazin refocuses our attention on the autobiographer/historian—not the past as it was, but history as recreated by the imagination. Self-history in *A Walker* is not continuous and linear, but spatial; the past is not a time, but a place. For the youth, it was a place from which he wanted to escape. For the adult, it is a place to which he fears to return ("the old foreboding that all my life would be like this") and to which he feels he must return in order to complete and renew himself. The child's world seems timeless; it is frozen in a tableau, like a wax museum, in which the adult can explore, in a curiously literal manner, his own past. That some of the figures are missing or that the present may actually have vandalized the arrangement of props, only intensifies its apparent isolation from adult, historical life.

This difference between the timelessness of childhood, as we perceive it in the memoir, and the adult's implied immersion in history may illuminate the nature of the quest upon which the autobiographer has embarked. We can see, for instance, that the motivation which lies behind the quest for identity is grounded upon assumptions about the nature of life in history. The discontinuity felt by both the child and the adult is not simply between a Brownsville identity and an American identity, but between the Timelessness which childhood represents and History.

Burton Pike, writing from a pyschoanalytic perspective, has suggested that autobiographies of childhood in general reveal a fascination

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with states of timelessness: "the device of dwelling on childhood may also serve two other functions: It may be a way of blocking the ticking of the clock toward death, of which the adult is acutely aware, and it may also represent a deep fascination with death itself, the ultimately timeless state."[9] The adult's return to Brownsville becomes, in this view, a journey motivated not simply by a desire for completion of identity, but also by a desire to escape the exigencies of historical life—death, as Pike asserts, and, perhaps more obviously, guilt. The writing of *A Walker,* Kazin says in *New York Jew,* "was a clutch at my old innocence" and "the boy I remembered . . . was a necessary fiction, he was so virtuous."[10] What is of particular interest in Kazin's memoir, however, is the manifest content of the child's quest which offers a counterpoint to Pike's useful analysis. The "fascination" in *A Walker,* works both ways: the adult longs for the child's timeless world and the child longs for the adult's sense of history. Moreover, as the adolescent "stands outside of America," he longs not only to *possess* a history of his own, but to *enter* history. The child is never interested in the past for its own sake; he wishes to be one of the crowd, to be swept along in the irrevocable onward rush of political and social events. Entering history for him is the clearest and most satisfying form of belonging.

Kazin's memoir is not, therefore, reducible to a psychoanalytical model. Since he always handles the issue of life in history consciously, it is difficult to approach the relationship between the autobiographer and "time" as though the writer were himself unaware of the implications of his subject matter. His "escape" from history through the recovery of childhood was, at least on one level, a very conscious rejection of the autobiographical form dictated by Marxist historicism and chosen by many leftist writers during the 30s, the period of his own coming-of-age. Writers in this older generation felt that successful self re-creation, both autobiographical and actual, could be accomplished only by determining one's position *vis à vis* a cosmic historical force.[11] Kazin's choice of autobiographical form was partly a response to the effect that this philosophy had had on him as a young man. In his second memoir, *Starting Out in the Thirties,* Kazin recalls, with disillusionment, the sense of exhilaration that accompanied his own historicism during the Great Depression: "History was going our way, and in our need was the very life-blood of history . . . The unmistakable and surging march of history might yet pass through me. There seemed to be no division between my efforts at personal liberation and the apparent effort of humanity to deliver itself."[12]

One might argue, of course, that as an autobiography of childhood,

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A Walker does not deal with the "historical" world, and therefore cannot address the problems of historicism. But to do so would be to ignore the overwhelming importance which Kazin places upon the relationship between the individual and history in all of his writings, and in particular in his autobiographical work. By emphasizing the adult's role in the reconstruction of the child, and by creating a parallel between the older man's reconstruction of his childhood and the child's reconstruction of the American past, Kazin locates the source of historical meaning, whether personal or collective, in the historian and undermines historicism's claim that the past possesses meaning independent of human creation.

Kazin does not, however, advocate a view of identity divorced from collective history, nor does he value the personal over the collective past. More than most autobiographers of childhood, Kazin has the sensibilities of a public man, a writer very much in and of the world. As we descend with him into the vortex of his reconstructed past, the larger world that he is "leaving" is always present or implied. Moreover, Kazin's return to his lost innocence provides more than a mere "escape" from history because the childhood he reconstructs was full of a longing *for* history, as we have seen. The child's Whitmanesque dream that he could become an American by assimilating America's past was born of a belief that the collective past might somehow deliver him from "us and them," from the feeling that as isolated individuals (outside of history) we are meaningless. By 1951, when he wrote *A Walker,* he had indeed been delivered by his dream out of isolation, but the post-War, post-Holocaust America in which he found himself was not the one which "his" history had promised. It is in this context that the return to childhood must be read. The young Kazin had dreamed that collective history would be the salvation of the self; the older Kazin, even while remaining committed to collective history, realized that history, far from providing our salvation, was the very thing from which we must be saved. The power of *A Walker* ultimately derives from the tension between this commitment to our collective fate and the belief that our only salvation from that fate lies in a consciousness of the past. The adult walker's reconstruction of his childhood may have begun as an effort of the historical self to connect with an apparently ahistorical self, but the ironic achievement of that effort was the discovery that the earlier self had, in fact, been firmly grounded in history, the history of first generation immigrant Jews.

The peculiar intensity with which Kazin identifies his personal past with the collective past raises questions about the relationship of both

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to the larger question of life in history and makes *A Walker* an interesting example of the options available to contemporary American autobiographers. *A Walker* rejects the historicism of the 30s and the forms of the self that such historicism produced, but nevertheless maintains the belief that the self is never fully realized until it has defined its relationship to the issues of the times; that is, to "historical" issues. It is precisely this belief which distinguishes Kazin's autobiography from other coming-of-age memoirs. On the surface, it appears to appeal to a private and psychological explanation of the self, but finally it relies firmly upon the belief that only the determination of our relationship to collective experience can provide our private selves with worth. This belief provides the motivation for the two quests discussed in the first half of this essay.

In a *Commentary* article published in 1979, Kazin wrote that the "most lasting autobiographies tend to be case histories limited to the self as its own history to begin with, then the self as the history of a particular moment and crisis in human history . . . "[13] In its presentation of the latter, *A Walker* reflects not only the struggle of a first-generation immigrant son to become an American, but also the struggle of the modern imagination, which has lost faith in either a divine or a cosmic ordering of history, to recreate a meaningful past. "The life of mere experience," Kazin says in that article, "and especially of history as the supposedly total experience we ridiculously claim to know, can seem an inexplicable series of unrelated moments." In *A Walker,* the child and the adult are both motivated by the autobiographical belief that history still constitutes meaning and identity; both yearn for continuity. But by focusing on the context in which the past is reclaimed, Kazin emphasizes the difficulties and limitations of his task and places it on the insecure basis which attends every human effort to create meaning. Such an approach to the relationship between history and the self demands finally that the walker be able to tread a tightrope between the "reality" of the past and the solipsism toward which a reliance on imagination and language tends.

Burton Pike has stated that "as the twentieth century began, belief in History as a sustaining external principle collapsed," and suggests that the term 'autobiography' cannot accurately be said to apply to twentieth century forms of self-writing since it "might best be regarded as a historical term, applicable only to a period roughly corresponding to the nineteenth century; that period when, in European thought, an integrity of personal identity corresponded to a belief in the integrity of cultural conventions."[14] By using as his examples

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authors who had come to autobiography from the Modernist movement (he mentions Musil, Stein, Rilke, Mailer), Pike has certainly overestimated the impact of Modernism (which "relativized" and "internalized" time) on our basic conception of history. Even within the literary community (and particularly among those, like Kazin, who were raised in a leftist political tradition), there was widespread resistance to ideas of time that impinged upon the nineteenth century notions of history. The weakest point in Pike's argument is, in fact, his failure to acknowledge the strength of the Marxist legacy in twentieth century thought, and in particular the effect of historicism on modern autobiographies. Even Kazin's *A Walker,* in spite of its rejection of ideological historicism and its attention to the subjectivity of the self-writer, retains a belief in history as fate.

Perhaps the significance of Kazin's book lies in its revelation of one man's response to the dilemma of his generation: their vision of the self, which was shaped and sustained by historicism, collapsed just when they were about to enter upon the stage of history. Confronted with the collapse of this "sustaining external principle" autobiographers committed to the idea of life in history were faced with the difficult task of defining anew how one might transcend the "inexplicable series of unrelated moments" that constitute our daily experience. Kazin's return to childhood in *A Walker* is one answer. Other autobiographers are still trying, with varying degrees of success, to find substantial historical movements and directions with which to structure the past, give meaning to the present, and help predict the future. Even a cursory glance at contemporary autobiographical writing reveals that there are many ways to do this; most clearly it can be seen in the increasing numbers of autobiographies written by members of newly self-conscious groups—Blacks, women, gays, a generation. The belief held by each of these groups that "their time" has come is a form of historicism (frequently unconscious) that allows the individual autobiographer to transcend "mere experience" by identifying him/herself with the historical realization of the group's identity. They provide ample evidence that autobiographies, even at this late post-Modernist date, remain both a literary and a historical form.[15]

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NOTES

1. *A Walker in the City* (New York: Harcourt Brace & World, 1951). All subsequent references to this book will be given in the body of the text.

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2. John Paul Eakin, "Kazin's Bridge to America," *South Atlantic Quarterly,* 77 (Winter 1978), 43. This article provides an excellent summary and discussion of the coming-of-age aspect of the memoir. Readers interested in a thorough reading of the memoir are referred to Sherman Paul, "Alfred Kazin," *Repossessing and Renewing: Essays in The Green American Tradition* (Baton Rouge: Louisiana State Univ., 1976), pp. 236–62.
3. Oscar Handlin, rev. of *A Walker in the City, Saturday Review of Literature,* 17 November 1951, p. 14.
4. One might add that most autobiographies are structured in this way: on the one hand, the explicit "journey" of the youthful "I" toward manhood, and, ultimately, toward a complete identification with the narrative "I;" on the other hand, the implicit journey of the adult, narrative "I" backward in time to find an earlier self, Kazin's memoir is distinguished by the way in which it makes this second journey such an important and explicit aspect of the narrative.
5. (New York: Harvest, 1942).
6. *New York Jew,* (New York: Vintage, 1979), p. 313.
7. *New York Jew,* p. 320.
8. Kazin's "loss" of his childhood is reflected indirectly in *On Native Grounds,* the monumental literary history that culminated his search for an American past. That work conspicuously omits any discussion of the contribution of Jews to American literature. Thus, Robert Towers remarks in "Tales of Manhattan" (*New York Review of Books,* May 18, 1978, p. 32): "The great immigration of East European Jews passes unnoticed, as though it had never happened . . . as though it had not deposited Alfred Kazin's bewildered parents on the Lower East side. So powerful has been the subsequent impact of Jewish writing upon our consciousness that it seems incredible that Kazin should have found nothing to say about its early manifestations in a history so inclusive as *On Native Grounds.*"
9. "Time in Autobiography," *Comparative Literature,* 28 (Fall 1976), 335.
10. *New York Jew,* pp. 232 and 321 respectively. The return to childhood as renewal through reconnection with an earlier, innocent self is common to many autobiographies and most eloquently expressed in William Wordsworth's *The Prelude:* "There are in our existence spots of time,/That with distinct pre-eminence retain/A renovating virtue, whence . . . our minds/Are nourished and invisibly repaired" (XII, 208–10, 214–15). For a discussion of this notion as an essential part of the autobiographical form, see Martha R. Lifson, "The Myth of the Fall: A Description of Autobiography," *Genre,* 12 (Spring 1979), 45–68.
11. See, for examples of such autobiographies, Joseph Freeman's *An American Testament* (1936), Anna Louise Strong's *I Change Worlds* (1934), Samuel Harper's *The Russia I Believe In* (1945), Malcolm Cowley's *Exile's Return* (1934 edition), and Vincent Sheean's *Personal History* (1935). For an articulate example of the reaction against historicism, see Karl R. Popper's *The Open Society and Its Enemies,* Vol. II: *The High Tide of Prophecy—Hegel, Marx, and the Aftermath* (New York: Harper & Row, 1963), chapter 25: "Has History Any Meaning?" pp. 259–80.
12. *Starting Out In The Thirties* (Boston: Little, Brown, 1962), pp. 82–3.
13. "Writing About Oneself," *Commentary,* 67 (April 1979), 71.
14. Pike, p. 332

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15. The last decade has witnessed a revival of narrative in historical studies which provides further evidence of a continuing belief in historical, linear time as a controlling metaphor for the organization of the past. See, for example, J. H. Plumb, *The Death of the Past* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1970), pp. 136–37, who says that "although the past manufactured by his ancestors will no longer do, it would seem that man in the West still seeks a meaningful past, one which will confer as much significance upon his life as the Marxist past does for those who can believe in it." See also, Lawrence Stone, "The Revival of Narrative: Reflections on the New Old History," *Past and Present* (November 1979), 3–24.

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LOUISE E. HOFFMAN

Early Psychobiography, 1900–1930: Some Reconsiderations

Psychoanalytic interpretations of individual and collective experience still provoke controversy today; it is scarcely surprising, then, that the earliest uses of this approach in biographical writing, during the first three decades of this century, often are dismissed even by proponents of psychohistory as crude, amateurish, and utterly valueless. Saul Friedländer, for instance, referring to early analyses of "great men," asserts that,

> The naive self-assurance of the first psychoanalysts, the apparent ease with which they could, on the basis of a few key pieces of evidence and a few key theoretical concepts, arrive at original 'discoveries' concerning the people studied, as well as the total absence of historical training on the part of the analysts—all these factors made the psychobiographies of the heroic period . . . no more than dilettantish studies, superficial at best.[1]

Therefore, he says, they will be of interest only to "readers with a collector's or archivist's bent."[2]

While these views, which are common coin in discussions of early psychobiography, are often appropriate, nevertheless they require some qualification. First, early psychobiography derived from established biographical traditions, so its virtues or vices are not attributable solely to psychoanalysis. Second, early psychobiographies reflected the shifting historiographical emphases of their time; some historians, mainly in the U.S., did engage in such efforts. Third, psychoanalytic theory provided some biographers of this time with a sys-

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tematic methodology and an interpretive framework which offered them the possibility of transcending previous approaches to psychological description. Finally, therefore, the patterns of explanation pursued by early psychobiographers are of more than antiquarian interest in so far as they became influential—if not always admirable—models for later writers.

Psychobiography and the Biographical Tradition

Before 1910 psychoanalytic biographies were unusual; during this period psychoanalytic theory was still emerging and acquiring an audience, and Freud and his followers were experimenting with its applications to historical figures such as Leonardo da Vinci.[3] By the 1920s, however, the approach had become quite common, and not just among psychoanalysts: physicians, historians, and others were undertaking psychoanalytic studies. Their subjects were primarily political leaders (such as Bismarck, Henry VIII, Lincoln, and Napoleon); writers (notably Poe and Rousseau); and religious leaders (from Mohammed to Luther and Loyola). Traditional disciplines remained somewhat resistant to this genre, so that articles of this kind appeared mainly in psychoanalytic or psychological journals. After 1930 the lives of living leaders, especially Hitler, usurped the place of historical figures in this literature.[4]

These early works have sometimes been called 'heroic'—appropriately, both because they were pioneering efforts (with all the excesses of novelty), and because they dealt with 'great men.' This term may be taken literally: women, great or otherwise, did not become common subjects of study until later and still are rarely treated in this field.[5] While this omission certainly reflects the overwhelmingly masculine orientation of early psychoanalytic theory, it was by no means peculiar to analysts but characterized traditional biography and history until quite recently.[6]

Some of the most salient features of early psychobiographies as noted by Friedländer—their focus on great men, their emphasis on pathological characteristics, their use or misuse of evidence—were not new but rather were extensions of previous biographical approaches. Many nineteenth century biographers worked in the tradition of Thomas Carlyle, who articulated a view of history as dominated by heroes and attempted a sort of intuitive psychological method, insisting that the true historian must recreate the emotions of his subjects.[7] A very different effect resulted from the growth of scientific psychology: by the late nineteenth century there appeared a genre known as

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"pathography," whose practitioners described the lives of notable individuals known to have been emotionally disturbed, or exposed the clay feet of heroes by recounting aberrant episodes in their lives. These works, like many early psychoanalytic biographies later, were essentially studies in psychopathology. Pathographies continued to be written well into the twentieth century, some by historians but most by other scholars (including the philosopher Karl Jaspers), physicians, and amateurs.[8] Their subjects typically were artists, literary figures, philosophers, and religious leaders; this interest in the psychology of creativity also became a persistent feature of psychobiography.[9]

The connection between pathography and psychobiography was recognized in 1927 by Franklin Fearing, a psychologist at Ohio Wesleyan University. Fearing described a number of these pre-Freudian studies and then discussed psychoanalytic concepts which recent biographers had found useful. After surveying several psychobiographical works of the previous twenty years, he observed that, "These studies of the genius—insofar as the 'great' personages of history *are* geniuses —seem to point to the conclusion that psychopathy or neurotic tendencies are frequent components in the personality make-up of the genius." With psychoanalysis providing a more systematic explanatory framework, Fearing concluded that, "a new school of biographical writing and interpretation is coming into being."[10]

Early Psychobiography and Trends in Historical Interpretation

The pioneers in psychobiography can scarcely be faulted for their "total absence of historical training" when their sins of omission or commission coincided with those of many professional historians of the time. The historical discipline on both sides of the Atlantic, as mentioned above, took scant notice of women in the past, often accepted unsystematic or "common-sense" psychological interpretations, and continued to produce works oriented around great men (although academic historians were becoming more critical of this last approach, while it remained popular with the reading public). Early in the twentieth century there emerged a number of spokesmen for historiographical reform who asserted the necessity of including scientific psychology and psychoanalysis among the historian's tools. These included, in France, Lucien Febvre and Marc Bloch, the founders of the "Annales" school.[11] In practice, however, they and their followers relied on demography and geography and economics rather than psychology. In the United States the first significant group of historians to lay claim to psychoanalysis were the advocates of the "New History,"

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such as James Harvey Robinson and Harry Elmer Barnes; they objected to the traditional historical focus on politics and diplomacy, and proposed systematic assimilation of the methods of the social sciences, including psychology.[12]

Harry Elmer Barnes was especially vocal in his advocacy of psychoanalysis as a method of interpretation and specifically discussed its application to biography in a 1921 article:

> modern dynamic psychology proves that different methods and standards must be adopted in interpretative historical biography if it is to be more than a contribution to the descriptive literature. Vital biography must deal with those intimate features of private life which reveal the deeper complexes in the personality, and cannot content itself with a superficial presentation of certain objective achievements nor accept as valid expressions of doctrine which may be only elaborate forms of disguise or extended secondary rationalization.[13]

He criticized previous studies of historical personalities "which have been based wholly upon popular psychological concepts or, still worse, have founded their interpretations upon transcendental ethics or orthodox theology," and welcomed "with genuine relief a system of individual psychology which will throw some light upon the fundamental background of human reactions . . ." Barnes's eagerness to debunk the traditional heroes, though, led him to apply these theories crudely and in a pejorative manner, in search of pathological character traits among American presidents and other leaders. For instance,

> Washington, with his unusual 'Jehovah complex' . . . ; the inferiority and anti-authority complexes of Jefferson . . . ; the 'Jehovah complex' and the sadism of Andrew Jackson . . . ; Conkling's inflated ego and intense vanity . . . ; . . . these are but a few of the interesting cases where the new psychiatry can doubtless contribute very greatly to the more complete mastery of American history.[14]

Franklin Fearing cautioned that,

> The mere application of vague and more or less mystical phrases and catch words to historical personalities is not interpretation, but the study of the individual's environment and major reaction patterns insofar as data are available would seem to be of significance in the understanding of those personalities who have played a major role in history.[15]

One of the first professional historians to adopt a systematic psychoanalytic approach to biography was Ralph Volney Harlow, at Boston University in the early 1920s (later of Syracuse University). Noting

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that earlier psychological biographies had been written mainly by physicians and psychologists, he noted that,

> Curiously enough, the historians, who should have been among the first, have been among the last to realize how much they may gain by applying the new psychology to their famous characters. Now that they have begun to do this, they are being rewarded with results that are both striking and valuable.[16]

He, too, chose to analyze a great man, Samuel Adams, and explicitly justified this choice: "These extraordinary characters will best repay psychological study. When we know more about their complexes, when we begin to understand their behavior, then history will be worth considerably more to us in interpreting the present." (His book on Adams, however, received severe criticism in the *American Historical Review,* and his later publications in that journal were safely non-psychological.)[17]

The very term "psychobiography," denoting specifically psychoanalytic interpretations, was introduced by L. Pierce Clark, an American psychiatrist who sought advice in his early undertakings from "New Historians" Barnes and Robinson.[18] Conceding that, "While no one would have the temerity in the present status of the development of historical science to revive the rather discredited theory of Carlyle that history is but the collective biography of a few conspicuous public figures," Clark contended that, "When the events in the political and social order are properly coordinated with the conscious and unconscious personal motives and desires of its contemporary leaders, we may then expect a sounder and broader view of historic interpretation."[19]

The Psychoanalytic Framework for Biography

Biographers who wished to go beyond intuitive or commonsense approaches to their subjects' personalities confronted serious methodological problems which nineteenth century physiological psychology did little to solve. C. MacFie Campbell, a Boston psychiatrist, noted in 1930 the irrelevance of most of academic psychology to the tasks of the psychiatrist and the biographer. He believed that, "many data scattered through the biographies of unusual individuals are of value to the psychiatrist," but warned that, "The difficulty with such data is that they do not fulfill the conditions of exact laboratory observation. There is no adequate guarantee of their authenticity."[20] Nevertheless he sought to establish conditions under which such data could be used,

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settling on the use of autobiographical material from individuals who had "experienced a well-marked psychosis."[21] These criteria, however, were hardly more rigorous or objective than those he criticized; without a systematic framework of concepts applicable outside the laboratory, the biographies he described were no more than pathographies.

Early psychoanalytic biographers set about demonstrating the usefulness of Freudian theory in dealing with these problems. As L. Pierce Clark observed, previous biographers had generally studied only the grossest characteristics of their subjects; psychoanalysis provided the means of assessing entire personalities, linking the interests of historians with those of psychologists and bridging the gap between normal and abnormal psychology.[22] He conceded the difficulty of obtaining adequate source material, but insisted that,

> From a historic point of view it would seem desirable to select the prominent leaders of an epoch and proceed to analyze their characters as to salient personality traits and life reactions, and then examine the previous succession of events in their childhood which may have led up to the main traits of the adult character.[23]

British psychoanalyst J. C. Flugel concurred:

> If the psychic mechanisms revealed by the process of psycho-analysis upon the living subject are to be regarded as fundamental features of the human mind, and not as mere artifacts or pathological conditions occurring only in neurotic persons, they should be discoverable as factors operating in the lives of men and women of the past, wherever the available data bearing on these lives are adequate in quantity and quality.[24]

Specifically, psychoanalysis furnished a number of concepts and methodological approaches which early psychobiographers drew on consistently and which provided a structure for the genre. Fearing summarized several of the most important of these in his 1927 article.

(1) The experiences and phantasies of childhood as conditioning factors in adult behavior, especially sexual experiences, emotional traumas, and family relationships . . .
(2) The unconscious motivation of adult action. . . . it is assumed that much of the major creative work of the individual is an expression either of instinctive drives or is conditioned by the factors referred to in (1).
(3) The compensatory component in much of the major activity of the individual. This mechanism manifests itself especially in connection with the 'feeling of inferiority.'
(4) The component of rationalization.[25]

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Attention to childhood experience allowed a fresh approach to material frequently dismissed as irrelevant; however, such sources were scanty or nonexistent for many subjects, giving rise to temptations to speculate beyond the available data. The Oedipus complex, an essential component of Freudian libido psychology, became a standby of psychobiography: discussions of figures as diverse as Alexander the Great, Mohammed, Henry VIII, and Darwin identified unresolved Oedipal conflicts as the primary motive behind their behavior, assuming (as did Freud) that it was a universal pattern independent of cultural or temporal variations.[26]

Some biographers also applied the concepts of narcissism and the formation of the ego ideal, even as these ideas were being formulated by psychoanalytic theorists. Phyllis Blanchard, a student of G. Stanley Hall at Clark University, attributed Auguste Comte's pursuit of philosophy in part to narcissistic impulses; and L. Pierce Clark treated the ancient Egyptian ruler Akhnaton as an idealist whose abstract goals were "narcistically [sic] formed as a supportive or protective formation of the ego . . ."[27] Explanations of this kind became more common in the 1920s, after publication of Freud's works on ego and social psychology, but did not displace interpretations founded exclusively on libidinal factors.[28]

Early Psychobiographies as Interpretive Models

Despite the conceptual advantages which psychobiographers claimed, problems of application remained which have continued to be evident in the genre. Developments in theory, especially in ego and social psychology, were slow to be absorbed in biographical efforts, which remained disproportionately psychopathological and libidinal in emphasis into the 1920s and beyond. Psychobiography was by no means the only area in which this lag appeared, but it was notable because, in this one aspect, it perpetuated the approach of pre-Freudian pathography, and because the heavy emphasis on analyzing Hitler and other extremists after 1930 maintained the tendency long after theorists had extended their view of character and behavior.

The biographer's own motives—surely an important consideration for any analyst—went largely unexamined. Even aside from instances in which the author indiscriminately sought to debunk heroes or rebut traditional views of the past (as in the case of Barnes, mentioned above), psychoanalysts and historians often undertook biographical interpretation for quite different purposes. Analysts frequently ap-

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proached biography as case study, as an exercise in illustrating or reinforcing psychoanalytic ideas. This was Flugel's view:

> The importance of studies such as that upon which we have been here engaged, apart from such value as they may have for the elucidation of historical problems, lies in the confirmation which they afford of results obtained by the process of psychoanalysis carried on with living individuals . . . As such a source of additional evidence, the data of history would seem in some respects to be peculiarly acceptable.[29]

Historians are unlikely to be satisfied with studies guided by this aim. A specific historical figure or episode might well provide an excellent example of a particular psychic mechanism or condition and yet be wholly atypical of the relevant period or incidental to the larger situation. Case studies in individual pathology have their uses, but they are not equivalent to historical biography.

Fortunately there were writers—both historians and others—who took a more comprehensive view of their task. Phyllis Blanchard stressed the usefulness of psychoanalysis as a systematic explanatory framework both in individual psychology and in biography: "Escaping from the narrow field to which they were first limited, the psycho-analytic theories have come to have an universal application, for they have built up a causal relation in human conduct."[30] Ralph Harlow, arguing from the historian's perspective, valued psychoanalysis for its insight into the internal forces behind the behavior of historical figures, in addition to the external forces that had been the traditional objects of study, and believed that such perception could be of wider importance: referring to Samuel Adams, he said, "It may be that a clearer appreciation of what he was, and why, will help materially in our understanding of that Revolution in particular, and of the nature of revolution in general."[31] He found psychoanalytic methods a useful antidote to the idealizing tendencies common in biographical writing and a desirable supplement to more accepted methods.

Both Harlow and Barnes reached a general explanation of the psychological dynamics of leadership which became a model for later psychobiographies, particularly those of Hitler. Harlow said of Adams,

> A man of his type can convince a community that it is persecuted when really it is very well off. Then, when a large share of the people have become fanatics, the abnormal nervous and mental organization of perhaps one man may easily precipitate a needless war.[32]

Barnes, introducing analyses of Hamilton and Jefferson, maintained that,

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> According to these newer views, the great statesman must be regarded as the product of the near perfect adjustment between the fundamental social, economic, and political conditions and tendencies of his time and the personality that best expresses these forces and can gather his adherents in a concerted attempt to realize their mutual ambitions.[33]

These views propose an explanatory link between the role of leading individuals and larger movements—an aim which many biographers and historians had sought in vain. Early psychobiography, then, while often unsophisticated and crude, at its best did afford some additional possibilities for historical explanation and an alternative to biographical hero-worship.[34]

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NOTES

1. Saul Friedländer, *History and Psychoanalysis,* trans. Susan Suleiman (New York: Holmes and Meier, 1978), p. 43. Two severe criticisms of the whole enterprise are Jacques Barzun, *Clio and the Doctors: Psycho-History, Quanto-History, and History* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1974), and David E. Stannard, *Shrinking History: On Freud and the Failure of Psychohistory* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1980). For an earlier critique, see Bernard De Voto, "The Skeptical Biographer," *Harper's,* No. 166 (1933), pp. 181–192.
2. Ibid., p. 136.
3. The lives of artists and writers were frequent topics of discussion at the Wednesday evening seminars which grew into the Vienna Psychoanalytic Society; Freud introduced his speculations on Leonardo in this forum and published them in 1910 as *Leonardo da Vinci and a Memory of His Childhood,* available in *The Standard Edition of the Complete Psychological Works of Sigmund Freud,* XI, 59–137. I shall not here rehearse the extensive criticism of this work; see, *inter alia,* Brian Farrell, "On Freud's Study of Leonardo," in *Leonardo da Vinci: Aspects of the Renaissance Genius,* ed. Morris Philipson (New York: George Braziller, 1966), pp. 224–275; and Joseph D. Lichtenberg, "Freud's Leonardo: Psychobiography and Autobiography of Genius," *Journal of the American Psychoanalytic Association,* 26 (1978).
4. For accounts of later analyses of Hitler, see George M. Kren, "Psychohistorical Interpretations of National Socialism," *German Studies Review,* 1 (1978), 150–172; and Louise E. Hoffman, "Psychoanalytic Interpretations of Adolf Hitler and Nazism, 1933–1945: A Prelude to Psychohistory," *The Psychohistory Review,* XI, No. 1 (Fall 1982), 68–87.
5. Rare exceptions in the early period are Oskar Pfister, "Hysteria and Mysticism of Margaretha Ebner," *Psychoanalytic Review,* 4 (1917), 345 (abstract); and, somewhat later, Roger Ernly Money-Kyrle, "A Psycho-Analytic Study of the Voices of Joan of Arc," *British Journal of Medical Psychology,* 13 (1933), 63–81.
6. See Juliet Mitchell, *Psychoanalysis and Feminism* (London: Allen Lane, 1974); Jean Baker Miller, comp., *Psychoanalysis and Women* (New York: Brunner/Mazel,

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1973); and Natalie Shainess, "Images of Women: Past and Present, Overt and Obscured," *American Journal of Psychiatry,* 23, No. 1 (Jan. 1969), 77–97. Mary Beard's *Woman as Force in History* (1946) was exceptional in its time. Simone de Beauvoir's *The Second Sex* (1949) described the history of women using both psychoanalytic and Marxist points of view. Systematic attention to women's historical roles, however, developed only in the 1960s and 1970s.

7. See especially Carlyle's *On Heroes and Hero Worship* (1841); on his approach to interpretation, see George Levine, *The Boundaries of Fiction: Carlyle, Macaulay, Newman* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1968). Edward Hitschmann, a prominent early psychoanalyst, published numerous studies of outstanding individuals, many of which are collected in *Great Men: Psychoanalytic Studies* (New York: International Universities Press, 1955).
8. The voluminous literature of pathographies is catalogued in W. Lange-Eichbaum's *Genie, Irrsinn, und Ruhm,* translated as *The Problem of Genius* (London: Kegan Paul, 1931). The genre's methodology is described by Auguste Ley in "Les Methodes de Pathographie Historique et Biographique," *Journal Belge de Neurologie et de Psychiatrie,* 34 (1934), 438–444.
9. An early survey of psychoanalytic studies of creative artists is Lucile Dooley's "Psychoanalytic Studies of Genius," *American Journal of Psychology,* 27, No. 3 (July 1916), 363–416. For recent reflections on this subject, see Cushing Strout, "Psyche, Clio, and the Artist," in *New Directions in Psychohistory: The Adelphi Papers in Honor of Erik H. Erikson* (Lexington, Mass.: D. C. Heath, 1980), pp. 97–115; and Leon Edel, *Stuff of Sleep and Dreams: Experiments in Literary Psychology* (New York: Harper and Row, 1982).
10. Franklin Fearing, "Psychological Studies of Historical Personalities," *Psychological Bulletin,* 24 (1927), 529–536.
11. Bloch contended that, "Historical facts are, in essence, psychological facts," and that, "there can be no psychology which confines itself to pure consciousness" —in other words, that rational motivations are insufficient in historical explanation. (*The Historian's Craft,* trans. Peter Putnam [New York: Knopf, 1963], p. 194.) To the extent that Bloch and Febvre and their followers employed psychology, it was social psychology; the main exception was Febvre's *Martin Luther* (1928). Arthur Marwick, *The Nature of History* (New York: Knopf, 1971), pp. 88–91.
12. Fearing stated that psychobiography emerged partly in response to some historians' dissatisfaction with traditional methods of interpretation, and specifically cited "New Historians" Barnes, Robinson, and Shotwell. ("Psychological Studies," pp. 521–523.) See also James Harvey Robinson, *The New History: Essays Illustrating the Modern Historical Outlook* (New York: Macmillan, 1912), pp. 70–100; and Harry Elmer Barnes, *The New History and the Social Studies* (1912; rpt. New York: Revisionist Press, 1972).
13. Harry Elmer Barnes, "Some Reflections on the Possible Service of Analytical Psychology to History," *Psychoanalytic Review,* 8, No. 1 (Jan. 1921), 27.
14. Ibid., p. 22.
15. Fearing, "Psychological Studies," p. 536.
16. Ralph Volney Harlow, "A Psychological Study of Samuel Adams," *Psychoanalytic Review,* 9, No. 4 (Oct. 1922), 418.
17. Harlow's *Samuel Adams: Promoter of the American Revolution. A Study in Psychol-*

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ogy and Politics (New York: Henry Holt, 1923) was reviewed by Samuel Eliot Morison, who found it "interesting, original, and courageous" but "neither a sound nor a valuable book;" *American Historical Review,* 29, No. 3 (1924), 568. He criticized Harlow's use of sources, neglect of the wider context of the times, and crude use of psychological categories. Harlow evidently learned his lesson; his later biography of *Gerrit Smith: Philanthropist and Reformer* (New York: Henry Holt, 1939) was described as well-documented, definitive, and "without benefit of psychoanalysis." Merle Curti, review in *Mississippi Valley Historical Review,* 26, No. 2 (1939), 267–268.

18. L. Pierce Clark, "Unconscious Motives Underlying the Personalities of Great Statesmen and Their Relation to Epoch-Making Events (I. A Psychological Study of Abraham Lincoln)," *Psychoanalytic Review,* 8, No. 1 (Jan. 1921), 21. Further studies of his include "The Narcissism of Alexander the Great," ibid., 10 (1923), 56–70; "A Psychohistorical Study of Akhnaton, First Idealist and Originator of a Monotheistic Religion," *Archives of Psychoanalysis,* 1, Part 2 (Jan. 1927), 241–254; *Napoleon Self-Destroyed* (New York: Jonathan Cape, 1929); and *Lincoln: A Psycho-Biography* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1933).
19. Clark, "Unconscious Motives," p. 1.
20. C. MacFie Campbell, "Psychology and Biography," *American Journal of Psychiatry,* 10 (Old Series 87), (1930–31), 855.
21. Ibid., p. 856.
22. Clark, "Unconscious Motives," p. 2.
23. Ibid., pp. 3–4.
24. J. C. Flugel, "On the Character and Married Life of Henry VIII," *International Journal of Psycho-Analysis,* 1 (1920), 70.
25. Fearing, "Psychological Studies," pp. 529–530.
26. E.g., William Boven, "Alexander der Grosse," *Imago,* 8 (1922), 418–439; Owen Berkeley-Hill, "A Short Study of the Life and Character of Mohammed," *International Journal of Psycho-Analysis,* 10 (1921), 31–53; Imre Hermann, "Charles Darwin," *Imago,* 13 (1927), 57–82; and Flugel, op. cit.
27. Phyllis Blanchard, "A Psycho-Analytic Study of Auguste Comte," *American Journal of Psychology,* 29, No. 2 (Apr. 1918), 159. Clark, "A Psychohistorical Study of Akhnaton," p. 243.
28. Freud, *Group Psychology and the Analysis of the Ego* (1921), in *Standard Edition,* XVIII, 69–143; and *The Ego and the Id* (1923), in *Standard Edition,* XIX, 12–66. On the conceptual significance of this development, see Louise E. Hoffman, "From Instinct to Identity: Implications of Changing Psychoanalytic Concepts of Social Life from Freud to Erikson," *Journal of the History of the Behavioral Sciences,* 18 (1982), 130–146.
29. Flugel, "Henry VIII," pp. 78–79.
30. Blanchard, "Auguste Comte," p. 159.
31. Harlow, "Samuel Adams," pp. 418–419.
32. Ibid., p. 427.
33. Barnes, "Some Reflections," p. 24.
34. See Fearing's conclusions, "Psychological Studies," p. 537.

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BURTON RAFFEL

Emotional History: An Exploratory Essay

It is a truism that ours is in many ways the century of Sigmund Freud, arguably more Freud's century than Karl Marx's, or Albert Einstein's, or Henry Ford's. Not only are we no longer afraid to "peep and botanize/ Upon [our] mother's grave," we indeed no longer hold much of anything sacred, from God on down. An individual's expenditures find their way into the government's massive computer bank, as his income is reported, more or less fully, in his income tax returns, filed and investigated with loving care. Soldiers are still instructed in weaponry, but they are also instructed in the care and handling of subjugated people, and instructed even in the care and handling of themselves if they happen to fall into hostile hands. The terminology itself is illuminating: "brain-washing" is what we are afraid of, and what we know very well that both our various enemies and ourselves have been and still are much concerned with.

Policemen, similarly, learn crowd control and many police departments have staff psychologists and officers specially trained to deal with, say, kidnappers, would-be suicides, the takers of hostages, and so on. Women and even children are accustomed to probing the motives as well as the actions of those who employ and educate them. Journalists and their media colleagues are no longer reporters of facts and events, but opinion-makers, just as politicians are far more actively involved with projecting a psychologically apt "image" than with the more traditional substance of political debate. Restaurateurs strive for a desirable "ambience"; advertisers struggle to find the correct "pitch"; corporations spend large sums not to buy or to sell anything, but simply to influence people's inner perceptions of and feelings

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about what the law may have created as an "artificial person" but which has clearly become, today, also an "artificial personality." Packaging has become as important as the product one packages; the logo has become as important as whatever it may happen to stand for.

Even literary critics have succumbed to "semiotic" fascinations, and modish academic journals assure us that "the literary critic must now take his place alongside the philosopher, dealing not merely with the figurations of voice, plot, and character, and 'the esthetic experience,' but with the ontological limits of writing itself." That is, where once "the literary critic . . . was always a kind of parasite on the body of art," the properly up-to-date critic has "adjusted the psychological model of reading and writing in terms of the conditions language imposes on knowledge." Books are no longer quite so necessary; the critic has himself to examine, "along with anthropology, sociology, philosophy, the history of ideas, psychology, and interpretation theory. . . . Once the reader considers seriously the nagging question of *how* a text means, . . . then there is no turning back the clock to a simple formalism, historicism, or impressionism which stultify the imagination and create the dullness of literal-minded reading."[1] There are, unfortunately, a host of similar assertions, some of them (even more unfortunately) authored by people who have in the past known a great deal better. The development of literary criticism as an independent, autotelic discipline (at least, in these people's minds) seems to me a cultural fact of some importance, and as reliable a sign as we are apt to find that, indeed, art is succumbing to artifice, reality is succumbing to appearance, and that the so-called "me" generation of the 1960s and 1970s, far from expiring, has now passed into the mainstream of our society. We are, that is, so self-conscious as no longer to be entirely conscious. In seeking to examine ourselves, in my judgment beyond the capacity of human beings for self-examination, as well as far beyond the socially healthful boundaries of self-absorption, we have at least partially lost sight of what a valid inner existence looks like.

Plainly, there are vast differences among psychological approaches, whether they are truly probing or only fashionable, only manipulative. I do not propose to delineate the many varieties of psychologically oriented history, or to arbitrate among them, but only to explain the particular approach I take, and which I call, for lack of a better term, "emotional history." I mean nothing startling: "emotional history" deals with the inner lives of people no longer living. It attempts to reconstruct those inner existences from first-hand evidence, largely evidence provided by the object of the investigation but with some reference too to other contemporary sources. Context is not ignored; nei-

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ther is intelligent after-the-fact secondary material. But the overwhelming concern is to re-enter a vanished emotional world, as experienced by some particular member of that world, and the attempt is basically possible only on the basis of primary materials bequeathed to us by the particular person—letters, diaries, journals, autobiographies, and the like. Reconstruction implies fidelity to historical fact (for emotions are quite as factual as dates and voting lists); historical fact requires evidentiary validation; and for the most part no one can validate another person's emotions.

And just as one declares biases, before proceeding to attack (or to defend) a book or an author, I want to declare the rest of my etiological biases, the reasons why I have begun to evolve this approach rather than some different one. My concern, first of all, is not with political or institutional matters, neither their nature nor their development. My focus is exclusively on individual human beings. Nor am I concerned to explain one thing in terms of another, by means of an analysis of those individuals. I *am* concerned with the contrast between the inner lives of the historical figures with whom I have been working, and the inner lives of Americans in the 1980s. That, however, is I think an integral, intrinsic, and unavoidable aspect of any historical analysis, whether psychologically oriented or not. And, also, whether explicitly stated, or even understood, or not. We cannot help being who we are, any more than we can help seeing with our own eyes.

And I am concerned with emotional states not as a psychiatrist is concerned with them, nor as a synthetic historian of any variety might be concerned with them. I neither start from some specific nexus of psychological theory, nor do I seek to explain anything larger than the person who happens to be the subject of my investigation. That is, though the data I use are both factual and largely provided by my historical subjects themselves, my interest in understanding those data is an interest in understanding *that particular individual.* I want to comprehend these particular individuals because I want to know, as closely as I can, what it was like to be alive then, how it felt being alive, in contrast to being alive today. I want, again, inner rather than external history.

It is, I think, useful to partially distinguish at least one strand of psychologically oriented history, as currently practiced, from emotional history. Psycho-historians—who are as a group much maligned by those who see history exclusively in externalized terms, something more or less "objective" and far more collective than individual—have just as often contributed a good deal to re-examinations of figures major and minor. In the preface to his 1977 study of Andrew Jackson,

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Robert V. Remini lavishes warm praise on the forty-five-year-old biography of Jackson by Marquis James, and at once adds that "Unfortunately, despite impressive research, a one-dimensional Jackson emerged from [James's] book: . . . Little of the complexity, the deep ambiguities, and the dark unease within Old Hickory surfaced in the book."[2] Bernard Bailyn rather similarly quarrels with the massive but "technical" scholarship of Lawrence Gipson. "It was not possible for him, given his basically institutional explanation of historical development, to penetrate into the mental, psychological, or ideological world of either side in order to portray the human reality. He wrote of events but not of motivations. . . ."[3] Fred Siegel says of the historian Christopher Lasch that he "insists in orthodox Freudian fashion," that he "insists on psychic conflict," that he "has drawn upon the Freudian notion of never-ending instinctual conflict."[4] Nathan Reingold, on the other hand, praises a book on Robert Oppenheimer in which "Defining the personal identity of their subject is the principal aim of the editors." Indeed, his review is titled "With Henry James in Los Alamos," a clear reference to one of the most psychologically oriented of all American novelists.[5]

I do not want to debate the pros and cons of psycho-history, which like most things seems to me immensely variable. Remini's book seems to me successful; I have said in print that I think Bailyn's book unsuccessful.[6] It is true, in the words of James L. Peacock and A. Thomas Kirsch, that "subjective phenomena" ought not to be neglected only because they are "difficult to measure and dissect objectively."[7] But it is not strictly speaking "phenomena" at all which interest me, and which in writing emotional history I am trying to portray. Neither is the desired end result any sort of measuring, or any sort of dissection. Again, there is high order of validity to the explanation of his goals by Rush Welter, whose 1975 *The Mind of America, 1820–1860* "was not undertaken to test [an] hypothesis . . . [but] is, instead, a study of national attitudes . . . the inarticulate premises and unresolved dilemmas of men and women who did not write formal treatises or major works of literature."[8] Welter is writing a variety, and a largely new variety, of the history of ideas, focussing on fugitive and unprogrammatic writing by relatively "unimportant" people. What I am after, on the other hand, is specific, individual inner stances, personal reactions, projections from one particular human being into the larger world around him. The idea is to watch, as closely as possible, how these now-dead people *see,* how they *adjust,* how they *enjoy,* and so on.

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Certainly, there are serious problems involved, not all of which I

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know quite what to do with. (The reviewers of my first book in this genre will very likely enlighten me on some of these matters.)[9] Perhaps the most interesting question of all, and one which inevitably recurs in different form with each new investigation, is quite simple: How much does one need to know, in more usual historical terms, to attempt emotional history? I do not mean, surely, that anyone with a casual interest can simply pick up a diary, a journal, a set of letters, and hope to arrive at any sort of intimate and useful truths. It is plain beyond argument, to my mind, that one has to start with a great deal of historical knowledge of all sorts, before one comes to the detailed study of the sorts of documents I have mentioned. What I mean, rather, is: How exhaustively does one have to know the particular external environments, the particular public relationships and connections, of the particular historical figure being examined? The question has large ramifications of a rather special sort, for earlier America was a far more divided place than the America we live and have grown up in. Regional differences loomed very much larger; religious differences played much more significant roles, as did ethnic differences; and the differences between men and women were often immense, important almost beyond our comprehension today. And one must of course add these complications to the overall problem of changing views and values, as well as to the basic historical knowledge without which one is apt to make hash of anything so frequently subtle, even delicate, as emotional history.

To be specific: consider Daniel Webster. I have worked with Webster's letters, and what I have concluded is that he propelled himself into greatness, and a good part of the motivating force which moved him came from his sense of climbing over obstacles. If the obstacles were not large enough to motivate him, he projected them, internally, as larger than they were, simultaneously projecting himself as considerably smaller than he was. But how does one square such a judgment with, for example, Irving H. Bartlett's well-supported assertion that "Webster was as tough-skinned as most politicians . . ."?[10] Claude M. Fuess, too, observes that "When Webster adopted a tone of self-depreciation, he was not convincing. He was far more natural when he abandoned false humility and admitted his superiority."[11]

There are, I think, two principal responses. First, the public man is not necessarily identical in all respects to the private man. The private man can operate without the institutional boundaries and limitations of public life; he can and he does operate in areas, and above all emotional areas, that public life does not touch. It would be foolish to argue that there are hard and fixed lines between private and public

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lives generally, just as it would be foolish to pretend that public men too do not have inner lives—as public men. But I think it would be equally foolish to suppose that there are not significant and often powerfully distinguishing differences as between many, perhaps even as between most, private and public lives and the inner states which accompany them. Some of these differences, in fact, are virtually items of folklore, so true have they seemed to so many for so long. "How many heroes seem heroic to their own wives or children?" "A prophet is without honor in his own country." "Behind every successful public man there stands a private woman." And so on: the list could be very much extended.

Secondly, like all men worth studying, Webster in either his private of his public incarnations was manifestly complex, almost too complex for any easy summary to embrace all aspects of one of the acknowledgedly great men of his time. (I could also note that Norman D. Brown records accurately that at age forty "Webster passionately confessed his desire for fame. 'Nothing, nothing, I have done absolutely nothing!' he exclaimed."[13]) And what both of these responses suggest, I think, is that while one does need to know more or less what happened to whom, when, and more or less why, one can approach emotional history without the exhaustive knowledge required of anyone attempting to write standard history. Neither Webster nor anyone else can be seen in a vacuum. But the context of emotional history is by its nature a less extensive one than the context of more usual history. And there are sufficient variations, as between and among different men, so that to some significant degree the subject of an investigation into emotional history creates his own context. Again, there are obvious dangers: the investigator may succumb to his subject's world-view, he may lose the objectivity necessary to preserve critical analysis. But I would argue, from the other side of things, that without some significant subjective identification the investigator is not going to come up with much that is worthwhile in any case. A graduate student recently asked me the name of my favorite among American historians, and I answered, without hesitation, "Allan Nevins." But if Nevins had a fault, as a historian, it was a somewhat over-enthusiastic identification with his subject. His Grover Cleveland, or his Hamilton Fish, are not quite like those same men as seen by other historians. But what of it? If we must err, I would rather err like Nevins.

An almost equally interesting question has to deal with the sources of emotional history. I have deferred this until something could be said on the more general question of the extent of historical knowledge required, because I think that discussion bears on this one. For the

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sources, plainly, must all be written ones, and for the most part they must be written by the person whose emotional history is being looked into. (Whether the writings in question are in print or in manuscript is I think of no importance whatever, though to be sure it may affect both availability and also, to the extent that a properly edited manuscript may come to us with useful apparatus, fullness of comprehension.) And a one-sided set of documents, just as plainly, offers temptations to one-sided analysis. It seems to me a risk both unavoidable and well worth the taking. But there are some safeguards. One can find cross-checks, and one can also find, when it is there to be found, cross-evidence. That is, what Daniel Webster happens to say in his letters needs to be checked against what, say, Phillip Hone says in his *Diary,* or what Horace Greeley says in his *Recollections of a Busy Life.* Contemporary evidence of this sort is invaluable, and to be sure one is not likely to have it readily available unless one can move with some ease in the primary documents of the period being looked into.

But the risks are, or at least can be, also a reward. A one-sided presentation actually offers the investigator a very special opportunity, for what the subject himself highlights, whether consciously or unconsciously, is usually of high significance. No one obliges Philip Hone, for example, to drop names, or to affect learning and other cultural attainments which, on the evidence, he does not have. No one obliges Susan Hale, largely forgotten sister of several more famous Hales (Edward Everett, Lucretia P., and even Charles, once assistant secretary of state), to snip and snipe as in her letters she regularly does, or to pretend to joys she obviously does not feel joyous about. Bluntly, whether the subject being investigated has left us a diary, or a set of letters, or a journal, we have the unique advantage of essentially *voluntary,* unforced evidence, testimony usually freely given, and not subject to the usual disclaimers about context and qualification. Or, at least, not quite so elaborately subject to those disclaimers.

And as I have suggested, the process of following in someone's tracks, albeit written ones, gradually erects a rather special sort of context, essentially unique to that individual. The investigator begins, in time, to see more or less with his subject's eyes, to react more or less in tune, sometimes even to predict reactions before they take place. But this is a double sight, since we do not forget who and what and where we are, and when we live, although we may temporarily enter the dead world of our dead subject. That double sight can be a danger; it can also be a guide and an opening wedge into true objectivity, informed, sympathetic, but forever different, forever other. It is a bit like learning another language: we can let the new language interfere with our

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primary tongue, or we can add it to that primary tongue, we can learn to translate. The choice is ours, and it is not inevitable, it is not intrinsic to the process so much as it is dependent on our skill and sensitivity and clear-headedness.

I doubt that much useful emotional history can be written—again, the reasons just discussed, under another rubric, are I think here applicable as well—by someone working outside his native tongue and his native culture. The limitations of chronology do not seem to me anything like so severe as these limitations of language and culture. M. Ladourie can reach deeply into psyches long dead, in his fascinating *Montaillou,* in his *Carnival at Romans,* in his *Peasants of Languedoc*—but could he reach equally sure-handedly into the psyches of Nebraska pioneers or California gold miners? Identification must to some extent precede, and prepare the way for, understanding. Even among professionally trained and superbly competent literary critics, it is generally the rule that the literary criticism of France is largely for Frenchmen to write, the literary criticism of Germany for Germans, and so on. There are exceptions; I think that for the most part they prove the rule, for most of the exceptions one might enumerate are of critics who have made intense identifications with the language and the culture of another land, and have devoted years, and their lives, to that identification. It is not, I mean to say, something impossible, but merely something extraordinarily difficult.

Nor can one write the emotional history one wants to write. The investigator's wants have very little to do with the matter, for the written record is not only binding, like all documentation, but it is also uniquely self-limiting. That is, if by the standards of the time being investigated the subject ought not to deal with certain aspects of his emotional life, or if the particular subject is for whatever reason uninterested in dealing with certain aspects of his emotional life, the record will be silent, or largely silent, on all such matters. Washington Irving is a marvellously clear case in point. He has left us a large body of journals, a large correspondence—and yet from the perspective of emotional history he has told us remarkably little except that the Washington Irving of *The Sketch Book* and other such literary writing is all the Washington Irving that Washington Irving wanted to put onto paper. Indeed, he practiced and practiced at being that Washington Irving—the sharp, sympathetic observer, standing just outside of the picture and of any action that might have been taking place inside it—and went on practicing in all his private writing. It does not substantially change, from start to finish: the personality is engaging, but it is a finished, or in other terms a sealed personality. Irving wanted, for reasons

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of his own, to remain perpetually an observer, an outsider—and we know, of course, that he never married, never much involved himself in the profession for which he had been trained, namely the law, and above all never settled into any occupation, or any place, for very long at a time. It would be fascinating to be able to get inside so fixed and determined an emotional makeup, but it cannot be done. The psycho-historian, perhaps, might venture the attempt. But the emotional historian cannot walk where his subject has refused to walk before him: it is perhaps a significantly differentiating characteristic of the two approaches.

There are other significant differences in perspective, as between psycho-history and emotional history. For one thing, the emotional historian is primarily concerned with understanding a person, not a time or a place. Institutional history, too, is at best tangentially relevant, and frequently not relevant at all: internal perspectives are not simply the other end of the telescope from external ones. Whether in time it may be possible to link the emotional mapping of subjects A, B, C, and D into some more or less consistent pattern I do not at this point know. For now, at any rate, it is not the overall pattern I am after, but the basic particular comprehension. Again, that very focussed concern with the particulars of emotional history is in an odd sort of way almost as much oriented toward contemporary modes and manners as it is historically oriented. Understanding ourselves, in internal, emotional matters, seems to me inevitably dependent to some degree on understanding our ancestors—from whom, in a very direct way, we have ourselves been created. And so the emotional historian of necessity finds himself, whether explicitly or not, juxtaposing *then* against *now.* His interest is in clarifying both where we have been and where, in time, we have gotten to. Constitutional and legislative historians, though their focus is of course different, share these concerns. It seems to me that many other varieties of historical analysis do not share them, and certainly not in the acute form with which they present themselves to the emotional historian. That is, the emotional historian's desire (and his need) is to understand the past, almost for its own sake; the point of that comprehension, like the use to be made of it, is not at issue.

Earlier, I spoke of the emotional historian as in some ways analagous to the translator. To pursue that metaphor a bit further, one might say that the emotional historian is virtually always a comparatist, working with the inner stuff of two cultures rather than with the stuff of only one. H. O. Taylor's monumental *The Medieval Mind,* three-quarters of a century old but still of high value, is in some sense a kind of exem-

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plar. Working slowly forward from late classical times to the full flower of medieval thought and expression, Taylor subtly and yet powerfully documents the shifting movements of both minds and hearts—and he uses, when he can, all the more or less personal documentation he can find. What if Boniface or Augustine or Gregory had kept an unbuttoned diary, or left a chatty series of personal epistles? M. Ladourie would not be the only historian to go into glorious tremors, were any such record ever to be available.

The psycho-historian is more likely, too, to engage in formal biography than is the emotional historian. Biography investigates inner history, but it also deals in the external structures and patterns of a particular life, including how a writer fits into the literary movements of his time, how a scientist fits into scientific developments, how a politician acted and worked in governmental contexts. The emotional historian may look into changes and growth (or decline) in his subject's inner history, but whether or not the written record provides him with links to and insights about external matters, he is not especially concerned with tracing them out. It is significant that James Fenimore Cooper married, and his love for and relationship to his wife are important elements in his emotional makeup. But how many children the Coopers had, and when, and where they made their home, and how, are not particularly important for a portrait of emotional history. They are very important indeed for the biographer.

While contrast bears as well on the nature of the emotional historian's treatment of his material, I do not now think it possible for the emotional historian to deal with any one human subject at book length. Given a written record of very great size, given a human subject of immense complexity, perhaps immensely changeable too, I suppose it is in theory possible to devote an entire book to one subject. But even then it seems to me doubtfully possible, for the nature of emotional history is such that (a) it deals with a limited set of factors, (b) it deals with those factors in a limited context, and (c) it tends, I suspect inevitably, to compress much information into a small space. This may well be a limitation of importance, but I feel strongly that it is better to try to recognize limitations, and to come to terms with them, rather than to pretend either that they do not exist or that they are something other than what they truly are.

Indeed, am I in fact dealing with a new, or a partially new genre or subgenre of historical investigation, or have I simply re-discovered the long- and well-established genre loosely known as the historical essay, quite frequently penned by literary rather than by historical hands? It may not be a question for me to answer, but I suspect that there is in

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truth something new in what I am trying to accomplish. Surely there is something literary about the whole enterprise—but I would hope that so literary a profession as historical scholarship would not be unduly upset thereby. Surely there are subjective elements of some potential danger, and some contextual problems that might well become, certainly in some cases, distinctly acute. The cart-driver and the cart-horse not accidentally grow to resemble one another: do I betray Daniel Webster by dealing with him exclusively, or almost exclusively, as a private individual, when so much of his existence took place on the public stage? I would like to think the enterprise feasible both in theory and in my practice; I may well be in error. But I think the attempt more than worth the risk.

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NOTES

1. Eric Gould, "Deconstructionism and its Discontents," *Denver Quarterly* (Summer 1980), 15:91–93.
2. Robert V. Remini, *Andrew Jackson and the Course of American Empire, 1767–1821* (New York: Harper & Row, 1977), p. xi.
3. Bernard Bailyn, *The Ordeal of Thomas Hutchinson* (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1974), pp. 405–406.
4. Fred Siegel, "The Agony of Christopher Lasch," *Reviews in American History* (Sept. 1980), 8:292.
5. Nathan Reingold, review of *Robert Oppenheimer: Letters and Recollections,* ed. Alice Kimball Smith and Charles Weiner, in *Reviews in American History* (Dec. 1980), 8:541.
6. Burton Raffel [Michael Hardwick], review of Bernard Bailyn, *The Ordeal of Thomas Hutchinson,* in *Denver Quarterly* (Summer 1976), 11:147–148.
7. James L. Peacock and A. Thomas Kirsch, *The Human Direction: An Evolutionary Approach to Social and Cultural Anthropology* (New York: Appleton-Century-Crofts, 1970), p. xi.
8. Rush Welter, *The Mind of America, 1820–1860* (New York: Columbia University Press, 1975), p. vii.
9. Burton Raffel, *American Victorians: Explorations in Emotional History* (Hamden, Conn.: Archon Books, 1984).
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11. Claude M. Fuess, *Daniel Webster,* 2 vols. (Boston: Little Brown, 1930), 2:404.
12. Norman D. Brown, *Daniel Webster and the Politics of Availability* (Athens, Georgia: University of Georgia Press, 1969), p. 3.

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Reviews

MARTIN SEYMOUR-SMITH, *Robert Graves: His Life and Work.* New York: Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1982. PP. xiii + 609; 19 illustrations. $22.50.

Robert Graves is not usually considered a modernist poet. His syntax is clear, his form is regular, and his main subject is love. Preferring to align himself with traditional English poets from Skelton to Hardy, he has vehemently dissociated himself from Yeats, Eliot and Pound. Despite Graves's choice of antecedents, Martin Seymour-Smith's biography suggests a link between Graves and his contemporaries by dramatizing the depth of his dread of vulgarity. Modernists' use of "vulgar" as their supreme pejorative epithet reflects more than contempt for philistine materialism; it also betrays an ambition to attain an aristocratic superiority to bourgeois respectability. The hauteur of Villiers de l'Isle-Adam's epigram, "As for living, our servants will do that for us," has social as well as aesthetic implications. Declaring themselves exempt from the rules of conventional morality on the strength of their fealty to higher values, some modernists imitated upper-class mores; others simply disregarded common decency. But pursuing an impersonal ideal in their art did not help them shape their personal lives. This biography illustrates the results of believing oneself superior to vulgarity in life as well as in art.

By modernists standards, any biography is vulgar in its concern with the particularities of a life, especially sex and money, but this book makes vulgarity one of its themes. Seymour-Smith follows the

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development of Graves's vocabulary for this trait from "wet," the term of his school days, to plain "vulgar," to absolute "goddawful." Its definition kept expanding. Sentimentality and hysteria were certainly vulgar, but so was any expression of personal feeling. Spending money was vulgar, but so was not having any to spend. Prudery was vulgar, but so was lust. Anything concerned with life rather than art was vulgar.

Such a definition made the ambition to avoid vulgarity futile, but Seymour-Smith blames Graves's failure on Laura Riding, the American poet who lived with Graves from 1926 to 1939. Their mutual aim of making their poems and lives consistent with an absolute standard is judged misguided idealism in Graves but crass vulgarity in Riding. Although Graves regarded Riding as a necessity to his life and work, Seymour-Smith treats her as a scapegoat for the excesses of his subject. This bias makes the book's interpretations less reliable than its comprehensive account of events.

Seymour-Smith has known Graves since 1943 and benefits from the cooperation of Graves, his wife Beryl, and many of their friends. They have provided documentation of their reminiscences in diaries, letters received, letters written but not mailed, telegrams, even scribbled notes more than fifty years old. In addition, an anonymous donor sent him a lifetime's collection of "Ridingiana," which informs his account of the association of Graves and Riding, the center of Graves' career as well as this book. Presented in a lucid narrative, all this data will constitute the basis of future debates. As a source of information, this biography will be as "indispensable" as the book jacket blurb claims.

Knowing Riding objects to discussions of her work in relation to Graves's, Seymour-Smith professes his respect for her but in fact assaults her reputation. In 1970 he wrote an appreciation of her work in *the Review* and subsequently sought her cooperation on a proposed biography. She demanded that he treat her work apart from Graves's and further that he cease to communicate with Graves. This was a strict condition indeed, and Seymour-Smith could not fulfill it. Although I tried to comply with both prohibitions a few years later, she felt that my book (*Laura Riding's Pursuit of Truth,* Ohio University Press, 1979) also failed to portray her justly. I am certainly not Riding's authroized defender, but blatant distortions of literary history must be corrected.

Seymour-Smith's thesis is that Graves was the victim of domineering women—his mother, his first wife, Riding, and a series of young women. They are presented as the sexual objective correlatives

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for his myth of the White Goddess, the cruel female who punishes both lust and idealism but is absolutely essential to the poet. The persistent question of Graves's life, Seymour-Smith writes, was, "What must Robert do to be virtuous?" His desire to be good by a woman he idealized, conflicted with his iconoclastic temperament.

Sexual identity was the arena in which the opposition between purity and vulgarity, idealism and materialism, art and life, was played out, according to Seymour-Smith. Because Graves's mother's morality made no provision for sexuality, he remained ignorant of the "difference between lust and love or between friendship and love." When he learned that a young man he loved idealistically was homosexual, he was overcome by fear that he too might be homosexual. This discovery, which occurred during World War I, is considered so traumatic that Seymour-Smith refers to it throughout the book to explain Graves's sexual attitudes.

To prove his virility, he married Nancy Nicholson. He chose her because she did not seem too fragile to hear his war stories. In fact, she argued that women had suffered far more through the ages than soldiers had endured in the trenches. Not every returning soldier would find her convictions persuasive or agreeable, but Graves did. Uncomfortable with Graves's subservience to his wife, Seymour-Smith criticizes her for being obstinate and unintelligent in spite of the favorable opinions of her he quotes.

When Graves and Nicholson (she retained her maiden name) invited Laura Riding to visit them, neither anticipated that she would become a third partner of the marriage. From 1926 to 1929 she lived with them and their four children in circumstances that suited all of them. The secret of her appeal, apparently, was to gild all her conduct with self-righteous certainty. Whereas Graves was torn by the conflict between his mother's values and his physical desires, Riding managed to make these desires morally acceptable. She used the rhetoric of moral purpose to sanction what society regarded as gross immorality. Their ménage à trois became a "Holy Trinity."

Fortified by Riding's confidence in the purity of their lives, the three adults thrived until jealousy destroyed their arrangement. Its cause was Geoffrey Phibbs, a would-be poet whose principal talents unfortunately were not verbal. Riding tried to convince him to sign on as a fourth, but he disliked the communal aspects of the life she offered. Unable to convince him to join them and unwilling to leave Graves and Nicholson, Riding ended the impasse by drinking Lysol, then jumping from a window. Phibbs and Nicholson fled London

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together, and Graves nursed Riding until she was able to move to Majorca. The full account of this episode is told in unexpurgated detail. It is the best narrative section in the book because, as Seymour-Smith says, it combines elements of farce and tragedy, but also because he reveals convolutions in the plot virtually hour by hour. Despite its "goddawful" consequences, their behavior was justified by the highest principles. Their rhetoric denied the existence of bodies altogether. Whatever judgment they deserve, surely Riding and Graves should share it. Seymour-Smith, however, attacks Riding for her "insidious" vulgarity yet excuses Graves for his well-meaning "self-deception."

Apart from the personal influence Riding had on Graves, her literary impact transformed him from a minor to a major poet. Before meeting her, Graves wrote skillful verse in the Georgian tradition of escapist poetry about children and fairies. His war experiences provided more substantial material, but it was still treated allegorically. By 1926 he was sorely in need of new ideas to sustain his determination to be a poet. His early theory of poetry, set forth in two books published before Riding came to England, was an amalgam of Freud and Romanticism. He believed poetry originated in "painful personal conflict." In contrast, as early as 1925 Riding defined poetry as the product of the mind's perception of order. Uncovering the permanent elements of its subject, a poem had nothing to do with the conflicts of life. Fresh from the debates of the Fugitives, notably Allen Tate and John Crowe Ransom, and her friendship with Hart Crane Riding taught Graves modernism.

Now that it is a literary landmark, *A Survey of Modernist Poetry* (1929), their most important collaboration, has become the subject of disputes over the contribution of each author. Unfairly comparing Riding's present style with that of the early book, Seymour-Smith argues that Graves was responsible for its clarity. But Riding's other books of the period possess a similar vigor. Both Riding and Graves claim credit for the key chapter demonstrating the method of close textual analysis that engendered the New Criticism. Seymour-Smith convincingly attributes the rehabilitation of old spelling and punctuation in Shakespeare's sonnet to one of Graves's teachers at Oxford, but such editorial matters are not central to *A Survey;* they are merely one illustration of the need for a poem to develop internal principles of coherence rather than adhere to an artibrary form. The method of close reading owes more to the Fugitives than to Oxford.

Banishing personal experience from poetry—the personal was vul-

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gar, after all—Riding provided Graves with a serious subject, truth. The poet was to seek the immutable essence underlying mutable appearances. Here was a quest worthy of a man's effort. Under Riding's strict rule, Graves sought the essence of love. In 1966 he described the constant purpose of his poetry in these terms: "My main theme was always the practical impossibility, transcended only by a belief in miracle, of absolute love continuing between man and woman." While Riding was responsible for the "absolute" in this formulation, his own insistence on the "practical" was also responsible for his success. Never sharing her single vision of truth, his poetry benefited from the perennial conflict between his wish to be better and his awareness of his faults. Graves's poems, as Seymour-Smith points out, expressed the complexity of the relationship between the absolute and the possible. Riding's poems of certitude intrinsically less appealing to contemporary taste.

Reporting that Riding reacted to the scandal of 1929 by imposing celibacy on herself and Graves, Seymour-Smith shifts that spotlight from a vulgar concern with sex to a vulgar concern with money. His view of their relationship in the thirties is that Riding exploited Graves's earning capacity: he was the "goose" that laid golden eggs. While it is true that Graves supported them, and Riding was never able to support herself on her literary income, there is no reason to consider her motives for living with Graves mercenary.

Neither is it correct to interpret Riding's undisputed authority over Graves as the result of his condescension. Seymour-Smith says that what seemed subservience was actually protectiveness. He compares Graves to an indulgent father spoiling his favorite child, pretending to obey her to shield her from the fact that her work was inferior to his. Although Graves persuaded publishers to accept her work if they wanted his, he acted on conviction. Both Riding and Graves regarded his commercial work as an economic compromise. Graves has since reassessed the value of *I, Claudius* and Riding, but at the time, he believed her work was superior to his own.

To discredit Riding thoroughly, Seymour-Smith goes so far as to say that she became the authoritarian figure she was in response to Graves's need: he created her in image of the cruel goddess he required. But the testimony, which Seymour-Smith quotes, of those who knew her in America indicates that in this respect she was unchanging. In 1924 Allen Tate warned one of the Fugitives that the "Devil and all Pandemonium couldn't dissuade her of her tendency."

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A more likely explanation is that because Riding fulfilled Graves's needs, he loved, cherished and obeyed her. In drawing up his balance sheet of influence, Seymour-Smith fails to distinguish literary debts from financial and emotional ones. He considers Graves's economic support was more than fair recompense for her assistance with his poetry. During the thirties, however, such a measuring of needs would have been unthinkable.

Dependent on Riding's moral fervor and intellectual energy, Graves accompanied her to the United States in 1939. By this time, he and Beryl, his present wife, were lovers, but Riding's presence was still necessary to him. Separation came only after another immersion in the vulgarity of real life. As in 1929, physical desires interfered with their quest for a life of the mind. Schuyler Jackson, prodded by a mutual friend, invited Riding, Graves, Alan and Beryl Hodge, and David Reeves to live in a converted barn on his farm in Pennsylvania. Riding took control of the household immediately. She organized meetings to draw up a "Protocol" of right-thinking people to save the world. The immediate political crisis gave her project social urgency, but the moral authority she asserted had no sanction other than the group's willingness to acquiesce before a superior force.

The public project degenerated into a private one when Riding and Jackson became lovers. Again the vulgar reality of life subverted Riding's ideal of impersonality, but she refused to recognize any inconsistency. Her relentless determination to justify whatever she did, Seymour-Smith argues, was responsible for the mental breakdown of Jackson's wife. Riding has claimed that Kate Jackson had a history of mental instability, but the intrusion of this peripatetic literary coterie into her home would be enough to drive any woman mad. Again Seymour-Smith condemns Riding's behavior as a vulgar lapse from her ideals: Graves "did not resent being supplanted as lover—though Riding's lapse into crass vulgarity ill-disguised by high talk shocked him—but he did resent being supplanted as intellectual collaborator by an idiot." This openly biased analysis of Graves's feelings inadvertently pinpoints the source of Riding's importance to Graves—her ability to transform his own vulgarity through high talk.

When Riding fell in love with Jackson—no poet—she turned her attention from poetry to a project she and Graves had begun several years earlier. She wanted to produce a dictionary thesaurus based on categories of meaning. Aimed at a general reader, this kind of work did not require special poetic talent. Because she refused to give any time

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to poetry, her own or Graves's, he had no reason to stay with her. His poetry was more important than her presence. Oddly, Jackson soon dominated Riding as completely as she had ruled Graves.

Graves returned to England without his muse, and Beryl soon joined him. Seymour-Smith glorifies this relationship as true adult love based on reciprocal feeling and praises the love poems addressed to Beryl because they particularized the beloved. In too many others, the object of Graves's love was idealized beyond reality. Despite Seymour-Smith's attempt to attribute these poems to Graves's maturity, their success was also the result of emotional tension. Unable to break with Riding, he was in love with his good friend's wife. As his life with Beryl became more harmonious, he formed attachments to younger women whom he endowed with powers they never of themselves could possess. These substitute incarnations of the White Goddess nourished Graves's need to feel abject.

In contrast to the frank discussions of the exact state of Graves's relationship with Riding, the book becomes coy as soon as the years with Beryl begin. Identifying all but one of Graves's mistresses by first name only, Seymour-Smith palliates Graves's least attractive stage. Ridiculous as an aging satyr, Graves interested himself in the girls' romantic problems with other men and offered advice tainted by bossiness and voyeurism. To excuse Graves for these otherwise vulgar affairs, Seymour-Smith explains that "so far is he from being a Don Juan that his fallings-in-love-with-a-Muse have presented him with the serious problem of reconciling them with his permanent love for his wife. He never convincingly worked this out in intellectual terms. . . ." Graves hardly needs Riding to clothe desire in moral rhetoric when he has Seymour-Smith working for him.

Graves's poems, however, are immune from Seymour-Smith's pleadings as well as my indictments. Preoccupied with his own virtue and the need to test it, Graves was a better poet than a lover. His poems present a pellucid verbal surface that mocks the gravity of the turbulent emotions beneath. Exploring the incongruity of his position in language that is precise and rich in allusion, his work transcends judgments of his life. In "The Ample Garden," a poem Seymour-Smith does not quote, Graves reveals his own understanding of his conflicting needs. He loves cruel women because they leave him free to fantasize an underlying ideal that will inspire poems. These lines summarize the modernist impulse to make life imitate art but also suggest why such a position is unlivable:

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However artfully you transformed yourself
Into bitch, vixen, tigress,
I knew the woman behind.

He knows the woman behind because he created her in his poems.

Joyce Wexler
Loyola University of Chicago

Timothy White, *Catch a Fire: the Life of Bob Marley.* Holt Rinehart and Winston, 1983, 380 pages.

Though the laid-back ballads of mellow Californians and the disco rhythms of beat machine operators from New York dominated the American record charts in the seventies, it was Jamaican reggae that had the most invigorating impact on the era's popular music. For most Americans, reggae was simply a fresh pop sound that gave new bounce to top forty radio. For inhabitants of Jamaica's hellish shantytown slums, however, reggae was more than background music: it was a vital folk art that galvanized communities with names like Trench Town, Concrete Jungle, and Lizard City.

Of the hundreds of "rude boys" (street toughs) and "bungo-bungoes" (country hicks) whose energies reggae drew away from soccer and random street violence, none was more talented than the visionary singer-composer Bob Marley. It was Marley's peculiar genius to make the island's indigenous music meaningful and accessible to a worldwide audience. He used reggae to voice his religious aspirations and political grievances, praising "Jah," the Rastafarian God, and invying against the "crazy baldheads" who run governments. In the process, he became the Third World's most beloved advocate of social justice, and, incredibly, an international rock superstar.

Catch a Fire, by rock journalist Timothy White, is a comprehensive and richly-detailed account of the singer's life and times. Exhaustively researched and lucidly written. White's book is no quickie, tattle-tale rock bio. It is a judicious study that is careful to place Marley within the context of contemporary Jamaican culture. As such, White's book is as much ethnography as biography. He insists that only after mastering the island's intricate folkways, its Byzantian politics, and the sometimes-bewildering tenets of the Rastafarian faith can one begin to understand Bob Marley.

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In anthropological terms, White blends two classic ethnographic techniques, the "etic" and the "emic" approaches. That is, the author exploits dual frames of reference: the critical distance of the onlooking "outsider" and the immediate experience of the participating "insider." This is a cross-cultural enterprise that doesn't stop at the dissemination of facts. By extensive use of the local "patois" dialect and thick description of native perceptions, White forces the reader to enter into the culture that shaped Bob Marley.

White reveals that the greatest influence on Bob Marley was neither music nor politics, but religion. In his life and music, Marley adopted the role of a messianic Rastafarian seer. To outsiders, Rastafarians are doubtless best known for their shoulder-length "dreadlocks" (matted hair) and sacramental "ganja" (marijuana) rolled in "spliffs" (cigar-sized joints). To his credit, White goes beyond the stylistic surface and offers a first-rate analysis of the millenarian cult's history and beliefs. Acquisitive middle-class Jamaicans, eager to hype their country as a tourist paradise, initially looked upon the Rastas as a public relations nightmare. Ironically, the reggae explosion that the Rastas spearheaded ended up pumping more money into the local economy than the old colonial rum trade.

By the seventies, Rastafarianism and its most famous adherent had become forces to be reckoned with in Jamaican politics. Marley was always more of a mystic than a Marxist, but the radical messages on albums like "Burnin'," "Natty Dread," and "Rastaman Vibration" had made him, in White's words, "the hero of black freedom fighters everywhere and the most charismatic emmissary of modern Pan-Africanism." White reminds the reader that Marley's celebrations of ghetto rebellion and wars of liberation were expressed in a country where ideology is played for keeps. Just days before a scheduled concert for the Jamaican Ministry of Culture, seven gunmen invaded his Kingston residence and shot Marley, his wife, and a business associate. Remarkably, no one was killed in the raid and Marley triumphantly performed at the show as scheduled.

Marley's miraculous escape from the death squad enhanced his reputation as an "Obeahman," a kind of sorcerer or wizard who can call on the powers of "duppies" (other-worldly spirits) to influence events. White notes that Marley and the people who lived around him "believed in magic and lived their lives in accordance with these beliefs." In keeping with his "emic" approach, the author too has "a healthy respect for native mysticism" and accepts local superstitions

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on their own terms. Skeptics may be put off by White's credulity, but as the coincidences in Marley's life pile up—fulfilled prophecies, fatal omens, and strange possessions—one begins to appreciate the viewpoint.

Marley overcame poverty, spiritual confusion, and political violence, but neither Jamaican folk remedies nor modern medical science could help him defeat cancer. Typically, the singer brought to death the same courage and dignity that had animated his life. After a painful fight that lasted months—and after radiation treatments had caused his prized dreadlocks to fall out—Marley's doctor finally admitted he could do no more for him. The singer called his lawyer and made final arrangements for his family and comforted his mother saying, "I'll be all right. I'm gwan ta prepare a place." He died on May 11, 1981, at the age of thirty-six.

THOMAS DOHERTY
University of Iowa

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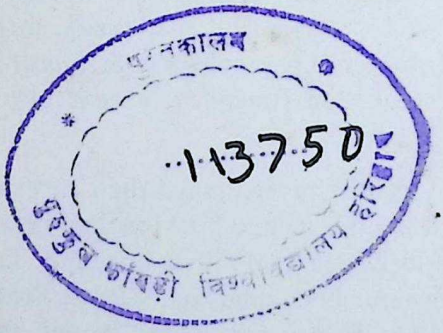
Burton Raffel, Professor of English at the University of Denver, Denver, CO 80208, is author of some thirty volumes of a literary nature. He has recently turned his attention to the historical genre here called "emotional history." *American Victorians: Explorations in Emotional History* will appear in 1984.



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